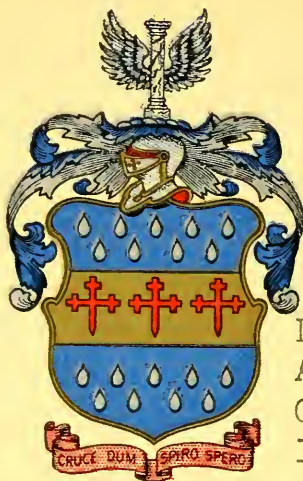





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J. Flaxman

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1349



T. Sully

J. Cheney

WITTENBERG MISS LESLIE.

PHILADELPHIA

E. L. CAREY AND A. MARY

A. W. Wain

Printed by Butler & Son

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN offering to the public a fourth volume of the Gift, its proprietors have the satisfaction of announcing that all the plates are from original pictures, and, with a single exception, the work of American artists.

The editor regrets having found herself under the necessity of omitting in this volume, or postponing till the next, several valuable contributions, which either arrived too late for arrangement, or could not be inserted on account of the unusual space they would occupy in a publication of limited size, and in which variety of matter is particularly desirable.

Believing that the Gift for 1840 will be found in no respect inferior to its predecessors (but perhaps the contrary), the publishers feel justified in anticipating for it the encouragement which has been so liberally accorded to the three former volumes.

Philadelphia, May 1st, 1839.

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A VENITIAN INCIDENT.

BY ROBERT M. WALSH.

OF all places that the tourist visits, none leaves a more vivid impression, if he be blessed with any share of imagination, than the city which "sits enthroned upon its hundred isles." There is something so novel, so unique, about its whole appearance and construction; something that speaks to the mind as well as to the eye, in tones so different from those of the ordinary conglomerations of stone and mortar where men do congregate. Who can forget the first time he swims in a gondola through rows of splendid, time-consecrated palaces, with no tumult to disturb his gaze or his thoughts, instead of threading his way amid jostling crowds and all the busy stir and distracting noises of terra-firma streets. No bark of dog, no squeak of pig, no grunt of "the entire animal," no rattle of carriage, no rumble of cart, no thunder of omnibus; nothing of all this usual welcome salutes his ears on his arrival. Yet is there no deficiency of animation, at least in the principal canals, to prevent him from becoming a prey to the indigo fiends, vulgarly called blue devils, who are ever on the watch for a victim in the person of a stranger in foreign lands. The numerous boats gliding about upon the waters, the songs and the cries, and the passing dialogues of the gondoliers,

the merry paddling of urchins in their little vessels, the sight of the inhabitants at the windows or in the balconies which overhang the waves, keep attention alert, and the spirits at concert-pitch, as well by the excitement as the novelty of the scene. It was in the middle of a beautiful summer's day, I well remember, that I made my debüt in Venice; and it so happened that I was obliged at once to pass through a considerable portion of the city, including almost the whole of the Great Canal, in consequence of not being able to procure lodgings until after a protracted hunt. It was the first time I was not materially "put out" by a chase of the kind; nothing, certainly, being more disagreeable than travelling about a strange town, in quest of a place to repose your jaded limbs, after a journey of wearisome length. But on this occasion I submitted to the necessity of the case with the most exemplary resignation, and felt none of that excessive delight on eventually discovering a domicile which is wont to be experienced under similar circumstances. Amongst other spots that I passed was the Rialto; and oh! William Shakspeare! if I owed thee gratitude for nothing else, *certainly* I should pour out thanks to thee long and loud for the interest and enthusiasm with which I first looked on that *peerless* bridge—pardon, great bard, pardon for the impudence of making a pun on aught that thou hast consecrated, but remember thy own practice, and how thou wert used to run after a quibble in the midst of thy most serious cogitations, thereby setting an example which frailer mortals will imitate, in the belief that thou couldst do nothing wrong. If I did not catch a glimpse of Master Shylock among the crowd that filled the bridge, speaking with bated breath and whispering humbleness to some hated Christian trafficker, who could scarce refrain the while from spitting upon his Jewish gaberdine; or of good Antonio—that prince of buyers and sellers—telling

some friend in tones of dignified complacency, and the blandest smile of temperate satisfaction, of the richly-freighted argosies that he was momentarily expecting to see enter the port in all their glory—if I did not, I say, catch a glimpse of these worthies as I passed the bridge, it was not because my thoughts were not busy with them at the time, and that my eyes were not strained to descry them, but for other reasons which will doubtless suggest themselves to such as may take the trouble of reflecting a little upon the matter. How strong, by the way, is this feeling of reality that breathes from localities where a master-mind has imprinted the footsteps of beings of his own creation, or which are hallowed by scenes that occurred in his own imagination alone ! No one who had read the story of the ferocious Israelite, ever walked upon the Rialto, without an intense sentiment of treading the identical ground where old Shylock daily resorted ; no one who had sympathized with the unvarnished tale of the unhappy Moor, so beloved by a gentle lady, ever entered the apartment where he told it to the potent, grave and reverend signors before whom he was arraigned, without beholding the very spot on which he stood, whilst he described the kind of charms he had employed in winning her affections ; no one to whom Virgil's sacred lay is familiar, ever wandered over the region which Eneas traversed in his route, "*adimas Erebi umbras*," without staying ever and anon his steps to examine the places where the most interesting incidents of the expedition are fixed. And who has journeyed through England and Scotland, and not paid all the homage of the most ardent belief to the associations of the floods, and the glens, and castles, and the abbeys, which the magic of Scott has brought out in such bold relief before the mind's eye of the worshipper of his genius ?—and who is not such a worshipper ? or who has ever rambled with soul so dead over the

hills and the dales of La Mancha, as not to meet at every turn, unquestionable records of the immortal pink of chivalry, and his still more immortal squire? Honest Sancho, I would as soon disbelieve in my own matter of fact existence at this present moment, as in thy quondam possession of flesh and blood of the most substantial kind. Verily, from Venice to the country of the Don is no insignificant stride, but as story-tellers are always provided with a carpet like the one in the Arabian tale, which had the virtue of transporting its owner to any place, however distant, in the twinkling of an eye, *me voilà*, back in the *Piazza di San Marco*.

A more gay and sparkling spectacle than this same *piazza* presents every evening, cannot be any where seen. Being the only spot of mother earth which the city contains of any considerable size, it is of course the rendezvous of all who wish to promenade, and there, when the sun begins to throw his lengthened shadows, do male and female, adult and child, high and low, commingle for the enjoyment of pedestrian exercise. On all sides of it, (save the one where rises in barbaric gorgeousness the church of the saint, and a small portion of another where it communicates with the *piazetta*, or small place, which leads to the edge of the Grand Canal, here of the width of a river, and on which is elevated the column that supports the winged lion, beneath whose banner so many glorious triumphs were achieved,) runs the palace of the viceroy, the basement story of which is occupied with splendid shops and *cafés*, filled with people eating ices or other refreshments. Of every nation almost is the motley group composed. Turks and Greeks in their picturesque costume, vary the scene admirably with the sober habiliments of other countries. And when the moon appears, and her beams begin to glitter upon the Saracenic turrets of the temple, and

play amid the venerable arches of the old ducal palace, and dance upon the shining waters of the Adriatic, truly is enchantment the proper epithet for the scene. Commend me to a Venitian moon; I have never seen any moon like it, so rich, so golden, so like a mellow, softening sun.

But to my story.

A short time after my arrival I was tempted by a peculiarly beautiful evening to put myself in a gondola, and make an excursion around the island opposite to Venice into the open sea, in order, on returning, to have a view of the city in all the witchery of moonlight. It was indeed a heavenly night. Not a cloud sullied the firmament, while the full-orbed splendour of the queen of planets lit up every thing with that poetic illumination which may be felt but can never be described. Perfect calmness reigned above and around.

“All was so still, on earth, at sea, in air;

You scarce would start to meet a spirit there!”

If ever I experienced the luxury of sentimental musing; if ever I felt the “rapture of repose,” it was on this occasion, whilst swimming gently over the placid surface of the waters gleaming with soft brightness beneath the sleeping moon-beams; on one side the rows of fairy structures rising from out the waves in all the magic loveliness of the hour, and the unrivalled picturesqueness of their position; on the other, the ocean stretching far into the dim regions of shadow, where the eye was lost, and imagination embarked on its illimitable wanderings. The remembrance of this evening comes ever and anon to my mind as a delicious dream; as something too ethereal, too far removed from the incidents of this working world, to have been aught else than an illusion, unalloyed while it lasted, but still an illusion. Poetry nor colours e’er could paint the almost inconceivable loveliness of the city sleeping tranquilly on the bosom

of the waters, when thus illumed by the radiance which harmonized so ineffably with its peculiar aspect. As I gazed upon it, I could not help murmuring the poet's counsel about visiting the Abbey of Melrose, and thinking how applicable it was to the spectacle before me. "If thou wouldst see fair Venice right," be sure to see it as I did, when "the moon was making lovely that which was not, and leaving that which was so."

It was past midnight when I retraced my way to the city. Every thing there was in perfect repose. "The diligence of trades and noisy gain," as well as "luxury more late," were laid asleep, and "all was the night's!" The mansion in which I had my lodgings was in a retired canal, and on turning the corner of it, (almost total darkness enveloping its narrow precincts, the height of the buildings on either side preventing the influence of the moon from reaching the waters,) my ears were startled by a voice whose tones were too feminine to permit any doubt as to the sex of the speaker, although so low as to prevent me at first from distinguishing what was said. Curiosity was at once irresistibly excited, and whispering to the gondolier to stop, I listened "*arrectis auribus.*" The voice sounded as if it proceeded from a balcony of no great elevation, and it was soon answered by a masculine one, suppressed but distinct, from below. I was not long in discovering what was the nature of the conversation, and the relation of those engaged in it.

"*Cara,*" said the male voice, "we must devise some means of flight. It is vain to wait for a change in thy father's resolve. He would rather see thee in thy shroud than the wife of one whose name he so abhors. Alas! that I must speak so of thy father, dearest; but 'tis true."

"Too true, indeed," sighed the maiden; "but how, dearest Carlo, how shall we fly?"

"Listen, my beloved, and I will tell thee. Thou hast

said that thy father intends two days hence to make a journey to his estate near Padua, and remain there for a time. On the evening of the third day, then, be prepared to leave the dwelling where thou hast known so much sorrow; I will be here at midnight, and take thee to the altar where the holy Padre Anselmo will be ready to bless and sanctify our love. Once that thou art mine, I care not for thy father's rage. My family is as potent as his, and we will know how to set him at defiance."

A minute or more elapsed before the proposal was answered, and I could almost fancy I heard the agitated movements of the damsel's bosom, as she thought of the step she wished, yet trembled to take.

"I fear," at length she said, "the plan is more difficult of accomplishment than thou thinkest. Though my father goes, he leaves behind one who will be as great an obstacle as himself. My aunt, whose severity and vigilance thou well knowest, is to watch over me in his absence, and her it will be almost impossible to deceive. Nevertheless," continued she after a slight pause, as if summoning up all her courage, "do thou be here at the time thou hast named, and if it can be, I will fly with thee where thou wilt, for existence without thee is a torment; and now, beloved," (interrupting the thanks he had begun to pour out with all a lover's fervour,) "and now, *felicissima notte*, for I fear we may be discovered if thou remainest longer."

"May all the saints and angels watch over and protect thee!" he ejaculated, as he began to move his boat, "I will be here without fail."

"*Felicissima notte*," again murmured the maiden, as she heard the slight plash of his oar in the waters, lingering upon the letters of the phrase, as if she would prolong the parting indefinitely in spite of her apprehensions.

That phrase, *felicissima notte*, how deliciously does it

come from the lips of an Italian beauty. How liquidly does it flow; with what linked sweetness is it drawn out! Every time I heard it from such lips, I could have exclaimed with the love-sick duke:—

“That strain again; it had a dying fall!
Oh! it came o’er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.”

It is the very poetry of a farewell.

I was deeply interested, as may be supposed, in this conversation, especially as from the place whence the voice of the lady seemed to come, I was induced to think that it was from the balcony of a palace, on passing which, in the morning, I had seen a countenance of exquisite loveliness. Often during the day had it recurred to my mental eye, each time with an increased desire to behold it again, and now I felt almost sure my beautiful incognita and the fair speaker were one and the same person. It was by no means with a sensation of unalloyed delight, that I yielded to this belief. I confess, indeed, I was somewhat annoyed to find that her heart was bestowed, although certainly I had conceived no design of endeavouring to win it for myself; but, somehow or other, one’s feelings towards a woman do undergo a considerable change when it is discovered that she has given away her affections. Whether this be selfishness, or a sort of mortified vanity at the preference of another to yourself, or carelessness as to what you can have no hope of obtaining, or something else, I am not philosopher enough to ascertain; but let any one recall the moment when, after indulging in rapturous contemplation of some heavenly face, he was told that its owner was “engaged,” and be satisfied of the fact I have stated. Let him remember how instantaneously the thermometer of his admi-

ration fell from fever heat to temperate ; how quickly his ecstatic exclamations were sobered into common-place encomium. Nevertheless, the romance of the matter captivated my imagination, and my sympathies became strongly excited at the idea of loveliness in distress. Fancy busied itself in picturing the sorrows of the damsel under the tyranny of a cruel father, and the still worse despotism of one of those bug-bears to a young man—an old maiden aunt, determined on avenging her own state of single blessedness, by thwarting any and every matrimonial project which may fall in her way. “What a delightful thing it would be,” I said half aloud, after I had resumed my way to my residence, “to assist in rendering these lovers happy, and baffling the old curmudgeon who opposes them. I’ll do it !” I exclaimed in the most determined tone, as the boat touched the steps of the house in which I lived, to the infinite amazement of my gondolier, who saw no cause for the energy of the ejaculation ; “I’ll do it !” My plan was formed. Enjoining upon the man the strictest secrecy, and enforcing the injunction by a considerable largess, I told him my intentions, as I knew I could trust him, and directed him to be in readiness on the night which the lovers had fixed for their elopement.

A short time before the appointed hour, I took my station near the mansion in which the lady, as I fancied, dwelt, and had not waited long before a soft whistle informed me, as well as her, that the lover was come. I then soon heard the window going upon the balcony opened, and prepared myself for lending aid in case of need. But deep was my chagrin when the first words the maiden uttered fell upon my ear.

“Dearest,” said she, in a tone of voice which bespoke the utmost agitation, in spite of an effort to conceal it ; “dearest, we must not make our attempt to-night. My father

returned suddenly this afternoon, and has not yet retired to rest. Every instant is fraught with danger, and oh! haste away, or we may be discovered; if we are, every thing is to be dreaded from my father's rage. Go, I beseech thee, and hope for a more auspicious moment."

It was in vain that he conjured her with the most impassioned supplications to change her resolve; she only answered by beseeching him to depart, all other feelings seeming to be swallowed up in the dread of his becoming a victim to her father's fury. At length he bade her adieu, saying he would watch the first favourable opportunity, and begging her to keep herself always in readiness, which she promised to do with many an asseveration of tenderness. I followed him as he softly, with muffled oar, moved off, being determined upon accosting him, and tendering him my assistance in any way that it might be available. Just as he was entering the Great Canal I overtook and saluted him with a "*buona notte, signore.*" At first he made no reply, being, as I supposed, too much absorbed in his melancholy reflections, to hear me, but on my repeating the salutation, he returned it with a courteous, but somewhat surprised tone of voice. I then at once, begging pardon for the liberty I had already taken and was about to take in meddling with his concerns, told him who I was, how I had become privy to his secret, and what were my desires in regard to his success, offering at the same time to do all it might be in my power to effect, towards the execution of his designs. Great was my satisfaction, when, instead of the rebuff which I might justly have apprehended from such officiousness, he poured upon me a profusion of thanks, and seemed really to be agitated by the strongest emotions of gratitude. At his earnest request I got into his gondola, and soon received from him the story of his love. He was the son of a nobleman of the name of Marini, and about a

year before had paid his addresses to his betrothed, with the full approbation of her father ; but an unfortunate quarrel having occurred between the two old gentlemen, they had become irreconcilable enemies, and had insisted upon the match being broken off. This was done to all appearance ; but a secret correspondence was constantly kept up between the lovers, and a resolution cherished of escaping from paternal injustice, whenever it was practicable. “ This is not the first time, signore,” said he, “ that we have been baffled by untoward fate. Three months ago she had just taken her seat in my boat, at about this hour of the night, when the door of her mansion was suddenly flung open, and her father with several domestics seized and carried her off, whilst I myself was severely, though not dangerously wounded with a stiletto, by the hand of one of the servants during the struggle, and with difficulty made my escape. The vigilance and severity of the old tyrant were redoubled in consequence of this attempt, and for two months my poor Amina was immured in a distant and secluded villa under the guardianship of her aunt. But even there—what will not love accomplish !—I contrived to see her ; nay, I lived under the same roof for several days. Well may you be astonished, but I tell you the truth. The aunt had never seen me, having, during the whole of the time our engagement was permitted, and for some time previous, been absent in the south of Italy ; and I bribed one of the servants at the villa to feign a necessity of returning to Venice on account of the sickness of his mother, and present me as a substitute during his absence. This was done, and I was unsuspectingly allowed to take my place among the few domestics of the establishment, all of whom, with the exception of the one in my interests, had always been resident there, and, of course, deemed me what

I appeared to be, especially as I had disguised myself sufficiently to look something like a menial. But it was an indiscreet proceeding, for the first time Amina's eyes fell upon me, she could scarce refrain from screaming, and her agitation was such that she was obliged to pretend sudden indisposition to her aunt, who was present. It was in vain, too, that I endeavoured to obtain a private interview. The old lady never allowed her to be out of her sight, and even slept in the same room with her. I remained there four days. On the fifth, the servant in whose place I was, returned with the intelligence that the father would soon follow, and I, of course, retreated as soon as possible, leaving with him a note for Amina, which he promised to find some opportunity of delivering. A few weeks after this she was brought back to the city, the count believing that the sufferings she had undergone would prevent her from any farther opposition to his will, and in order to relieve himself from all fears, he has recently determined to make her marry a Roman noble, who has been here for a long time in the hope of winning her hand. This is one main cause of our attempt to-night, and of my eagerness to prevail upon her to run any and every risk. I tremble when I think of the trial she will have to endure."

He ceased, and I asked the lady's name. On hearing it, I was overjoyed to find that amongst my letters of introduction, I had one to her father, and a plan immediately suggested itself which I hastened to communicate to my companion. "I will deliver this letter," I said, "to-morrow; it is from an intimate friend of the count in Florence, and is couched in a style that will secure me the best reception; I will endeavour to make myself agreeable to him, and will inform your betrothed of my intentions in reference to her happiness. We may thus contrive some means

by which your constancy may at last be crowned with the bliss it deserves." I could scarcely prevent my friend, as I may now call him, from clasping me round the neck, as I held out this new prospect to his enraptured eyes. He almost seemed to consider me an angel sent down from heaven to rescue him from the abyss of wretchedness; and when we parted for the night, it was with the most fervent protestations from him of eternal gratitude and affection.

I went to bed, but not to sleep. The task I had undertaken was not an easy one, and something at length began to whisper doubts as to its being altogether honourable. Was it right to take advantage of the kindness I might receive from the count for the purpose of deceiving him, and accomplishing what he most deprecated? I confess I began to feel somewhat uneasy at the forcible manner in which this question obtruded itself again and again upon me, and I was almost induced to wish I had not been so precipitate in my offer. But the recollection of that beautiful face, the thought of the happiness that I would confer on two estimable beings, and of the rank injustice and tyranny of the count, quieted my conscience in the end, or at least made me determined to endure its twinges and execute the undertaking. The first consideration, however, which I have named, was the most influential; for who can resist the appeal of loveliness in distress? Who is not ready to say with old Spenser—

"Nought is there under heaven's high hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedness,
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind."

At as early an hour the next day as was "*comme il faut*," I repaired to the palazzo of the count, and sent up my letter. A request was soon brought me to ascend to

the apartment in which he was, where I found him alone, and was received with the utmost politeness. It was with some interest, as may be imagined, that I studied his appearance. This was striking in no ordinary degree. I could almost have fancied, at the first glance, that I beheld one of those glorious portraits of the *gran Tiziano* living and breathing before me. The face was of the true stamp of the old Venitian senator, with all its dignity and sternness, rendered still more impressive by the few gray hairs which escaped from beneath the small black cap that covered the crown of the head. In person he was tall and thin, yet erect withal, in spite of the number of years which were weighing upon his shoulders. Altogether there was something exceedingly imposing, and perhaps venerable, in his air, but this was not tempered by aught that seemed fitted to win affection. He was one whom you at once felt much more inclined to respect or fear than to love. The calm steady gaze of that piercing black eye, indicated, with abundant clearness, all the resolution and firmness of character which I had been induced to impute to him, from what I had heard of his acts. I had no cause, however, as I have intimated, to complain of my reception, which, of course, I was modest enough to attribute rather to his especial regard for the friend by whom I was introduced, than to my own individual merits. That he was not indeed insensible to these, was manifested by the circumstance of his inviting me, as I rose to take my leave, to dine with him the next day; not a common thing for an Italian to do. It is rarely that a stranger ever receives an invitation of the kind in Italy. To the *converzazione* and the opera-box he finds easy access, but the family table is almost beyond his reach. I was therefore doubly gratified, particularly as the old gentleman said he would then have the pleasure of making me known to his daughter.

The next day I went sight-seeing, as usual ; but somehow or other every thing was as invisible to me as was the Spanish fleet to the optics of Mr. Puff's heroine, when said fleet was not in sight. My eyes, to be sure, fell upon pictures and churches, &c., but they might as well have been shut, for nothing seemed to make the slightest impression upon them. "My heart's in the highlands a-chasing the deer," sings the patriot Nimrod, and my soul and mind were in the apartment where I was to meet the lady Amina ; and what can the vision of this tenement of clay effect, unless assisted by the informing spirit ? Eagerly did I turn my back on your "Titians, Bassanos, and stuff," and hasten to the palazzo of the count at the appointed hour. Both father and daughter were in the saloon on my entrance. My bow was quickly made to the latter ; how my eyes then began to work, to make up for their idleness during the day ! And such a feast they had rarely, if ever, enjoyed before ; but I fear to trust myself with a description of the beauty they beheld, lest I should be laughed at for my pains.

After the repast, I found an opportunity of telling the signorina what had occurred between her lover and myself. Never shall I forget, were I to live a thousand years, the expression of her countenance when I first broached the subject, nor the eloquent look of gratitude she gave me when I finished my narrative. After some hesitation she yielded her assent to the plan we had formed, and it was decided that a fitting opportunity for carrying it into execution would be afforded by a masked ball that was to be given that day week at the vice-regal palace. It was arranged between us that Carlo should have his gondola ready upon the occasion, and that at midnight, when the festivity was at its height, we should contrive to slip out unobserved, and hurry off to a chapel at some little distance

in a retired canal, where a priest was to be in readiness to perform the ceremony.

Not to weary you, gentle reader, I will skip the ensuing week, only mentioning that I saw the lady as often as I could, and sometimes was half inclined to break my faith to Carlo, and endeavour to win her for myself, desperate as the attempt would have been. The night of the ball arrived, and all our preparations were duly made. I have no talent for description, or I would try to depict the gorgeousness of the scene I beheld on entering the apartments where the beauty and nobility of Venice were assembled; but I must leave it to the reader's imagination. I soon recognized the signorina by the dress she had agreed to wear, and pointed her out to Carlo, with whom I had come. "Go to her," said he, "and tell her to summon up all her composure. I fear to trust myself to speak with her." I obeyed him, and giving her my arm, essayed to amuse her, but soon discovered that her thoughts were too deeply engaged in what she was about to do, to allow her to forget it for an instant.

As the hour approached, Carlo disappeared to see that the gondola was in waiting, and I regained Amina's arm, which I had resigned in the interim to other swains. Her father was occupied so as to favour our designs; and, indeed, her conduct of late had been such as to lull his suspicions to sleep. Twelve struck as we reached the gondola, having left the palace just as the confusion of supper commenced. "Row swiftly now, my gondolier;" and swiftly in sooth, he did row. Scarce a minute seemed to have elapsed when we entered the chapel, where we found the good *padre* in his appropriate vestments. No time was lost; the rites began, and were finished as speedily as possible; but hardly were they over when the door of the church was burst open, and the old count, with several

companions appeared. My heart leaped into my throat, for I saw blood in the old man's eyes. Before, however, any violence could be perpetrated, the priest rushed forward, and placing himself between the couple and the infuriate parent, commanded him on pain of excommunication to stop. The next instant, the arms of his daughter were clinging round his neck, and her lips pouring out supplications for forgiveness, that would have melted a heart of stone. "Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder!" ejaculated the priest; and placing himself upon his knees, he uttered a beautiful prayer for those he had just united. The effect was irresistible. Every one in the church, including the count himself, knelt down simultaneously; and when the prayer was ended, a change and a happy one had come over the old man's face. Rising, he folded his daughter in his arms, and with a kiss and a tone of intensest love, invoked a blessing on her head. Then calling to him her husband, he asked his pardon for having so long and so unjustly persecuted him, and joining his hand with Amina's, gave his full consent and benediction to their union.

ISABELLA.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

(MEASURE FOR MEASURE, *Act iii. Scene i.*)

HENCE! avaunt! nor longer dare
Insult mine ear with such a prayer;
Thou worse than brute, who would'st proclaim
To all the world thy sister's shame,
And dost demean thyself to suing
For life procured by her undoing.

How canst thou dare to look upon her
Whom thou hast counsell'd to dishonour,
That thou a few short winters more
Might pace this bleak and barren shore,
And being free from man's control,
Still wear the fetters in thy soul.

Coward! thou art afraid to die!
Why, what is it? 'Tis but to lie
On a hard couch, and brave the blight
That rages thro' a winter's night.
And yet, who hears the fatal blast?
'Tis but one pang, and all is past!

O could my life atone for thee,
How soon, how gladly should it be
The welcome sacrifice, to save
My brother from the yawning grave.
But never can I yield to shame
My spotless, unpolluted fame.

Thou say'st that death's a fearful thing ;—
But can it to the spirit bring
Aught half so dreadful as the throes
Which violated honour knows ?

No, Claudio ! since thy coward heart
Would act so base, so foul a part,
If but from me a single word
Could cause thy fate to be deferr'd ;
That single word should rest unspoken,
E'en though my heart thereby were broken.

Rather, yea, rather would I pray
That thou from earth should'st pass away,
Though in thy morning's sunny prime,
Ere sullied with so foul a crime ;
Leaving behind an honest name,
Untainted by the breath of shame.

Philadelphia.

CHILDHOOD.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

WHAT is like childhood's sunny hair,
So shining, and free, and soft, and fair,
With its flaxen curls, or its glossy brown,
That the wind lifts up like the wild-bird's down?—
It looks not so bright in an after day,
And as years roll on it turns to gray,
Till at last it is lost in a snowy white,
And it seems not so soft, and it floats not so light.—
O there's nothing in manhood or age can compare
With the radiant beauty of childhood's hair.

What is like childhood's laughing eye,
As bright as a star, and as blue as the sky,
Looking as if in its beautiful stare
It had shrined the perfection of happiness there?—
O sad is the change in after years,
When that glowing eye is dimm'd in tears;
And the look that is now so cheering and glad,
At the touch of sorrow is dark and sad.—
There's nothing in all coming years that can vie
With the glorious laughter of childhood's eye.

What is like childhood's rosy cheek,
As pure as the earliest sunrise streak;
More fresh and sweet in its dainty blush
Than art can win from the painter's brush ?—
As the stealthy foot of time invades
The haunts of life, how that rose-tint fades !
And how sadly crowding years begin
To sallow and seam that soft, white skin !—
O there's nothing in all future days that can speak
Like the freshness and beauty of childhood's cheek.

What is like childhood's buoyant heart,
Untainted by vice and unsullied by art ;
Speaking the truth in Nature's tone,
And quaffing a joy that is wholly its own ?—
Alas ! those moments soon pass by,
And cares and sorrows around us lie,
And the world and its sad realities
Come like clouds o'er the fancies that young life sees.—
O there's nothing in time that can ever impart
The light, blessed feelings of childhood's heart.

Philadelphia.

THE BURIAL OF SCHILLER.*

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

THE solemn, still, and shadowy hour,
When Saturday in Sabbath dies,
O'er Weimar hangs, with clouds that lour,
And veil in black the moon and skies.

Lo ! from yon mansion lights appear,
Pale, glimmering through the midnight gloom !
A coffin'd form is on the bier,
And thence borne forward to the tomb.

That funeral train—how sad they go
Behind the cold unconscious clay ;
While sighs and sobs of bitter wo,
Sound deep along the silent way !

Now, as the open grave beside
That dismal bier its bearers rest,
A heavier flood of sorrow's tide,
Rolls o'er each mourner's burden'd breast.

* For a particular description of this midnight funeral, and the storm that followed it, see "*The Life of Schiller*," page 237.

From him who slumbers in the shroud,
With trembling, as they lift the pall,
The moon rends off her veil of cloud,
And o'er him lets her lustre fall.

She beams her silvery, soft adieu,
And is again in darkness hid,
As if affrighted, thus to view
The name on that dread coffin-lid !

For 'tis her lover, now no more ;—
Her friend, that they to dust consign !
And ne'er again is she to pour
Her light for eyes like his to shine !

'Tis done !—that mournful, final rite,
Too sacred for the glare of day !
Beneath the curtain folds of night,
Earth ! earth has closed o'er SCHILLER'S clay !

And hark ! the heavens in thunder groan ;
They weep in torrents o'er his bed !
Their searching, fiery bolts are thrown,
As if to find, and wake the dead !

These fun'ral honours so sublime,
Befit him well to whom they're paid,
And at the birth of holy time,
'Tis meet his dust at rest be laid.

His spirit, bright with heavenly fire,
Has burn'd its way through mortal strife,
And gain'd its high, intense desire,
To solve the mystery of life !

It is the budding month of May ;
The passing storm will call the bloom ;
A tribute nature soon will pay,
To dress her deathless POET'S tomb.

Newburyport.

THE LAZY CROW.

A STORY OF THE CORNFIELD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "GUY RIVERS,"
"MELLECHAMPE."

WE were on the Savannah river when the corn was coming up; at the residence of one of those planters of the middle country, the staid, sterling, old time gentlemen of the last century, the stock of which is so rapidly diminishing. The season was advanced and beautiful; the flowers every where in odour, and all things promised well for the crops of the planter. Hopes and seed, however, set out in March and April, have a long time to go before ripening, and when I congratulated Mr. Carrington on the prospect before him, he would shake his head, and smile and say, in a quizzical inquiring humour, "wet or dry, cold or warm, which shall it be? what season shall we have? Tell me that, and I will hearken with more confidence to your congratulations. We can do no more than plant the seed, scuffle with the grass, say our prayers, and leave the rest to Him without whose blessing no labour can avail."

"There is something more to be done, and of scarcely less importance it would seem, if I may judge from the movements of Scipio—kill or keep off the crows."

Mr. Carrington turned as I spoke these words; we had

just left the breakfast table, where we had enjoyed all the warm comforts of hot rice-waffles, journey-cake, and glowing biscuit, not to speak of hominy and hoe-cake, without paying that passing acknowledgment to dyspeptic dangers upon which modern physicians so earnestly insist. Scipio, a sleek, well-fed negro, with a round, good-humoured face, was busy in the corner of the apartment; one hand employed in grasping a goodly fragment of bread, half-concealed in a similar slice of bacon, which he had just received from his young mistress;—while the other carefully selected from the corner, one of half-a-dozen double-barrelled guns, which he was about to raise to his shoulder, when my remark turned the eye of his master upon him.

“How now, Scipio, what are you going to shoot?” was the inquiry of Mr. Carrington.

“Crow, sa; dere’s a d—n ugly crow dat’s a-troubling me, and my heart’s set for kill ’um.”

“One only; why Scip, you’re well off if you hav’n’t a hundred. Do they trouble you very much in the pine land field?”

“Dare’s a plenty, sa; but dis one I guine kill, sa, he’s wuss more nor all de rest. You hab good load in bot’ barrel, massa?”

“Yes, but small shot only. Draw the loads, Scip, and put in some of the high duck; you’ll find the bag in the closet. These crows will hardly let you get nigh enough, Scipio, to do them any mischief with small shot.”

“Ha! but I will trouble dis black rascal, you see, once I set eye ’pon um. He’s a d—n ugly nigger, and he a’n’t feared. I can git close ’nough, massa.”

The expression of Scipio’s face, while uttering the brief declaration of war against the innumerable, and almost licensed pirates of the cornfield, or rather against one in particular, was full of the direst hostility. His accents

were not less marked by malignity, and could not fail to command our attention.

"Why, you seem angry about it, Scipio; this crow must be one of the most impudent of his tribe, and a distinguished character."

"I'll 'stinguish um, massa,—you'll see. Jist as you say, he's a mos' impudent nigger. He no feared of me 't all. When I stan' and look 'pon him, he stan' and look 'pon me. I tak' up dirt and stick, and trow at um, but he no scare. When I chase um, he fly dis way, he fly dat, but he nebber gone so far, but he can turn round and cock he tail at me, jist when he see me stop. He's a mos' d—n sassy crow, as ebber walk in a cornfield "

"But Scip, you surprise me. You don't mean to say that it is one crow in particular that annoys you in this manner."

"De same one, ebbery day, massa; de same one,"—was the reply.

"How long has this been?"

"Mos' a week now, massa; ebber since las' Friday."

"Indced! but what makes you think this troublesome crow always the same one, Scipio? Do you think the crows never change their spies?"

"Goly, I know um, massa; dis da same crow been trouble me, ebber since las' Friday. He's a crow by he-se'f, massa. I nebber see him wid t'oder crows; he no hab complexion of t'oder crow, yet he's crow, all de same."

"Is he not black like all his tribe?"

"Yes, he black, but he ain't black like de oder ones. Dere's someting like a gray dirt 'pon he wing. He's black, but he no gloss black—no jet;—he hab dirt, I tell you, massa, on he wing, jis' by de skirt ob de jacket—jis' here;" and he lifted the lappel of his master's coat as he concluded his description of the bird that troubled him.

"A strange sort of crow indeed, Scipio, if he answers your description. Should you kill him, be sure and bring him to me. I can scarcely think him a crow."

"How, no crow, massa? Goly, I know crow good as any body? He's a crow, massa,—a dirty, black nigger of a crow, and I'll shoot um through he head, sure as a gun. He trouble me too much; look hard 'pon me as ef you hab bin gib um wages for obersee. Nobody ax um for watch me, see wha' I do! Who mak' him oberseer?"

"A useful crow, Scipio; and now I think of it, it might be just as well that you shouldn't shoot him. If he does such good service in the cornfield as to see that you all do your work, I'll make him my overseer in my absence!"

This speech almost astounded the negro. He dropped the butt of the gun upon the floor, suffered the muzzle to rest in the hollow of his arm, and thus boldly expostulated with his master against so strange a decision.

"No shoot um, massa; no shoot crow dat's a-troubling you. Dickens, massa, but dat's too foolish now, I mus' tell you; and to tell you de blessed trut', ef you don't shoot dis lazy crow I tell you ob, or le' me shoot um, one or t'oder, den you mus' take Scip out of de cornfiel', and put 'n oder nigger in he place. I can't work wid dat ugly ting, looking at me so sassy. When I turn, he turn; if I go to dis hand, why, he's dere; if I change 'bout, and go t'oder hand, dere's de critter, jis de same. He nebber git out of de way, 'til I run at um wid a stick."

"Well, well, Scipio, kill your crow, but be sure and bring him in when you do so. You may go now."

"I hab um to-night for you, massa, ef God spare me. Look 'a, young missus, you hab any coffee lef' in de pot; I tanks you."

Jane Carrington,—a gentle and lovely girl of seventeen,—who did the honours of the table, supplied Scipio's wants,

and leaving him to the enjoyment of his mug of coffee, Mr. C. and myself walked forth into the plantation.

The little dialogue just narrated had almost entirely passed out of my mind, when, at evening, returning from his labours in the cornfield, who should make his appearance but Scipio. He came to place the gun in the corner from which he had taken it; but he brought with him no trophies of victory. He had failed to scalp his crow. The inquiry of his master as to his failure, drew my attention to the negro, who had simply placed the weapon in the rest, and was about to retire, with a countenance, as I thought, rather sullen and dissatisfied, and a hang-dog, sneaking manner, as if anxious to escape observation. He had utterly lost that air of confidence which he had worn in the morning.

“What, Scipio! no crow?” demanded his master.

“I no shoot, sa;” replied the negro, moving off as he spoke, as if willing that the examination should rest there. But Mr. Carrington, who was something of a quiz, and saw that the poor fellow laboured under a feeling of mortified self-conceit, was not unwilling to worry him a little further.

“Ah, Scip, I always thought you a poor shot, in spite of your bragging; now I’m sure of it. A crow comes and stares you out of countenance, walks round you, and scarcely flies when you pelt him, and yet, when the gun is in your hands, you do nothing. How’s that?”

“I tell you, massa, I no bin shoot. Ef I bin shoot, I bin hurt um in he head for true; but dere’ no use for shoot, tel you can get shot, inty? Wha’ for trow ’way de shot?—you buy ’em,—becos’ you money; well, you hab money for trow ’way? No! Wha’ den—Scip’s a d—n rascal for true, ef he trow ’way you money. Dat’s trow ’way you money, wha’s trow ’way you shot,—wha’s trow you corn, you peas, you fodder, you hog-meat, you chickens and eggs.

Scip nebber trow 'way you property, massa ; nobody nebber say sich ting."

"Cunning dog—nobody accuses you, Scipio. I believe you to be as honest as the rest, Scipio, but haven't you been throwing away time ; haven't you been poking about after this crow to the neglect of your duty. Come, in plain language, did you get through your task to-day?"

"Task done, massa ; I finish um by three 'clock."

"Well, what did you do with the rest of your time. Have you been at your own garden, Scipio?"

"No, sa ; I no touch de garden."

"Why not ? what employed you from three o'clock?"

"Dis same crow, massa ; I tell you, massa, 'tis dis same dirty nigger of a crow I bin looking arter, ebber since I git over de task. He's a ting da's too sassy and aggrabates me berry much. I follow um tel de sun shut he eye, and nebber can git shot. Ef I bin git shot, I nebber miss um, massa, I tell you."

"But why did you not get a shot? You must have bungled monstrously, Scipio, not to succeed in getting a shot at a bird that is always about you. Does he bother you less than he did before, now that you have the gun?"

"I spec' he mus' know, massa, da's de reason ; but he bodder me jis' de same. He nebber leff me all day I bin in de cornfield, but he nebber come so close for be shoot. He say to he sef, dat gun good at sixty yard, in Scip hand ; I stan' sixty, I stan' a hundred ; ef he shoot so far, I laugh at 'em. Da's wha' he say."

"Well, even at seventy or eighty yards, you should have tried him, Scipio. The gun that tells at sixty, will be very apt to tell at seventy or eighty yards, if the nerves be good that hold it, and the eye close. Try him even at a hundred, Scipio, rather than lose your crow ; but put in your biggest shot."

The conference ended with this counsel of the master. The fellow promised to obey, and the next morning he sallied forth with the gun as before. By this time, both Mr. Carrington and myself had begun to take some interest in the issue thus tacitly made up between the field negro and his annoying visiter. The anxiety which the former manifested, to destroy, in particular, one of a tribe, of which the corn-planter has an aversion so great as to prompt the frequent desire of the Roman tyrant touching his enemies, and make him wish that they had but one neck that a single blow might despatch them, was no less ridiculous than strange; and we both fell to our fancies to account for an hostility, which could not certainly be accounted for by any ordinary anxiety of the good planter on such an occasion. It was evident to both of us that the imagination of Scipio was not inactive in the strife, and knowing how exceeding superstitious the negroes generally are, (and indeed, all inferior people,) after canvassing the subject in various lights, without coming to any rational solution, we concluded that the difficulty arose from some grotesque fear or fancy, with which the fellow had been inspired, probably by some other negro, on a circumstance as casual as any one of the thousand by which the Roman augur divined, and the soothsayer gave forth his oracular predictions. Scipio had good authority for attaching no small importance to the flight or stoppage of a bird; and with this grave justification of his troubles, we resolved to let the matter rest, till we could join the negro in the cornfield, and look for ourselves into the condition of the rival parties.

This we did that very morning. "'Possum Place,"—for such had been the whimsical name conferred upon his estate by the proprietor, in reference to the vast numbers of the little animal, nightly found upon it, the opossum, the meat of which a sagacious negro will always prefer to that

of a pig,—lay upon the Santee swamp, and consisted pretty evenly of reclaimed swamp-land, in which he raised his cotton, and fine high pine-land hammock, on which he made his corn. To one of the fields of the latter we made our way about mid-day, and were happy to find Scipio in actual controversy with the crow that troubled him. Controversy is scarce the word, but I can find no fitter, at this moment. The parties were some hundred yards asunder. The negro was busy with his hoe, and the gun leaned conveniently at hand on a contiguous and charred pine stump, one of a thousand that dotted the entire surface of the spacious field in which he laboured. The crow leisurely passed to and fro along the alleys, now lost among the little hollows and hillocks, and now emerging into sight, sometimes at a less, sometimes at a greater distance, but always with a deportment of the most brass-like indifference to the world around him. His gait was certainly as lordly and as lazy as that of a Castilian the third remove from a king and the tenth from a shirt. We could discover in him no other singularity but this marked audacity; and both Mr. Carrington's eyes and mine were stretched beyond their orbits, but in vain, to discover that speck of "gray dirt upon he wing," which Scipio had been very careful to describe with the particularity of one who felt that the duty would devolve on him to brush the jacket of the intruder. We learned from the negro that his sooty visiter had come alone as usual,—for though there might have been a sprinkling of some fifty crows here and there about the field, we could not perceive that any of them had approached to any more familiarity with that one that annoyed him, than with himself. He had been able to get no shot as yet, though he did not despair of better fortune through the day; and in order to the better assurance of his hopes, the poor fellow had borne what he seemed to

consider the taunting swagger of the crow all around him, without so much as lifting weapon, or making a single step towards him.

“Give me your gun,” said Mr. Carrington. “If he walks no faster than now, I’ll give him greater weight to carry.”

But the lazy crow treated the white man with a degree of deference that made the negro stare. He made off at full speed with the first movement towards him, and disappeared from sight in a few seconds. We lost him seemingly among the willows and fern of a little bay that lay a few hundred yards beyond us.

“What think you of that, Scip?” demanded the master. “I’ve done more with a single motion than you’ve done for days, with all your poking and pelting. He’ll hardly trouble you in a hurry again, though if he does, you know well enough now, how to get rid of him.”

The negro’s face brightened for an instant, but suddenly changed, while he replied,—

“Ah, massa, when you back turn, he will come gen—he dah watch you now.”

Sure enough,—we had not proceeded a hundred yards, before the calls of Scipio drew our attention to the scene we had left. The bedevilled negro had his hands uplifted with something of an air of horror, while a finger guided us to the spot where the lazy crow was taking his rounds, almost in the very place from whence the hostile advance of Mr. Carrington had driven him; and with a listless, lounging strut of aristocratic composure, that provoked our wonder quite as much as the negro’s indignation.

“Let us see it out,” said Mr. C., returning to the scene of action. “At him, Scipio; take your gun and do your best.”

But this did not seem necessary. Our return had the

effect of sending the sooty intruder to a distance, and after lingering some time to see if he would re-appear while we were present, but without success, we concluded to retire from the ground. At night, we gathered from the poor negro, that our departure was the signal for the crow's return. He walked the course with impunity, though Scipio pursued him several times, and towards the close of day, in utter desperation, gave him both barrels, not only without fracturing a feather, but actually, according to Scip's story, without occasioning in him the slightest discomposure or alarm. He merely changed his place at each onset, doubled on his own ground, made a brief circuit, and back again to the old distance, looking as impudently, and walking along as lazily as ever.

Some days passed by, and I saw nothing of Scipio. It appears, however, that his singular conflict with the lazy crow was carried on with as much pertinacity on the one side, and as little patience on the other, as before. Still, daily did he provide himself with the weapon and munitions of war, making as much fuss in loading it, and putting in shot as large as if he purposed warfare on some of the more imposing occupants of the forest, rather than a simple bird, so innocent in all respects, except the single one of corn-stealing, as the crow. A fact, of which we obtained possession some time after, and from the other negroes, enlightened us somewhat on the subject of Scipio's own faith as to the true character of his enemy. In loading his gun, he counted out his shot, being careful to get an odd number. In using big buck, he numbered two sevens for a load; the small buck, three; and seven times seven duck shot, when he used the latter, were counted out as a charge, with the studious nicety of the jeweller at his pearls and diamonds. Then followed the mystic process of depositing the load within the tube, from which it

was to issue forth in death and devastation. His face was turned from the sunlight; the blaze was not suffered to rest upon the bore or barrel; and when the weapon was charged, it was carried into field only on his left shoulder. In spite of all these preparations, the lazy crow came and went as before. He betrayed no change of demeanour; he showed no more consciousness of danger; he submitted to pursuit quietly, never seeming to hurry himself in escaping, and was quite as close an overseer of Scipio's conduct, as he had shown himself from the first. Not a day passed that the negro failed to shoot at him; always, however, by his own account, at disadvantage, and never, it appears, with any success. The consequence of all this was, that Scipio fell sick. What with the constant annoyance of the thing, and a too excitable imagination, Scipio, a stout fellow nearly six feet high, and half as many broad, laid himself at length in his cabin, at the end of the week, and was placed on the sick-list accordingly. But as a negro will never take physic, if he can help it, however ready he may be to complain, it was not till Sunday afternoon, that Jane Carrington, taking her customary stroll on that day to the negro quarters, ascertained the fact. She at once apprised her father, who was something of a physician, (as every planter should be,) and who immediately proceeded to visit the invalid. He found him without any of the customary signs of sickness. His pulse was low and feeble, rather than full or fast; his tongue tolerably clean; his skin not unpleasant, and in all ordinary respects Scipio would have been pronounced in very good condition for his daily task, and his hog and hominy. But he was an honest fellow, and the master well knew that there was no negro on his plantation so little given to "playing 'possum," as Scipio. He complained of being very unwell, though he found it difficult to locate his annoyances, and say where or in what

respect his ailing lay. Questions only confused, and seemed to vex him, and, though really skilful in the cure of such complaints as ordinarily occur on a plantation, Mr. Carington, in the case before him, was really at a loss. The only feature of Scipio's disease that was apparent, was a full and raised expression of the eye, that seemed to swell out whenever he spoke, or when he was required to direct his attention to any object, or answer to any specific inquiry. The more the master observed him, the more difficult it became to utter an opinion, and he was finally compelled to leave him for the night, without medicine, judging it wiser to let nature take the subject in hand until he could properly determine in what respect he suffered. But the morrow brought no alleviation of Scipio's sufferings. He was still sick as before—incapable of work,—indeed, as he alleged, unable to leave his bed, though his pulse was a little exaggerated from the night previous, and exhibited only that degree of energy and fulness, which might be supposed natural to one moved by sudden physical excitement. His master half-suspected him of shamming, but the lugubrious expression of the fellow's face, could scarcely be assumed for any purpose, and was to all eyes as natural as could be. He evidently thought himself in a bad way. I suggested some simple medicine, such as salts or castor oil—any thing, indeed, which could do no harm, and which could lessen the patient's apprehensions, which seemed to increase with the evident inability of his master to give him help. Still he could scarcely tell where it hurt him; his pains were every where, in head, back, shoulder, heels, and strange to say, at the tips of his ears. Mr. C. was puzzled, and concluded to avoid the responsibility of such a case, by sending for the neighbouring physician. Dr. C—, a very clever and well-read man, soon made his appearance, and was regularly introduced to the patient. His

replies to the physician were as little satisfactory as those which he had made to us; and after a long and tedious cross-examination by doctor and master, the conclusion was still the same. Some few things, however, transpired in the inquiry, which led us all to the same inference with the doctor, who ascribed Scipio's condition to some mental hallucination. While the conversation had been going on in his cabin,—a dwelling like most negro houses, made with poles, and the chinks stopped with clay,—he turned abruptly from the physician to a negro girl that brought him soup, and asked the following question.

“Who bin tell Gullah Sam for come in yer yisserday?”

The girl looked confused, and made no answer.

“Answer him,” said the master.

“Da's him—why you no talk, nigger?” said the patient authoritatively. “I ax you, who bin tell Gullah Sam for come in yer yisserday?”

“He bin come!” responded the girl with another inquiry.

“Sure, he bin come—enty I see um wid he dirty gray jacket, like dirt on a crow wing. He tink I no see um—he 'tan der in dis corner, close de chimney, and look wha's a cook in de pot. Oh, how my ear bu'n,—somebody's a talking bad tings 'bout Scipio now.”

There was a good deal in this speech to interest Mr. Carrington and myself; we could trace something of his illness to his strife with the crow; but who was Gullah Sam? This was a question put both by the doctor and myself, at the same moment.

“You no know Gullah Sam, enty? Ha! better you don't know um—he's a nigger da's more dan nigger—wish he mind he own business.”

With these words the patient turned his face to the wall of his habitation, and seemed unwilling to vouchsafe us any farther speech. It was thought unnecessary to annoy poor

Scipio with farther inquiries, and leaving the cabin, we obtained the desired information from his master.

"Gullah Sam," said he, "is a native born African from the Gold Coast, who belongs to my neighbour, Mr. Jamison, and was bought by his father out of a Rhode Island slaver, some time before the Revolution. He is now, as you may suppose, rather an old man; and, to all appearances, would seem a simple and silly one enough; but the negroes all around regard him to be a great conjuror, and look upon his powers as a wizard, with a degree of dread, only to be accounted for by the notorious superstition of ignorance. I have vainly endeavoured to overcome their fears and prejudices on this subject; but the object of fear is most commonly, at the same time, an object of veneration, and they hold on to the faith which has been taught them, with a tenacity like that with which the heathen clings to the idol, the wrath of which he seeks to deprecate, and which he worships only because he fears. The little conversation which we have had with Scipio, in his partial delirium, has revealed to me what a sense of shame has kept him from declaring before. He believes himself to be bewitched by Gullah Sam, and whether the African possesses any power such as he pretends to or not, is still the same to Scipio, if his mind has a full conviction that he does, and that he has become its victim. A superstitious negro might as well be bewitched, as to fancy that he is so."

"And what do you propose to do?" was my inquiry.

"Nay, that question I cannot answer you. It is a work of philosophy, rather than of physic, and we must become the masters of the case, before we can prescribe for it. We must note the fancies of the patient himself, and make these subservient to the case. I know of no other remedy."

That evening, we all returned to the cabin of Scipio. We found him more composed—sane, perhaps, would be

the proper word—than in the morning, and accordingly, perfectly silent on the subject of Gullah Sam. His master took the opportunity of speaking to him in plain language.

“Scipio, why do you try to keep the truth from me? Have you ever found me a bad master, that you should fear to tell me the truth?”

“Nebber say sich ting! Who tell you, massa, I say you bad?” replied the negro with a lofty air of indignation, rising on his arm in the bed.

“Why should you keep the truth from me?” was the reply.

“Wha’ trute I keep from you, massa?”

“The cause of your sickness, Scipio. Why did you not tell me that Gullah Sam had bewitched you?”

The negro was confounded.

“How you know, massa?” was his demand.

“It matters not,” replied the master; “but how came Gullah Sam to bewitch you?”

“He kin ’witch den, massa?” was the rather triumphant demand of the negro, who saw in his master’s remark, a concession to his faith, which had always been withheld before. Mr. Carrington extricated himself from the dilemma with sufficient promptness and ingenuity.

“The devil has power, Scipio, over all that believe in him. If you believe that Gullah Sam can do with you what he pleases, in spite of God and the Saviour, there is no doubt that he can; and God and the Saviour will alike give you up to his power, since, when you believe in the devil, you refuse to believe in them. They have told you, and the preacher has told you, and I have told you, that Gullah Sam can do you no sort of harm, if you will refuse to believe in what he tells you. Why then do you believe in that miserable and ignorant old African, sooner than in God, and the preacher, and myself?”

"I can't help it, massa—de ting's de ting, and you can't change um. Dis Gullah Sam—he wuss more nor ten debble—I jis' laugh at um t'oder day—tree week 'go, when he tumble in de hoss pond, and he shake he finger at me, and ebber since he put he bad mout' pon me. Ebber sence dat time, dat ugly crow bin stand in my eyes, whichebber way I tu'n. He hab gray dirt on he wing, and enty dere's a gray patch on Gullah Sam jacket? Gullah Sam hab close quaintan' wid dat same lazy crow da's walk roun' me in de cornfield, massa. I bin tink so from de fuss; and when he 'tan and le' me shoot at um, and no 'fraid, den I sartain."

"Well, Scipio," said the master, "I will soon put an end to Sam's power. I will see Mr. Jamison, and will have Sam well flogged for his witchcraft. I think you ought to be convinced that a wizard who suffers himself to be flogged, is but a poor devil after all."

The answer of the negro was full of consternation.

"For Christ Jesus' sake, massa, I beg you do no sich ting. You lick Gullah Sam, den you loss Scipio for eber and eber, amen. Gullah Sam nebber guine take off de bad mout' he put on Scip, once you lick em. De pains will keep in de bones—de leg will dead, fuss de right leg, den de lef, one arter t'oder, and you nigger will dead, up and up, till noting lef for dead but he head. He head will hab life, when you kin put he body in de hole, and cubber um up wid du't. You mus' try n'oder tings, massa, for get you nigger cure—you lick Gullah Sam, 'tis kill um for ebber."

A long conversation ensued among us, Scipio taking occasional part in it; for, now that his secret was known, he seemed somewhat relieved, and gave utterance freely to his fears and superstitions; and determined for and against the remedies which we severally propos'd, with the authority of one, not only more deeply interested in the case than any one beside, but who also knew more about it.

Having unscrupulously opposed nearly every plan, even in its inception, which was suggested, his master, out of patience, at last exclaimed,

“Well, Scipio, it seems nothing will please you. What would you have? what course shall I take to dispossess the devil, and send Gullah Sam about his business?”

After a brief pause, in which the negro twisted from side to side of his bed, he answered as follows:

“Ef you kin trow way money on Scip, massa, dere’s a way I tink ’pon, dat’ll do um help, if dere’s any ting kin help um now, widout go to Gullah Sam. But it’s a berry ’spensive way, massa.”

“How much will it cost?” demanded the master. “I am not unwilling to pay money for you, either to cure you when you are sick, as you ought to know, by my sending for the doctor, or by putting more sense into your head than you seem to have at present. How much money do you think it will take to send the devil out of you?”

“Ha! massa, you no speak ’spectful ’nough. Dis Gullah Sam hard to move; more dan de lazy crow dat walk in de cornfield. He will take money ’nough; mos’ a bag ob cotton in dese hard times.”

“Pshaw—speak out, and tell me what you mean!” said the now thoroughly impatient master.

“Dere’s an old nigger, massa, dat’s an Ebo,—he lib ober on St. Matthew’s, by de bluff, place of Major Thompson. He’s mighty great hand for cure bad mout’. He’s named ’Tuselah, and he’s a witch he sef, worse more nor Gullah Sam. Gullah Sam fear’d um—berry fear’d um. You send for ’Tuselah, massa, he cos’ you more nor twenty dollars. Scipio git well for sartin, and you nebber yerry any more dat sassy crow in de cornfield.”

“If I thought so,” replied Mr. Carrington, looking round upon us, as if himself half-ashamed to give into the sug-

gestions of the negro ; “ if I thought so, I would certainly send for Methuselah. But really, there’s something very ridiculous in all this.”

“ I think not,” was my reply. “ Your own theory will sustain you, since, if Scipio’s fancy makes one devil, he is equally assured, by the same fancy, of the counter power of the other.”

“ Besides,” said the doctor, “ you are sustained by the proverb, ‘ set a thief to catch a thief.’ The thing is really curious. I shall be anxious to see how the St. Matthew’s wizard overcomes him of Santee ; though, to speak truth, a sort of sectional interest in my own district, would almost tempt me to hope that he may be defeated. This should certainly be my prayer, were it not that I have some commiseration for Scipio. I should be sorry to see him dying by inches.”

“ By feet rather,” replied his master with a laugh. “ First the right leg, then the left, up and up, until life remains to him in his head only. But, you shall have your wish, Scipio. I will send a man to-morrow by daylight to St. Matthew’s for Methuselah, and if he can overcome Gullah Sam at his own weapons, I shall not begrudge him the twenty dollars.”

“ Tanks, massa, tousand tanks !” was the reply of the invalid ; his countenance suddenly brightening for the first time for a week, as if already assured of the happy termination of his affliction. Meanwhile, we left him to his cogitations, each of us musing to himself, as well on the singular mental infirmities of a negro, at once sober, honest, and generally sensible, and that strange sort of issue which was about to be made up, between the respective followers of the rival principles of African witchcraft, the Gullah and the Ebo fetishes.

The indulgent master that night addressed a letter to

the owner of Methuselah, stating all the circumstances of the case, and soliciting permission for the wizard, of whom such high expectations were formed, or fancied, to return with the messenger, who took with him an extra horse, that the journey might be made with sufficient despatch. To this application a ready assent was given, and the messenger returned on the day after his departure, attended by the sage African in question. Methuselah was an African, about sixty-five years of age, with a head round as an owl's, and a countenance quite as grave and contemplative. His features indicated all the marked characteristics of his race, low forehead, high cheek bone, small eyes, flat nose, thick lips, and a chin sharp and retreating. He was not more than five feet high, and with legs so bowed that—to use Scipio's expression, when he was so far recovered as to be able again to laugh at his neighbour,—a yearling calf might easily run between them without grazing the *calf*. There was nothing promising in such a person but his sententiousness and gravity, and Methuselah possessed these characteristics in remarkable degree. When asked—

“Can you cure this fellow?” his answer, almost insolently expressed, was,—

“I come for dat.”

“You can cure people who are bewitched?”

“He no dead?”

“No.”

“Bally well—can't cure dead nigger.”

There was but little to be got out of such a character by examination, direct or cross; and attending him to Scipio's wigwam, we tacitly resolved to look as closely into his proceedings as we could, assured, that in no other way could we possibly hope to arrive at any knowledge of his *modus operandi* in so curious a case.

Scipio was very glad to see the wizard of St. Mat-

thew's, and pointing to a chair, the only one in his chamber, he left us to the rude stools, of which there happened to be a sufficient supply.

"Well, brudder," said the African abruptly, "wha's matter?"

"Ha, Mr. 'Tuselah, I bin hab berry bad mout' put 'pon me."

"I know dat—you eyes run water—you ears hot—you hab knee shake—you trimble in de joint."

"You hit um; 'tis jis' dem same ting. I hab ears bu'n berry much," and thus encouraged to detail his symptoms, the garrulous Scipio would have prolonged his chronicle to the crack of doom, but that the wizard valued his time too much, to suffer any unnecessary eloquence on the part of his patient.

"You see two tings at a time?" asked the African.

"How! I no see," replied Scipio, not comprehending the question, which simply meant, do you ever see double? To this, when explained, he answered in a decided negative.

"'Tis a man den, put he bad mout' 'pon you," said the African.

"Gor-a-mighty, how you know dat?" exclaimed Scipio.

"Hush, my brudder—wha' beas' he look like?"

"He's a d—n black nigger of a crow—a dirty crow, da's lazy for true."

"Ha! he lazy—you sure he ain't lame?"

"He no lame."

Scipio then gave a close description of the crow which had pestered him, precisely as he had given it to his master, as recorded in our previous pages. The African heard him with patience, then proceeded with oracular gravity.

"'Tis old man wha's trouble you!"

"Da's a trute!"

"Hush, my brudder. Wha's you see dis crow?"

“Crow in de cornfiel’, Mr. ’Tuselah; he can’t come in de house.”

“Who bin wid you all de time?”

“Jenny—de gal—he ’tan up in de corner now.”

The magician turned and looked upon the person indicated by Scipio’s finger—a little negro girl, probably ten years old. Then turning again to Scipio, he asked,

“You bin sick two, tree, seben day, brudder—how long you been on you bed?”

“Since Saturday night—da’s six day to-day.”

“And you hab nobody come for look ’pon you, since you been on de bed, but dis gal, and de buckrah?”

Scipio confessed to several of the field negroes, servants of his own master, all of whom he proceeded to describe in compliance with the requisitions of the wizard, who, as if still unsatisfied, bade him, in stern accents, remember if nobody else had been in the cabin, or, in his own language, had “set he eye ’pon you.”

The patient hesitated for awhile, but the question being repeated, he confessed that in a half-sleep or stupor, he had fancied seeing Gullah Sam looking in upon him through the half-opened door; and at another time had caught glimpses, in his sleep, of the same features, through a chink between the logs, where the clay had fallen.

“Ha! ha!” said the wizard, with a half-savage grin of mingled delight and sagacity—“I hab nose,—I smell. Well, brudder, I mus’ gib you physic,—you mus’ hab good sweat to-night, and smood skin to-morrow.”

Thus ended the conference with Scipio. The man of mystery arose and left the hovel, bidding us follow, and carefully fastening the door after him.

This done, he anointed some clay, which he gathered in the neighbourhood, with his spittle, and plastered it over the lintel. He retired with us a little distance, and when

we were about to separate, he for the woods, and we for the dwelling-house, he said in tones more respectful than those which he employed to Mr. Carrington on his first coming,

“ You hab niggers, massa—women is de bes’—dat lub for talk too much?”

“ Yes, a dozen of them.”

“ You sen’ one to de plantation where dis Gullah Sam lib, but don’t sen’ um to Gullah Sam: sen’ um to he massa or he misses; and borrow someting—any ting—old pot or kettle—no matter if you don’t want ’em, you beg um for lend you. Da’s ’nough.”

Mr. Carrington would have had the wizard’s reasons for this wish, but finding him reluctant to declare them, he promised his consent, concluding, as was perhaps the case, that the only object was to let Gullah Sam know that a formidable enemy had taken the field against him, and in defence of his victim.* This would seem to account for his

* Since penning the above conjecture, I remember a story which was related to me several years ago, by a venerable country lady of South Carolina; who, to the merit of telling a good story well, added the equally commendable merit of always believing the story which she told—in which it was insisted upon in these controversies between rival wizards, and, if I mistake not, in all cases where witch or wizard aimed to operate, that, to obtain complete success, it was necessary that they should succeed in borrowing something out of the house which was to be the scene of their diableries. In this story, though a mere boy at the time, I can well remember the importance attached by the mother to the instructions which she gave her daughter, on going abroad, to lend nothing out of the house, under any circumstances, or to any body, during her absence. She had scarcely disappeared,—the story went on to relate,—before an old woman of the neighbourhood, whose intentions were already suspected, came to borrow a sieve. The girl, without admitting her into the house, for the door had been locked by the provident mother, answered her demand through the win-

desire that the messenger should be a woman, and one "wha' lub for talk too much." He then obtained directions for the nearest path to the swamp, and when we looked, that night, into the wigwam of Scipio, we found him returned with a peck of roots of sundry sorts, none of which we knew, prepared to make a decoction, in which his patient was to be immersed from head to heels. Leaving Scipio with the contemplation of this steaming prospect before him, we retired for the night, not a little anxious for those coming events which cast no shadow before us, or one so impenetrably thick, that we failed utterly to see through it.

In the morning, strange to say, we found Scipio considerably better, and in singularly good spirits. The medicaments of the African, or more likely the pliant imagination of the patient himself, had wrought a charm in his behalf; and instead of groaning at every syllable, as he had done for several days before, he now scarcely uttered a word that was not accompanied by a grin. The magician seemed scarcely less pleased than his patient, particularly when he informed us that he had not only obtained the article the woman was sent to borrow, but that Gullah Sam had been seen prowling, late at night, about the negro houses, without daring, however, to venture nigh that of the invalid—a forbearance which the necromancer gave us to understand, was entirely involuntary, and in spite of the enemy's desire, who was baffled and kept away by the spell contained in the ointment which he had placed on the lin-

dow, by an unvarying refusal. Baffled in her aim by the child's firmness, the prayers and entreaties of the applicant, were changed into the bitterest abuse and execrations, clearly showing, whatever might have been her pretensions or powers of evil, the devilish malignity of purpose which she entertained.

tel, in our presence, the evening before. Still, half-ashamed of being even quiescent parties merely to this solemn mummery, we were anxious to see the end of it, and our African promised that he would do much towards relieving Scipio from his enchantment by night of the same day. His spells and fomentations had worked equally well, and Scipio was not only more confident in mind, but more sleek and strong in body. With his own hands, it appears, that the wizard had rubbed down the back and shoulders of his patient with corn-shucks steeped in the decoction he had made, and, what was a more strange specific still, he had actually subjected Scipio to a smarter punishment, with a stout hickory, than his master had given him for many a year; and which the poor fellow not only bore with Christian fortitude, but actually rejoiced in, imploring additional strokes when the other ceased. We could very well understand that Scipio deserved a whipping for laughing at an aged man, because he fell into the water, but we failed to ascertain from the taciturn wizard, that this was the rationale of an application which a negro ordinarily is never found to approve. This over, Scipio was again put to bed, a green twig hung over the door of his cabin within, while the unctuous plaster was renewed freshly on the outside. The African then repeated certain uncouth sounds over the patient, bade him shut his eyes and go to sleep, in order to be in readiness, and go into the fields by the time the sun was turning for the west.

"What," exclaimed Mr. Carrington, "do you think him able to go into the field to-day? He is very weak; he has taken little nourishment for several days."

"He mus' able," returned the imperative African; "he 'trong 'nough. He mus' able—he hab for carry gun."

With these words, the wizard left us, without deigning

any explanation of his future purposes, and taking his way towards the swamp, he was soon lost to our eyes in the mighty depth of its shrouding recesses.

When he returned, which was not till noon, he came at once to the mansion-house, without seeking his patient, and entering the hall where the family was all assembled, he challenged our attention, as well by his appearance, as by his words. He had, it would seem, employed himself in arranging his own appearance while in the swamp; perhaps, taking one of its thousand lakes or ponds for his mirror. His woolly hair, which was very long, was plaited carefully up, so that the ends stuck out from his brow, as prompt and pointedly as the tails of pigs, suddenly aroused to a show of delightful consciousness on discovering a forgotten corn-heap. Perhaps that sort of tobacco, known by the attractive and characteristic title of "pigtail," would be the most fitting to convey to the mind of the reader the peculiar form of plait which the wizard had adopted for his hair. This mode of disposing of his matted mop, served to display the tattooed and strange figures upon his temples,—the certain signs, as he assured us, of princely rank in his native country. He carried a long wand in his hand, freshly cut and peeled, at one end of which he had tied a small hempen cord. The skin of the wand was plaited round his own neck. In a large leaf he brought with him a small portion of something which he seemed to preserve very carefully, but which appeared to us to be nothing more than coarse sand or gravel. To this, he added a small portion of salt, which he obtained from the mistress of the house, and which he stirred together in our presence, until the salt had been lost to the eye in the sand or gravel, or whatever might have been the article which he had brought with him. This done, he drew the shot from both

barrels of the gun, and in its place, deposited the mixture which he had thus prepared.

"Buckrah will come 'long now. Scipio guine looka for de crow."

Such were his words, which he did not wait to hear answered or disputed, but taking the gun and leading the way off towards the wigwam of Scipio, while our anxiety to see the conclusion of the adventure, did not suffer us to lose any time in following him. To our surprise, we found Scipio dressed and up; ready, and it would seem perfectly able, to undertake what the African assigned him. The gun was placed in his hands, and he was told to take his way to the cornfield as usual, and proceed to work. He was also informed by the wizard, with a confidence that surprised us, that the lazy crow would be sure to be there as usual; and he was desired to get as close as he could, and take good aim at his head in shooting him.

"You sure for hit um, brudder," said the African; "so, don't 'tan' too long for look. Jis' you git close, take you sight, and gib um bot' barrel. But fuss, 'fore you go, I mus' do someting wid you eye."

The plaster was taken from the door, as Scipio passed through it, re-softened with the saliva of the wizard, who, with his finger, described an arched line over each of the patient's eyes.

"You go 'long by you'sef now, brudder, and shoot de crow when you see um. He's a waiting for you now, I 'spec'."

We were about to follow Scipio to the field, but our African kept us back; and leading the way to a little copse that divided it from the swamp, he took us to its shelter, and required us to remain with him out of sight of the field, until some report from Scipio or his gun, should justify us in going forth.

Here we remained in no little anxiety for the space of nearly two hours, in which time, however, the African showed no sort of impatience, and none of that feverish anxiety which made us restless in body, and eager, to the last degree, in mind. We tried to fathom his mysteries, but in vain. He contented himself with assuring us that the witchcraft which he used, and that which he professed himself able to cure, was one that never could affect the white man in any way. He insisted that the respective gods of the two races were essentially very different; as different as the races themselves; and also he admitted that the god of the superior race was necessarily equal to the task of governing both, while the inferior god could only govern the one—that of taking charge of his, was one of those small businesses, with which it was not often that the former would soil his hands. To use his own phrase, “there is a god for de big house, and another for de kitchen.”

While we talked over these topics, and strove, with a waste of industry, to shake the faith of the African in his own peculiar deities and demons, we heard the sound of Scipio's gun—a sound that made us forget all nicer matters of theology, and set off with full speed towards the quarter whence it came. The wizard followed us slowly, waving his wand in circles all the way, and pulling the withes from his neck, and casting them around him as he came. During this time, his mouth was in constant motion, and I could hear at moments, strange, uncouth sounds breaking from his lips. When we reached Scipio, the fellow was in a state little short of delirium. He had fired both barrels, and had cast the gun down upon the ground after the discharge. He was wringing his hands above his head in a sort of phrensy of joy, and at our approach

he threw himself down upon the earth, laughing with the delight of one who had lost his wits in a dream of pleasure.

"Where's the crow?" demanded his master.

"I shoot um—I shoot um in he head—enty I tell you, massa, I will hit um in he head? Soon he poke he nose ober de ground, I gib it to um. Hope he bin large shot. He gone t'rough he head,—t'rough and t'rough. Ha! ha! ha! If dat crow be Gullah Sam! if Gullah Sam be git in crow jacket, ho, massa! he nebber git out crow jacket 'til somebody skin um. Ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ki! ki! ki! ki! la! ki! Oh, massa, wonder how Gullah Sam feel in crow jacket!"

It was in this strain of incoherent exclamation, that the invalid gave vent to his joyful paroxysm, at the thought of having put a handful of duck shot in the hide of his mortal enemy. The unchristian character of his exultation received a severe reproof from his master, which sobered the fellow sufficiently to enable us to get from him a more sane description of his doings. He told us that the crow had come to bedevil him as usual, only—and the fact became subsequently of considerable importance,—that he had now lost the gray dirt from his wing, which had so peculiarly distinguished it before, and was now as black as the most legitimate suit ever worn by crow, priest, lawyer, or physician. This change in the outer aspect of the bird had somewhat confounded the negro, and made him loth to expend his shot, for fear of wasting the charmed charge upon other than the genuine Simon Pure. But the deportment of the other—lazy, lounging, swaggering, as usual, convinced Scipio, in spite of his eyes, that his old enemy stood in fact before him; and without wasting time, he gave him both barrels at the same moment.

"But where's the crow?" demanded the master.

"I knock um ober, massa ; I see um tumble ; 'speck you find um t'oder side de cornhill."

Nothing could exceed the consternation of Scipio, when, on reaching the designated spot, we found no sign of the supposed victim. The poor fellow rubbed his eyes, in doubt of their visual capacities, and looked round aghast for an explanation to the wizard who was now approaching, waving his wand in long sweeping circles as he came, and muttering, as before, those strange uncouth sounds, which we relished as little as we understood. He did not seem at all astonished at the result of Scipio's shot, but abruptly asked of him—"Wha's de fus' water, brudder Scip !"

"De water in de bay, Master 'Tuselah," was the reply ; the speaker pointing as he spoke to the little spot of drowned land on the very corner of the field, which, covered with thick shoots of the small sweet bay tree,—the *magnolia flacca*,—receives its common name among the people from its almost peculiar growth.

"Push for de bay ! push for de bay !" exclaimed the African, "and see wha' you see. Run, Scip ; run, nigger—see wha' lay in de bay !"

These words, scarcely understood by us, set Scipio in motion. At full speed he set out, and conjecturing from his movement, rather than from the words of the African, his expectations, off we set also at full speed after him. Before we reached the spot, to our great surprise, Scipio emerged from the bay, dragging after him the reluctant and trembling form of the aged negro, Gullah Sam. He had found him washing his face, which was covered with little pimples and scratches, as if he had suddenly fallen into a nest of briars. It was with the utmost difficulty we could prevent Scipio from pummelling the dreaded wizard to death.

"What's the matter with your face, Sam?" demanded Mr. Carrington.

"Hab humour, Massa Carrington; bin trouble berry mosh wid break out in de skin."

"Da shot, massa—da shot. I hit um in crow jacket; but wha's de gray di't? Ha! massa, look yer; dis da black suit of Misser Jam'son Gullah Sam hab on. He no wear he jacket with gray patch. Da's make de diff'rence."

The magician from St. Matthew's now came up, and our surprise was increased when we saw him extend his hand, with an appearance of the utmost good feeling and amity, to the rival he had just overcome.

"Well, brudder Sam, how you come on."

The other looked at him doubtfully, and with a countenance in which we saw, or fancied, a mingling expression of fear and hostility; the latter being evidently restrained by the other. He gave his hand, however, to the grasp of Methuselah, but said nothing.

"I will come take supper wid you to-night, brudder Sam," continued the wizard of St. Matthew's, with as much civility as if he spoke to the most esteemed friend under the sun. "Scip, boy, you kin go to you massa work—you quite well ob dis business."

Scipio seemed loth to leave the company while there seemed something yet to be done, and muttered half aloud,

"You no ax Gullah Sam, wha' da' he bin do in de bay."

"Psha, boy, go 'long to you cornficl'—enty I know," replied Methuselah. "Gullah Sam bin 'bout he own business, I s'pose. Brudder, you kin go home now, and get you tings ready for supper. I will come see you to-night."

It was in this manner that the wizard of St. Matthew's was disposed to dismiss both the patient and his persecutor; but here the master of Scipio interposed.

"Not so fast, Methuselah. If this fellow, Sam, has been

playing any of his tricks upon my people, as you seem to have taken for granted, and as, indeed, very clearly appears, he must not be let off so easily. I must punish him before he goes."

"You kin punish um more dan me?" was the abrupt, almost stern, inquiry of the wizard.

There was something so amusing, as well as strange, in the whole business, something so ludicrous in the wo-begone visage of Sam, that we pleaded with Mr. Carrington that the whole case should be left to Methuselah; satisfied that as he had done so well hitherto, there was no good reason, nor was it right, that he should be interfered with. We saw the two shake hands and part, and ascertained from Scipio that he himself was the guest of Gullah Sam, at the invitation of Methuselah, to a very good supper that night of pig and 'possum. Scipio described the affair as having gone off very well, but he chuckled mightily as he dwelt upon the face of Sam, which, as he said, by night was completely raw from the inveterate scratching to which he had been compelled to subject it during the whole day. Methuselah the next morning departed, having received as his reward twenty dollars from the master, and a small pocket Bible from the young mistress of the negro; and to this day, there is not a negro in the surrounding country—and many of the whites are of the same way of thinking—who does not believe that Scipio was bewitched by Gullah Sam, and the latter was shot in the face, while in the shape of a common crow in the cornfield, by the enchanted shot provided by the wizard of St. Matthew's for the hands of the other.

The writer of this narrative, for the sake of vitality and dramatic force, alone, has made himself a party to its progress. The material has been derived as much from the information of others, as from his own personal experience;

though it may be well to add, that superstition among the negroes is almost as active to this day, in the more secluded plantations, as it was prior to the revolution. Nor is it confined to the negro only. An instance occurred only a few years ago,—the facts of which were given me by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity,—in which one of his poor, uneducated white neighbours, labouring under a protracted, and perhaps, novel form of disease, fancied himself the victim of a notorious witch or wizard in his own district, and summoned to his cure the rival wizard of another. Whether the controversy was carried on in the manner of that between Gullah Sam and Methuselah, I cannot say ; nor am I sure that the conquest was achieved by the wizard summoned. My authorities are no less good than various, for the *procés necromantique* as detailed above. It may be that I have omitted some of the mummeries that seemed profane or disgusting ; for the rest—

“ I vouch not for the truth, d’ye see,
But tell the tale as ’twas told to me.”





F. Stegmüller

J. B. Forrest

THE DYING GREEK.

THE DYING GREEK.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

THEY pursue us, my dearest, O where shall we fly?
I know thou ne'er fearest, then wherefore should I?
But my woman's heart trembles to think of thy doom,
For it too much resembles thine own in its gloom.
Yet I ne'er will forsake thee, 'mid friends or 'mid foes,
And wherever they take thee, thy Madeline goes.

The warm stream is rushing from out thy torn side,
From its deep fountains gushing in one crimson tide,
Let me stanch its dark flood with this kerchief of mine—
Alas! that thy blood with its dyes should combine!—
Yet none will reprove, if its folds I bedew,
For the gift of thy love to its trust should be true.

Thy dark brow is paling, and cold is thy hand,
Thy proud strength is failing, for scarce canst thou stand—
Thus let me uphold thee—now lean on my breast,
And my arms shall enfold thee, and soothe thee to rest,
My heart's dearest treasure, repose and be still,
I have loved thee in pleasure, I'll love thee in ill.

He faints—my sole joy ! can I part thus with thee ?
O live for thy boy, and thy sister, and me !
Or, if thou must fly from thy lost land's despair,
Then let us too die, and thy brighter lot share.—
He is gone—he is parted—in peace let him dwell,—
My own—my true-hearted—my best love, farewell !

Philadelphia.

LINES, SENT WITH A BOUQUET,

TO A LADY WHOM I HAVE KNOWN IN CHILDHOOD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

OH, lovelier than the gift I send,
 From bursting bud to blossom grown,
 Fair flower of beauty ! in thee blend
 More sweets than spring's first roses own.
 Though I have cull'd the garden's pride,
 'Twill seem less charming by thy side.

Long years have pass'd—and on my brow
 The seal of care is deeply set ;
 But thine is all unclouded now,
 And radiant as when first we met.
 These eyes have lost their merry light ;
 But thine are still surpassing bright.

I listen for the tones of old,
 And, as they fall on Fancy's ear,
 In softer accents than before,
 Thy merry, childish voice I hear :
 And, through the mist of time, I trace
 The semblance of thy girlish face.

Those tones and looks were pure and sweet ;
And so we deem the buds of spring ;
'Till blossoms cluster at our feet,
Or throng the breeze on fragrant wing.
The bud is prized one fleeting hour,
But ever dear the perfect flower.

Sweet bud of childhood !—Rose of youth !
Accept thy emblems—they will tell
Of hours of innocence and truth,
When erst I knew and loved thee well ;
And never thought that I should be
A stranger to thy home and thee !

Twine but one leaf amid thy hair
From these I send ; and I will deem
That I may yet a portion share
Of thy young spirit's blissful dream ;
That I from thee, at least, may claim
All, if no more than friendship's name.

New York.

THE BEREAVED FATHER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“Not *my* will, but *Thine*.”

I HAD a tender blossom,
Its nursing root was dead,
And in my breast I hid it,
When its angel mother fled ;
But at every blast I shudder'd,
And I trembled, day and night,
Lest some unseen destroyer,
My only bud should blight.

Two years of ceaseless care,
Yet of pure and sacred joy,
Brought forth in ruddy health,
My lovely, prattling boy,
With the curls around his forehead,
And the lustre in his eye,
And the music on his lip,
Like a song-bird of the sky.

In wakeful hours I mused,
And I wish'd, while others sleep,
That, for his precious sake,
My wealth was broad and deep ;
So I forced my lingering spirit
For a little while to go,
And gather for my son,
Where the gold and silver grow.

The old nurse loved my blooming boy,
And to her neck he clung,
With his clasping, ivory arms,
And his busy, flattering tongue.
She promised to be faithful,
With the tear upon her cheek,
And I tore myself away,
While he lay in slumber meek.

Both night and day I toil'd,
But my heart was with my child ;
And on my every labour
Propitious fortune smiled ;
Then I homeward set my face,
When the spring flowers 'gan to blow ;
Oh ! for an eagle's pinion !
The flying car how slow !

I brought the baubles that he loved,
The tiny, gilded drum,
The crimson banner'd host
That to mimic battle come ;
The argonautic shells
That sail in pearly fleet,
And, in its pretty, garnish'd cage,
The bright-wing'd parroquet.

My trees!—my roof!—I knew them well ;
Though midnight's veil was drear,
The pale nurse-lamp was flickering
Within the nursery dear ;
But a muffled watcher started thence
At my impatient tread,
And there my cherish'd darling lay
On his white mattress bed.

How still !—my God !—Is there no voice ?
And has it come to this ?
The white lip quivers not
To my impassion'd kiss,
The coldness of the grave is here,—
My idol ! can it be ?—
Oh Father ! from thy throne above
In mercy look on me !

They told me how the fever raged,
And in his frantic dream,
How he call'd upon the absent
With shrill, discordant scream ;
How he set his teeth on cup and spoon
With hated medicine fraught,
But at his father's treasured name
He took the bitterest draught.

God gave me strength to lay him
Where his young mother slept,
The fragrant vines she used to train,
Around her feet had crept ;
But I cut their roots away,
That the bud she loved the best
Might spread its wither'd petals
Upon her pulseless breast.

And now I wander wide,
 Beneath a foreign sky,
In the stranger's home I lodge,
 For no household hearth have I ;
There are gray hairs on my temples,
 Despite my early years ;
But I find there's comfort still,
 In drying others' tears.

Why should I cloud my brow ?
 Or yield to dark despair ?
All—all men are brethren,
 And this fruitful earth is fair ;
For I know when Heaven hath wounded,
 And probed the bleeding breast,
Its richest, healing balm
 Is in making others blest.

The poor man, he doth thank me,
 And the orphan's grateful prayer
Breathes sweetly o'er my lonely soul,
 To soothe away its care,—
In the sick peasant's cabin,
 The gift he needs I lay ;
And while he seeks the giver,
 I vanish far away.

I have a sacred joy,
 Close lock'd from mortal eye,
My loved ones come to visit me,
 When lost in dreams I lie,—
They speak such words to charm me,
 As only angels say,
And the beauty of their robes of light
 Gleams round me through the day.

God is their keeper and their friend,
Their bliss no tongue can tell,
And more I love his holy name
That in his home they dwell.
Oh, may he grant me grace divine
While on these shores of time,
To learn the dialect they speak,
In yon celestial clime.

Beside his glorious throne they rest—
On seraph harps they play;
Why should I wish them back again
In these cold tents of clay?
A stricken, not a mournful man,
I sigh, but not repine;
For my heart is in that land of love
With those I hope to join.

Hartford, Conn.

ANGLING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THE south wind is breathing most sweetly to-day,
And the sunshine is veil'd in a mantle of gray ;
The spring rains have pass'd, and the streams leap along,
Not too full, nor too shrunk, with their sparkle and song—
'Tis the month loved by anglers—'tis beautiful June,
Away then, away to the bright Callikoon.

A narrow wild path through the forest is here,
With delicate hoof-prints—the trail of the deer ;
Beside and above us, what splendour of green !
The eye can scarce pierce the thick branches between ;
How lightly this moss-hillock yields to the foot,
How gnarl'd is yon bough, and how twisted that root ;
What white and pink clusters the laurel hangs out,
With the air one deep hum from the bees all about ;
And the chestnut,—'tis gala-day with her,—behold !
Her leaves nearly cover'd with plumage of gold ;
Whilst, far in the depths of the coverts below,
The blackberry-blossoms are scatter'd like snow.
High upward, the thresher is whistling her lay,
And the red-crested woodpecker hammers away—

The locust's shrill bugle now swells, and now dies,
 And the caw of the crow echoes hoarse as he flies,
 While knots of bright butterflies flutter around,
 And the squirrel seeks, barking, his grot in the ground.

We break from the tree-groups—a glade deep with grass,—
 The wild clover's breath loads the sense as we pass,
 A sparkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen,
 'Tis the bright Callikoon, through its thickets of green ;
 We rush to the banks, its sweet music we hear,
 Its gush, dash, and gurgle, all blent to the ear ;
 No shadow is there from the cloud-cover'd sun ;
 We plunge in its crystal—our sport is begun.
 Our line where that ripple shoots onward we'll throw,
 Let it sweep to the foam-spangled eddy below ;
 A tremor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown—
 He swings to our basket—the prize is our own.

We pass the still shallows—a plunge at our side—
 'Tis the dive of the musk-rat, its terror to hide ;
 A clamour is heard ; spots are darting from sight—
 The duck with her brood speeding on in affright ;
 A rush—'tis the water-snipe cleaving the air—
 We pass the still shallows—our prey is not there.

But here, where the trunk stretches half o'er the brook,
 And the pool slumbers deep in a leaf-shadow'd nook ;
 Where the eddies are dimpling and circling away,
 Steal gently, for here lies the king of our prey. ?
 Throw still—for if greater the sound meets his ear
 Than the burst of a bubble, we strike him with fear.
 How cautious his touch of the death-cover'd bait ;
 The rod now is trembling ; but patiently wait—
 A pull—raise your line, yet most gently, 'twill bring
 The credulous victim more sure to his spring—

A jerk—and the angle is bent to its length ;
Play the line from the reel, or 'twill break with his strength ;
How he darts round in foam—but his vigour is past—
Draw steadily to you, we'll have him at last ;
Rear up—but beware that strong struggle and gasp,
And the noble snared creature is filling your grasp ;
How bright with the water-gloss glitters the pride
Of his brown clouded back, red and gold spotted side ;
And we leave the reft scene of the dead monarch's reign
Like a despot that moves on to triumph again.

The voice of the cascade now burdens the air ;
Approach—for our prey's crowded city is there.
Here, whirlpools—there, eddies—here, stillness—there, foam,
Let us ply well our art, for no further we roam.
Our basket soon fills, but our muscles are tired,
And a shade in the sky tells that day has expired.
The robin has warbled his vespers and flown,
And the frog from the creek has commenced his trombone,—
The spider has ceased its slight furrow to show,
And the brown sprawling shrimp seeks the pebbles below.
Up the bank then we clamber, our home-path resume,
With the torch-bearing fire-fly to lighten the gloom ;
And the dreams of our sleep-fetter'd pillow restore
Our day sport distorted, but pleasant, once more.

New York.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

"I nor my fellows, nor myself excuse,
But love's the subject of the comic muse :
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view."

DRYDEN.

"WHAT ! half a pound for thic here tawdry bunch o' vine veathers? No, no, Mother Gissings, thee darn't vool me at nō sich vigure."

"Indeed, Mister Branks, it's worth the money. These birds of paradise are expensive articles—worth three or four pounds in London."

"Ay, ay,—vools and their money, you knaw—s'pose thee waits till a Lunnoner buys thic here long-tailed dicky-bird wi' the hard name thee calls 'im. It looks mortal like a starved poll-parrot, I do zwear."

Mr. Branks, the last speaker, was the landlord of a small but neat road-side hostelry in the skirts of the rural borough of Midhurst, in the heart of the fertile county of Sussex, and at the foot of the main range of chalk hills which cross

an extensive portion of Albion's island, and forming an ocean-barrier along the south-eastern coast, lose themselves in the depths of the English channel. This secluded and peculiar district is termed the South Downs, and is remarkable for the abruptness of its acclivities, and the excellence of the breed of mutton that nibbles the short but sweet grass which covers its chalky and otherwise barren soil. Midhurst is a small borough, the White Horse was a small house, and Mr. Branks was a small man, in stature, but not in consequence; he was a burgess in his own right, with a vote for the borough; a constable by appointment; and gamekeeper to Squire Poyntz, whose mansion-house, Cowdery Castle, stands in a state of ruin by fire, within a couple of stonethrows from the White Horse. The public parlour of Mr. Branks' establishment immediately adjoined the little snuggerly called the bar. The customers present were two or three hob-nailed, half-booted, smock-frocked bumpkins, who were stupifying themselves over their pipes and their pints of home-brewed; a couple of respectably attired young men, one of whom was pondering over the sapience of the provincial newspaper, while the other was gazing listlessly from the window upon the dull and dusty road. Mr. Branks was in conversation with an elderly, good-looking, widow-weeds-wearing female, who held in her hand a glorious specimen of the *apoda* or major bird of paradise, which she was anxiously endeavouring to persuade the close-fisted Branks to purchase. Mrs. Gissings had once seen better days; her husband had been confidential valet to a distinguished admiral and magistrate in the neighbourhood, who exhibited his opinion of the worth of his servant's life of devotion to his interest, by suffering the widow to starve within sight of "his proud chateau and cultivated grounds." Mrs. Gissings had endeavoured to make a trifle in her desolation by letting the

best rooms of her humble dwelling to a mysterious lady from the nearest watering-place; but her lodger, after a month's sojourn, was suddenly fetched away by a whiskered gentleman in a carriage and pair, leaving behind her, as security for the future payment of her month's rent, a small box or chest, containing various well-worn silk dresses, some rumpled feathers, and a bird of paradise. The poor widow suffered several months to elapse before she ventured to dispose of her securities; but hunger pinches sharply, and she determined, at last, to sell the bird of paradise for the means of obtaining a meal for the next Sabbath day—the only day in the week when the poor creature entertained an idea of regaling upon meat.

While she was endeavouring to mollify the obdurate Branks, the parlour door opened, and a rural stripling entered the room. By his carriage and attire, it was evident that he was superior in caste to the working men, who were busily engaged in filling the lower regions of the White Horse with clouds of smoke; yet his large red hands, freckled face, and unkempt locks of light hair, that peeped from beneath the broad brim of a white hat, told plainly of his rustic avocations. He walked with a lounging, lazy gait up to the bar, and staring inquisitively at the handsome ornament in Branks' hand, asked for a mug of strong beer.

"Give me seven shillings for the bird, if you won't give me ten; it will be an act of charity, for I've neither food nor firing," resumed the widow.

"Why, as vor charity, I peays the poor reates, and that be more than thee dost, I reckon; and thee'dst best tip thy rags a gallop out o' thic house, vor I 'udn't gi' the valee of a quart o' beer for thic here painty-tailed bird."

"Hullo here, Dame Gissings," said the new-comer, putting down his pewter mug after a hearty drink, "what d'ye

call that there outlandish thing-o'-me? and what's the use of it, eh?"

"It is a bird of paradise, sir, and worn by fashionable ladies on their heads."

"So it be. I've seen the Miss Wyndhams with just such kickshaws sticking tail upwards on their bonnets. I'll give you half-a-crown for it."

"I will give half a guinea," said the decently-dressed young man who, while appearing to look out of the window, had listened to the progress of the bargain.

"No, no, Harry," said his friend; "suffer the widow to make what she can by her bird; we can see her afterwards."

The generous offer had been made unheard. The poverty-stricken dame reluctantly agreed to the new-comer's proposal, and left the room with a heavy heart. The half-guinea bidder followed her into the road, and, after a minute's conversation, the widow returned to her desolate home with a light and grateful heart, which the stranger's bounty had caused "to sing for joy."

"I z'pose, miller, thee'st bought the long tail vor a present to Missy Bell, the leady vrom Lunnon, as lives at Trotton wi' old skinvliny Jeddecks. Thee'st been a courting her like vun, I do hear."

The miller grinned, blushed, and scratched his head.

The other decently-dressed young man rose from the fire, and advancing to the bar, asked for a cigar. While the landlord handed down the box, the young man wrapped his cloak closely about him, and eyed the miller rather attentively. His friend returned from the charitable office, and a few hurried words passed between them.

After the miller had scratched his head, he wiped round the crown of his hat with a large red silk handkerchief; then he felt in all his pockets, blew his nose, winked—as

if he wished to look knowing—and failing, blushed a deeper scarlet than before. “Why yes,” said he, “I believe that I shall make Fanny Bell Mrs. Barnaby Smug, if old Jeddecks does the handsome thing. I wish I knew any body who was going over to Trotton, I’d send her this here bird of parrydice to-night, for I shan’t be over for some days, and I am afraid of rumpling it, and spoiling the finery of the feathers.”

“We are going over to Trotton directly—will you allow me to do your errand?” said the youth from the fire-place.

“Do you know old Jeddecks?” inquired the miller.

“He is our uncle,” said the young man, “and Miss Fanny Bell is my cousin, and this young man’s sister.”

The miller seized the hands of the strangers, and after a fit of violent shaking, insisted upon standing “a full quart of the best.”

CHAPTER II.

Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have no sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age ; but unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance.”

SHAKSPEARE.

HARRY NEWMAN and Frederick Morris were stool companions at the same desk in a dingy den termed a counting-house, in one of the narrowest and darkest lanes in the commercial district of the city of London. Harry was rather sentimental in his temperament ; he was partial to pale ladies, melancholy serenades, mustaches, tragedy, negus, and moonlight. Frederick rejoiced in fun and gig, and patronised oyster suppers, farces, fancy balls, whisky punch, and romping brunettes.

At a ball, given by a city dancing-master, at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand, the sentimental Harry became enamoured of a light-haired, pensive-looking damsel, with whom he threaded the gentle mazes of *l'Eté* and *la Pastorale*. At the termination of the ball, he was her sworn admirer and devoted lover for life. His rattling companion had been teaching a dark-eyed maiden "of the raven hair" the gyrations of the *galope*, and becoming interested in her lively sallies and satirical allusions, confessed the influence of the blind boy-god, and obtained ready permission to inquire after her health in the course of the following day.

The two friends and fellow-clerks pursued the amour with earnest and honourable love, and even meditated the commission of matrimony; urging the objects of their devotion, who, by the way, were cousins, to grant consent to instant wedlock. But their mistresses were not their own masters—an eccentric guardian interfered, and without assigning a satisfactory reason, he whisked the young ladies into a post-chaise, and left the clerks to mutual condolence. The melancholy Harry beat his brow, tore his hair, and sighed with piteous emphasis, and declined his dinner, and quarrelled with his cat, and wrote love-verses of dolorous tone; but Fred, unused to repining, busied himself amongst the stable-keepers and ostlers; and before the end of the second day, had ascertained that the abiding-place of their dualto of lady loves, was at the country residence of the hard-hearted guardian, who was supposed to be on the point of marriage to the light-haired lady adored by the desponding Harry.

The next day saw them on the road to Sussex, and the next evening found them in the parlour of the White Horse public house, kept by Joel Branks. The reader is already acquainted with the incidents which happened during their stay at the Midhurst hostelry, from whence, at nightfall,

they hurried towards the neighbouring village of Trotton, where the guardian of their loves resided.

Mr. James Jeddecks was not in any way qualified for the arduous duties of an argus-eyed watcher of a brace of love-smitten ladies, nor was he aware of the nature of the difficulties he had volunteered to encounter. Born and bred in the heart of the sinuosities of Crooked Lane, he led a smoke-dried life of tameless monotony. His shop, some eight feet wide by six feet deep, was devoted to the sale of fishing tackle, such as trolling and fly-rods, floats, bait-cans, eel-spears, maggot-boxes, worm-bags, multiplying winches, gut and grass lines, artificial flies, frogs, and minnows—with which the cockney anglers delight to dabble in the clay-coloured streams surrounding the metropolis, and fancy themselves gentle disciples of the ancient Izaak Walton. But Jeddecks, although he kept the best assortment of implements connected with piscatorial strategy, followed not its practice; he had acquired the technical knowledge of his business from his father, but had never cast a fly nor wetted a float in way of experiment. For fifty-three years the bachelor Jeddecks plodded his mill-horse round. His shop occupied his attention until eight o'clock in the evening, when he indulged in a pint of ale and a Welsh rabbit, followed by a pipe of the best cannister, duly enjoyed in the well-sanded room of 'The King's Head, a quiet tavern in the immediate vicinity of his shop. On Sundays, he kept his doors open till the church bell rang, to accommodate the Sabbath-breaking juveniles who required their penny lines or ha'porth of maggots. But to atone for his violation of the fifth commandment, he duly installed himself in his oaken pew in the neighbouring church, and religiously slept through the whole of the service. On Sunday afternoons, he would visit London Bridge, and gaze with untiring delight at the wondrous wheels and mighty

beams of the renowned water-works ; or, if induced by the exceeding fineness of the afternoon, he would stray as far as the Tower, and drink in the sweet music of the soldiery, as they went to, or returned from chapel.

But the progress of modern science fatally affected the ways and means of the custom-fashioned Jeddecks. The poisonous nature of the *exuvia* of the frequent gas-works, carried by the common sewers into the waters of the Thames, fatally affected the health of the majority of the fishes ; and the constant and awful whirling of the wheels of endless steam-boats frightened away the remainder. The cockney anglers discovered the melancholy fact, after a few months of persevering attention unrequited by a solitary nibble ; and finding that the gudgeons and juvenile roach were no longer to be hooked, declined farther speculation in lines and maggots. In sad accompaniment to this decline and fall of Jeddeck's business, the water-works at London bridge were removed, and the soldiers quartered in the Tower were ordered to worship God without the aid of the trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, who were carefully excluded from participation in all religious duties, by order of the Duke of Wellington, the Constable of the Tower of London.

Jeddecks had cared but little about the decline of business, for he had no children to provide for, and had accumulated more than sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of his balance of life ; he persevered in keeping open his shop, more as an occupation than a source of profit, and as a place of rendezvous for the bachelors of the neighbourhood, and the frequenters of the sanded parlour of the neighbouring tavern. But the abolition of his amusements seriously annoyed him. Several dull and unoccupied Sundays passed in idle misery—when accident gave a new determination to his taste, and James Jeddecks became a literary and

scientific man. An odd volume of the Penny Magazine attracted his attention; the wood engravings of the various strange and foreign beasts excited his curiosity; and he devoted every leisure hour to the perusal of wonders and the collecting together of a small cabinet of natural curiosities.

In the outset of his new pursuit, he was driven from his old homestead by the destruction of the old London Bridge, and the building of the new. The chief portion of Crooked Lane, including Jeddecks' venerated shop, the tavern, with its well-sanded parlour, and even the parish church, with its oaken pulpit and pews, were included in the line of demolition necessary for the construction of the new approaches to the new bridge. Our tackle-seller felt the desecration of his household gods with less keenness than he would have done, if he had not been busily intent upon his new pursuit. He sold off his stock in trade, received the compensation awarded by the Bridge Commissioners, and retired into private life, a happy and contented man.

A small estate in the county of Sussex was announced for sale by the florid and verbose George Robins, whose auctionary powers are allowed general pre-eminence. In this case, a four-roomed cottage was magnified into "A compact chateau, with dining and drawing-rooms, parlours, and sleeping-chambers." Fifty feet of garden assumed the shape of "Pasture and pleasure grounds," whilst the advantages of the vicinage of the South Down Hills were so ambiguously insinuated, that when Jeddecks purchased the estate for about three hundred pounds sterling, he imagined that he possessed "Several thousand flocks of sheep!" because that line figured largely among the other beauties described.

Otway, the dramatist, was born at Trotton. This incident was not overlooked by the indefatigable auctioneer.

“The Birth-place of Genius!” made a good line, and was the most instrumental in persuading Jeddecks to the purchase. His newly-awakened love of literature prompted him to possess a residence which had been advertised throughout England as the birth-place of genius. He attended the sale, and secured the “compact chateau,” with its “pasture and pleasure grounds.”

Previous to his removal from Crooked Lane, he was summoned to the bedside of an old crony, an habitual frequenter of the sanded parlour, and powerful assistant in the raising of the cloud of tobacco-smoke which nightly enveloped the heads of the *habitués*. Jonas Bell, a wire-worker of considerable respectability, was at his last gasp, and the passage to immortality was sadly pained by the thought of leaving his orphan girl without a friend to guide or protect her through the passage of life. The dying father turned his mind’s eye along the line of sordid relations and business acquaintance, but knew not where to choose the faithful executor of his little wealth, the parental guardian of his child. The uncouth form and sallow visage of the old bachelor, Jeddecks, glided amongst the crowd; a sudden impulse flashed across his mind, an inkling of prescience—he sent for the old man—explained his wishes—and died in the full assurance of his daughter’s welfare.

Fanny Bell, the orphan ward, was a lovely *blonde*, and had Jeddecks’ heart been capable of feeling the force of beauty, there is but little doubt that her charms would have made an impression; but he cared more for stuffed skins than beating hearts, and valued the preservation of a scorpion in a bottle far beyond the maintenance of a sensation in a young lady’s bosom. The Wonderful Magazine was to him a more inestimable work than Ovid’s Art of Love. He gladly, therefore, allowed his ward to stay at the house of a young friend, while he superintended the furnishing of his

“compact chateau,” and the removal of his little stock of books and wonders. It was during Fanny’s sojourn with the family of her schoolmate, Cecilia Rae, that Harry Newman captivated her susceptible heart—and her friend, Cecilia, evinced her approbation of this conduct by resigning her affections into the safe keeping of the rattle-headed Frederick Morris.

Having explained all necessary preliminaries, we shall now leave the several ladies and gentlemen to act and speak for themselves—premising only that Jeddecks, whose newly-acquired knowledge issued forth in queer-strung paragraphs of strange confusion, had never seen the lovers of the girls, and knew nothing of the engagements between them. He had required the presence of his ward when the state of his cottage rendered it pleasantly inhabitable, and he had given Miss Rae an invitation to pass a month with her friend. The hurry of the removal had prevented the ladies from giving their beaux an account of their intended trip.

CHAPTER III.

I, under pretence of friendly aids,
And well-placed words of glossy courtesy,
Baited with reason not unpalatable,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares.

MILTON.

“THAT must be the house, Harry, according to the chaw-bacon’s direction. How cold the wind whistles over these desolate moors;—there are not houses enough in this same village of Trotton to break the force of the night-gust. I wish I had not left my cloak at the inn.”

"Oh, Fred, there is beauty in every moan of the blast, as it sighs around the habitation of her I love."

"Stuff! keep your gibberish to yourself. Remember, you are a French collector of curiosities—or whatever else I may wish you to be—and keep your weather-eye up and shift your course as I direct. My information respecting the habits and manners of old Jeddecks is too minute to admit of a thought of failure. His inexperience must be enlightened. I hope the girls won't scream when they see us. My Cissy is all right, I know, if your timid tit, Fanny, don't yell at the sight of her swain. Here we are. Knock."

Frederick Morris had prepared Jeddecks for their reception, by transmitting a note from Branks', requesting permission for two travellers from foreign parts to inspect the museum of the celebrated virtuoso, James Jeddecks, Esq. This permission was of course readily granted by the delighted collector, who exhibited the letter to the girls. The hand-writing was instantly recognised, and the arrival of the travellers was anxiously expected by all parties residing in the "compact chateau."

"Welcome, gentlemen, to 'The Birth-place of Genius!' so called from Otway, the playman—wrote Venus and Adonis, you know—born here—died eating a penny-roll 'cause he was starved to death, you know. Penny Magazine says penny-rolls were larger in those days than in these. Wheat is so dear—and yet we have three fields full growing close by, out in the open air, as if it cost nothing. Grain is often imported from France, Russia, and the United States of America, where the celebrated General Washington Irving beat the British so terribly at the battle of Bunker's Hill, you know. Long account in Penny Magazine. Beg pardon, forgot the ladies—Miss Fanny Bell, my ward—Miss Cilly Rae, her friend. My dears, here are two strange gentlemen—what name did you say?"

“Jenkins, Jeddecks,—proud to make the ladies’ acquaintance: my friend, Monsieur Grenouille, Conservateur Generalissimo de l’Academie Historique ou Père la Chaise à Paris—that is, Keeper by the King’s appointment of all the royal museums and cabinets of curiosities in France.”

“My wigs! Mounseer Greenweal, but I’m glad to see you. Sorry you arrived so late. Here’s my little collection. Cilly, light another candle—spermaceti, you see—made from whales, you know, biled down. Here’s a tooth of one—never knew that the bones of whales were not made of whalebone, till I read the Penny Magazine.”

We shall not bore the reader with Jeddecks’ remarks as he paraded the common-place contents of his shelves, containing but a few glass cases of stuffed birds and fishes, a lion’s skull, a murdered baby’s ditto, a tray of discoloured copper coins, a basket of huge sea shells, and the tattooed head of a New Zealand chief. Fred, alias Mister Jenkins, listened to his rigmarole descriptions with evident interest and attention, contriving, *en passant*, to slip a note into the hands of his sweetheart, Cissy, or, as Jeddecks called her, Cilly Rae, who attended in the capacity of candle-holder. Harry, after exchanging a few hurried whispers with Fanny Bell, accompanied the party in its tour of the museum, and condescendingly uttered an occasional French phrase—his reminiscences of which language were neither very extensive nor very correct.

“You see, Mounseer Greenweal, my museum depository is small, like my old shop in Crooked Lane—but great things sometimes come from small beginnings. Whittington had but a cat to begin with, yet he built a hospital before he died. I have twenty-three glass cases and kivers—a sight of shells, worth looking at—and no end of odd-cum-shorts—pretty well for an old body—with three heads,

of one sort or other—one murdered and another tatted—and I'm promised the skeleton of a monkey picked clean—and a dried Dick Newman."

"Who?"

"Dick Newman—what sucks crocodile's eggs—covered with sand—in a suit of scales, you know."

"Dick Newman! You mean the little animal called the ichneumon."

"Yes—Penny Magazine tells you all about it."

"Jeddecks, you have no taste," said Fred, conceitedly raising a brass eye-glass to his dexter optic. "Your collection is not worth house-room. Monsieur le Conservateur," said he, addressing Harry with much deference, "*voulez-vous enfans trouvée comprenez donc, primum mobile sil vous plait, depechez vous peccavi honi soit qui mal y pense?*"

"Ah ha! oui, certainement. Esprit de corps toute suite nolo episcopari ouvrez la porte."

"There, you see! the keeper of the king's curiosities agrees with me. You heard what he said? you understand French, of course?"

"Eh? oh,—of course!" said the confused Jeddecks.

"The old-fashioned disposition of shelves and cases is exploded. We carry our most extensive museums in our pockets, now-a-days. The taste of the virtuoso is refined—*petite* and elegant matters are now the rage. This little box contains curiosities of inestimable value. Observe! this small article is the fifth claw of the right foot of Robinson Crusoe's parrot."

"It looks just like an inch of withered twig."

"Exactly. But we possess the original affidavits sworn by Robinson Crusoe, his man Friday, the captain of the ship that rescued them, and the whole of the crew, made

before the mayor of Portsmouth. This horse-hair was plucked from the bow which the Emperor Nero fiddled with at Rome's burning."

"Yes; I read about that in the Penny Magazine. Nero swallowed p'ison, 'cause he was afeard the soldiers were going to kill him. King of Jerusalem, wasn't he?"

"A man of your erudition, Mister Jeddecks, must remember the fate of Lot's wife?"

"Turned into a pillar of salt for turning her head in a peppering shower—I know."

"These saline particles were scraped from her back by that celebrated traveller, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto."

"Wonderful! wonderful! Oh, Mister Jenkins! Oh, Mounseer Greenweal—what price—"

"We cannot sell. Non disposez vous, eh, Grenouille?"

"Non, non; c'est ne pas possible! feræ naturæ bonne bouche dos-a-dos. Monsieur Shenkeen, voulez vous miz-zle?"

"A votre service, Monsieur. The Conservateur wishes to depart, Jeddecks. We have many valuable articles in our custody, and must be careful where we sleep."

"Sleep here—here, in 'The Birth-place of Genius.' Cilly, tell the ostler to shake himself down a truss of hay in the stable loft—I shall want his bed. Gentlemen, you shall occupy my room—the identical room where Otway was born. I have his portrait, engraved on wood, stuck over my bed's head. I cut it out of the Penny Magazine."

After a decent show of resistance, the young men agreed to accept of the hospitality warmly proffered them by old Jeddecks. A fine leg of a three-year old Southdowner was boiled for the occasion; and a large jug of whisky-punch assisted the good feelings of the party. The precious treasures—the line from Nero's fiddle-bow, the toe of Crusoe's parrot, and the grains of salt from Mrs. Lot's back, were

presented to the delighted *ci-devant* maggot-seller, who prosed and pottered, and tried to understand the French *phrase*-ology of Mounseer Greenweal, "Conservateur Generalissimo de l'Academie Historique ou Père la Chaise à Paris."

Before the party separated for the night, each gentleman made an appointment with his love for an hour's conversation on the lawn, in the early morning. The French gentleman shortly afterwards retired to sentimentalize and perpetrate poetry ere "the downy god descended to his aid." Fred stuck to Jeddecks; he wished, as he forcibly phrased it, to *pump* the old man about the girls, and ascertain exactly what the chances were. To excite his attention, and put him off his guard, Fred exhibited the bird of paradise. The old man had never seen a specimen, and the gorgeous splendour of the colours, the velvety touch of the feathers, and the exquisite beauty of the form, struck him with wonder and delight.

"This bird," said the joker, "is called the apoda, or great bird of paradise—not from its heavenly construction alone, but from its being the absolute tenant of the Garden of Eden, and but seldom allowed to visit our gross and mundane sphere. You perceive that it has no feet;* they are torn off by the guardian angels of its native heaven, ere it commences its mundane flight, lest it should bring back contamination in its claws after alighting on the sinful earth. This bird is the incarnation of beauty, and originally drew the car of Juno, the queen of heaven; but some stupid magnifying wretch of a painter enlarged it into a peacock, which vain inutile bird has since retained the glory. Psyche, the soul-beloved of the mighty boy-god,

* The legs of the bird of paradise are in general carefully cut off when prepared as an ornamental article of ladies' dress.

was changed into a butterfly, according to the vulgar historians of the mythologists; but is not the apoda the type of Psyche, the soul of beauty and the joy of love? The erudite Buffon, in the twenty-seventh volume of his ‘Wonders of Nature,’ affirms the apoda to be a descendant from the antediluvian dove; and that when Noah despatched his bird from the cabin-window of the ark, it was the first living thing that caught the original tints of the newly-made rainbow, and, bathed in beauty, remained a locomotive specimen of the splendour of the fresh creation. When Mahomet was borne to the seventh heaven of enjoyment, he was lifted from this sublunary sphere on the celestial pinions of countless thousands of birds of paradise. They eat no gross nor soul-defiling food—the dews of heaven afford them nectared ambrosia, the viand of the immortal gods!”

“Sell me the *pody*! The Penny Magazine says nothing like this. Name your price, and sell me the *pody*.”

“It cannot be sold. In this bird, you perceive the object of our present journey; the Princess Constanga Whangee, of Nova Scotia, has deputed us to purchase an apoda. We have been, for six years, wandering the face of the earth, visiting every royal court and museum, and negotiating with every crowned head and curiosity-dealer. But in vain our trouble, till our bark arrived in the river Thames; a trader direct from New Guinea placed this specimen in our hands; in return we invested him with the order of the Royal Game of Goose, and the knight’s belt and collar of an A. S. S.”

The bird of paradise was again consigned to its place in the crown of Fred’s hat. Joe, the stable-boy, returned from Branks’ tavern, where he had been sent to desire the landlord not to await his guests’ return. Fred, wishing to give the lad a shilling, felt in his pockets, but, to his great surprise, discovered that he had lost his purse.

The absence of his money placed young Morris in sad perplexity. He had volunteered to be the treasurer of the party, and knew that his partner had given nearly the whole of his little remainder of cash to the widow whom he followed from Branks' bar-room. The purse must be found, or other means of carrying on the war be instantly raised, for the idea of quitting the vantage-ground he had gained, was too ridiculous to be entertained. He determined to conceive the means before he slept; and bidding the old gentleman good night, retired to his room.

The blushing Cecilia lighted him up the old and narrow stairway, and placing a candlestick in his hand, pointed to his chamber door. Their eyes met; the cold prudence of strangeness vanished between the lady and the guest, and the lovers clasped each other in a warm embrace. Mel-lifluous whisperings were heard for a minute—for it took no longer to renew the gentleman's vows of endless love, and declare the lady's readiness to run away with him at a moment's notice.

"I *must* go down, Frederick, or Mr. Jeddecks may suspect. Good night." Their heads stooped in ominous propinquity, and a soft smack or two disturbed the silence of the passage. "Fred," said the lady, as her pretty cheek reposed on the shoulder of her swain, "you may as well give me that beautiful bunch of feathers which I saw you exhibiting to the old man. It will just suit my new bonnet. May I have it, my dearest Fred?"

"Yes, my angel—my bird of paradise—the feathers are your own." Another sound of baisial import—a sigh—a smile—"God bless you,"—and the lady slipped down stairs as the gentleman approached the door of his chamber.

CHAPTER IV.

What is't a woman cannot do ?

She'll make a statesman quite forget his cunning,
And trust his dearest secrets to her breast
Where fops have daily entrance ;—make a priest,
Forgetting the hypocrisy of his office,
Dance, and show tricks, to prove his strength and brawn ;
Make a projector quibble ;—an old judge
Put on false hair, and paint.

OTWAY.

IN the early morning, the quartette of lovers met in the garden, and the eloquence of the gentlemen excited the ladies to resolve upon trying the efficacy of a neat post-chaise to Portsmouth, in the course of the ensuing evening. Frederick Morris, after an unsuccessful search for his purse, had arranged a scheme for procuring the necessary funds ; and, leaving his lady-love in the charge of his friend, hastened to meet the would-be antiquarian, who appeared at the garden door. The prudent Cecilia, acting on the principle of doing as she would be done by, left the sentimental lovers to the enjoyment of a *tête-à-tête*, and hastened to prepare the matinal meal. Previous to their being summoned to participate in the hot glories of cakes and coffee, Harry told his sweetheart that he had brought a fine bird of paradise for her acceptance, but neglected to mention a word respecting the miller who had purchased the ornament in Branks' bar.

Ere the breakfast had quite finished, Frederick called Mr. Jeddecks from his rapturous contemplation of the hair from

Nero's fiddle-bow, Crusoe's parrot's claw, and the particles from Lot's wife's back, and again exhibited the glorious brilliancy of the bird of paradise to his admiring gaze. Again the old man offered to purchase the rarity—and the cunning Frederick, to replace the funds in the lost purse, agreed to sell the apoda for ten pounds, which sum was promptly paid by the admiring antiquary. Frederick *quack-salved* his conscience by intending, within himself, honestly to pay back to the bumpkin miller the few shillings he had given to the old widow for the "painty-tailed bird."

"Mounseer Greenweal" and his friend, the scientific Jenkins, departed; the ladies kissed their hands, and the delighted Jeddecks bowed himself to the ground, as the distinguished foreigner said, with a gracious lift of his hat,

"Papier machée, abracadabra, Monsieur Sheddeexs, avez vous finez. Esperance nux vomica, allez-vous-en. Vous comez to Paris, vous non see—a moi, certainement."

"That I will, if I learn the French language on purpose," said Jeddecks, as the young men hurried out of the gate of "The Birth-place of Genius." "Paris—there's a long account in the Penny Magazine. I'll go and read it—but I must first secure my *pody*, my precious bird of paradise;" and the old gentleman went to his museum, and placed the gaudy bird upon one of its shelves.

Miss Cecilia Rae had watched his progress; and as he attended Joe's summons to the breakfast-parlour, to meet a visiter, the young lady removed the bird from its stand, and retired to her room.

Jeddecks re-entered the parlour, and beheld the stalwart Barnaby Smug sitting at the table, and exercising his masticatory powers upon the remains of the breakfast which the lazy servant had neglected to remove. "Why, mister Jeddy, what maakes thee brekkust so laate, eh, hum? I'se tacking a snack for lunch, like;" and the savage cut off a

gobbet of beef as big as a turkey's egg, and rolling it in the paper containing the particles from the pillar of salt, deposited it in his cavernous mouth.

"Why—why—goodness me! do you know what you have put into your mouth?—You are eating part of Lot's wife's back!"

The miller, taking the words literally, cast the flesh from his mouth with a yell of horror, and a look of unutterable disgust. "I thowt it had a darned outlandish teaste! Why, old man, what's thee doing with human flesh on thy brek-kust-teable, eh?"

"I got it from Mounseer Greenweal's friend, who scraped it off—"

"Green weal, indeed; why, thee bee'st getting cannibalish, or else thee'st a'maist lost thy senses wi' curiosity-stuff," replied the countryman, as, catching up the claw of Crusoe's parrot, he split it in two with his knife, and reducing one of the splinters to a point, commenced picking from his teeth the remnants of his late horrible mouthful. Before the old man could reiterate his despair, Miss Cecilia Rae burst into the room, arrayed for a morning's stroll, with the bird of paradise gallantly waving its tail on the top of her last new bonnet.

"Why, my dear," said the bothered curiosity hunter, turning from one to the other of his plagues, "that's my *pody*, my bird of paradise, Cissy—Robinson Crusoe's parrot, miller—got no legs, you know, my dear—one of its claws, miller—made by Mahomet and Juno—what Sukey coaxed down a new rainbow—I mean Buffon—got it from Mounseer Greenweal's friend—with his man Friday's affidavit—out of Noah's ark—with the affidavits of the captain and all the crew—they live on ambrosia, and peacocks, and things."

"Cissy, *my love*," said Fanny Bell, entering the room,

“that is *my* bird of paradise. Monsieur Grenouille brought it here for my acceptance, *dear*, and gave it to me this morning.”

“Pardon me, *my love*, but Mr. Jenkins gave it to me last night, *dear* ;” and the recollection of the accompanying kiss brought the warm blood into the modest maiden’s cheeks.

“It is scarcely likely, *Miss Rae*, that the gentleman I named would make a fool of me.”

“Still less likely, *Miss Bell*, that I should make a fool of myself by resigning so precious a token.”

“A precious token, indeed, *madam*. A love-token from a sweetheart in disguise. Do you think I did not know your mock Frenchman to be the redoubtable Harry Newman of Lower Thames street.”

“Of course you knew him, *madam*, for he came in company with your old beau, Frederick Morris, merchant’s clerk, of Nunnery lane.”

“Hollo !” exclaimed the enlightened Jeddecks, “what is all this ? lovers in disguise—and both girls claiming my *pōdy*, which I bought just now for ten pounds.”

“And which I guv ould Mother Gissings foive shillings for last night, at Branks’, and sent up here as a present to Miss Bell by the two neveys as you be uncle to, and be cum up from Lonnon to see thee.”

“The Birth-place of Genius” echoed with the ravings of passion uttered by the defrauded Jeddecks. He had a sufficiency of plain sense to see that he had been fooled, and determined upon revenge. The girls were locked up in their rooms, and donning his hat and coat, he grasped his cane, and prepared for a walk to Midhurst, resolving to expose the cockney scoundrels who had deceived him.

“Come with me, miller. I never heard,—I never read, even in the Penny Magazine, of such a shameless impos-

ture. To pass off a bunch of bonnet feathers as a *pody* from heaven, and to sell me your present to my ward—though I don't think she'll ever have you—and to bring me a foot of Crusoe's parrot, that which you are picking your teeth with—”

“It be nowt but a bit o' twig.”

“And a few particles of Lot's wife scraped from her back.”

“I seed the tallest Lonnoner take a pinch o' salt from the box a side o' Branks' kitchen fire, and put 'em in this very bit o' paper.”

“And a string from the bow which Nero fiddled with—here, this is it.”

“This!—well I seed um pull this here hair out o' the tail o' Branks' big gray horse; his name was Nero, sure enow, but I never heerd about the animal's fiddling.”

In little more than an hour, the irate Jeddecks and the miller were in the bar-room of the White Horse, in earnest conversation with the landlord Branks; but the curiosity-hunter's rambling method of discourse, and the scant information possessed by Smug, imparted but little satisfaction to the inquisitive host. The two Londoners were perambulating the adjacent park; and a constable having been added to their party, the miller and old Jeddecks sallied forth in search of the delinquents. As the party crossed the bar-room, Frederick's cloak, hanging up in the bar, caught the miller's eye. “Ah ha!” said he, “I'll seize thee as my lawful prize. The cockney chap sold my painty-tailed bird, and I'll tak' his cloak in exchange.” Wrapping the large Spanish mantle about his uncouth limbs, he strode after the constable and the curiosity-collector.

“What's the matter?” said a little pale-faced knock-kneed doctor's boy, with a small hamper of phials under

his arm, to a curly-pated barber, who had listened with open mouth to the whole conversation.

“The most dreadfullest piece of matter—the most sanguinationer, and more mysteriouiser, and more atrocier than any I ever ’eerd on afore. Two blood-thirsty vagabonds having pulled off the legs of all the parrots in London, comes down here and cuts off the tail of Tom Branks’ gray horse Nero, and only cos he wouldn’t play the fiddle, which the poor beast had never learnt; and then they were cotch eating part of a woman’s back with some salt in a bit of paper.”

“Well, I never!” said the doctor’s boy; “what wretches!”

“It would be a blessed mercy to cut their tongues out with a razor, and I’ll lend one to any body as wants to do it—and a providential judgment to shove their eyes out with red-hot curling irons, and then roast their bodies brown afore a slow fire, wouldn’t it. I han’t no patience with sich hard-hearted fellows; hanging’s too good for ’em.”

“I should think so,” said the doctor’s boy.

Jeddecks and his party found the two gentlemen seated on a gate, by the side of the placid brook which glides with scarcely moving stream past the ruins of the fire-destroyed castle of Cowdery. The Londoners awaited the shock with undaunted firmness, and the enemy opened a prodigious fire, and sustained it for some time, without producing the slightest effect. The youths smiled good-humouredly, but preserved a mortifying silence, till the miller gave them into charge of the constable for stealing his “painty-tailed bird.”

“You asked my friend here to deliver your present to Miss Bell; he has done so, and what more have you to say upon the subject. You have lost nothing, and yet accuse us of theft. Pray, sir, how came you in possession of my cloak?”

"Why," stammered out the miller, "I thought you had cheated me, and—and—so—I took the cloak to make it square like."

"You *took* the cloak, knowing it to be mine? you hear, constable; he confesses the robbery—look to his safe keeping."

The miller, finding matters taking an ugly turn, threw the cloak upon the gate, and set off running across the park. The constable, who owed him a grudge for a beating received during a bout at single-stick, pursued him with swift foot, and the mob followed shouting and laughing at his heels.

"Mr. Jeddecks," said Frederick, "now we are alone, listen to our explanation. We have treated you rather scurvily, I must confess, but not so badly as to be beyond the pale of your forgiveness. My companion is no Frenchman, but, like myself, a clerk in a respectable house in the city; our families are not bad, and our prospects are remarkably good. We love the young ladies now residing with you; we had heard that you were paying court to one of them, and, in fact, were on the point of marriage. This may explain the reason of our visit, and the consequent play upon your good nature."

"But you cheated me, sir, and laughed at me, and robbed me of ten pounds. I will not forgive you. Here, boy, fetch me another constable, and I'll give you half a crown."

The old gentleman put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out—Frederick's purse! He looked confused; his eyes met Frederick's searching glance, and he stammered out—

"I found it last night, after you went to bed, and quite forgot to tell you."

"Incredible, sir," said Frederick, with apparent severity. "I had money transactions with you this morning; why did you not then restore my own to me?"

"I used my large pocket-book from my coat pocket—ten pound note, you know. Your purse was in my breeches pocket, you see."

"Quite enough, sir. Boy, fetch the constable; Mr. Jeddecks must go to jail. There is a very strong case of circumstantial evidence against him, for stealing a purse."

"Circumstantial evidence! laws me, there is a long story about hanging an innocent man, in the Penny Magazine, on circumstantial evidence. Come, let us exchange forgiveness, eh?"

"No, no, sir. We have nothing to fear, while the case is clear against you. Besides, should you escape being found guilty, what a pretty story we can make of our hoax, and your *finding* the purse, and how well it will all read in the Penny Magazine."

"Spare me, spare me—keep the matter a secret, and I'll behave like a father to both Fanny and Cissy. Take your purse, wrap your cloak about you, give the miller back his *pody*, let us walk back to Trotton, and dine off the other leg of the Southdowner."

It is needless to say that this offer was readily accepted. A bottle of wine or two at Branks' put all things smooth, to the indignation of the barber and the satisfaction of Branks. Mr. Jeddecks shortly afterwards moved back to London; the young folks married, Morris and Newman went into business together, with money advanced by the old gentleman, who, as he pats the curly heads and cherry cheeks of his little pets, the children of his proteges, laughs at the recollection of past times, and declares that his heavenly cherubs are better worth preserving than the finest specimen of *THE BIRD OF PARADISE*.

Philadelphia.

CHILDREN BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY MRS. L. LARNED.

BOUND your bright sphere, ye happy ones,
Toss up the glitt'ring ball,
Laugh, as ye see it rolling on,—
Laugh, when you see it fall.

To you 'tis but a childish toy,
To me, it is a world.
You watch its changing hues with joy,
Exult as round 'tis twirl'd.

You care not for the moral deep
That lives within that sphere ;
Your only wish is how to keep
Your plaything large and clear.

Mirror'd upon its concave face,
The spacious heavens you see,
And with what happy glee ye trace
Clouds, windows, house, and tree.

Roll your bright globe, ye mimic queens,
Your frail wand proudly sway,
To me it like a sceptre seems—
Sceptres, and kings, are clay.

The English Queen that stately sits
Upon her glittering throne,
When she the splendid bauble quits,
She'll not, like you, bound on.

No, she would weep, I fear, to see
The gaudy bubble burst;
And hot tears on her cheek would be,
That *she*, a *Queen*, was dust.

Chase round the glitt'ring circle, dear,
Admire your fairy land—
The rainbow hues that mingle there
Blent by your Father's hand.

I love those laughing eyes to see,
Those merry tones to hear;
Happy, and wise you seem to me,
Thus in your own bright sphere.

Nature presents no fairer sight,
No brighter blossom shows,
Than a fair child, buoyant and bright,
Not an exotic rose.

For roses forced by green-house warmth
To bloom 'mid winter's snows,
Are not like sweet buds bursting forth,
That Nature proudly shows.

Children are made to laugh and play ;
The *new* high pressure *style*,
Will rather drive pure thought away,
And the weak mind beguile.

Knowledge is often taught by things ;
A bubble, or a flower,
To a mere child more wisdom brings
Than many a study hour.

Providence, R. I.

THE OLD LETTER.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

WHY camest thou, old letter, like a spirit from the tomb,
To whisper of those vanish'd things so long consign'd to
gloom?

Why tell me, in thy magic lines, of dreams once glad, and
bright?—

Of rainbow promises of hope, that faded ere the night?

Thou record of old feelings that have slept for long, long
years,

And half defaced with cherishing, and blister'd o'er with
tears,

Why wakest thou the fount afresh within my seal'd up
heart?

Why bid within the eye again, the source of sorrows start?

The girlish gladness of my youth like summer clouds has
flown;

My voice, that spoke in gentle sounds, forgets its happy
tone—

Mine eyes have learn'd to look abroad, where careless
bosoms rove,
And the quick gushing of my heart speaks not its hoard of
love.

Thou tellest me, sweet letter'd page, of fair and sunny
hours,
Of joyous thoughts we liken'd then unto the summer
flowers,
Of pleasant pathways for our feet, where never sound was
heard
Of greater discord than the song of some sweet singing
bird—

Of haunts beside the river's bank, where, through the live-
long day,
We sought companionship with flowers, far from the world
away—
Thou tellest of all these, pale sheet, with thy deep magic
art,
And wakenest memory afresh, that mock-bird of the heart.

And yet I ponder o'er each line traced fondly long ago,
As though the sunny sky of hope knew not a cloud of wo;
And thou, sweet white-wing'd messenger, with doting kind-
ness nursed,
Art precious still, tho' worn with time, as when I hail'd
thee first.

I linger as the miser does, upon his hoarded store,
O'er each dear word so sweetly breathed in early days of
yore,
I hug them to my weary heart, where, in its deepest cell,
Their hidden echoes, buried low, in holy silence dwell.

I know them vain, I know that time hath darken'd with
his wing,
The once bright radiance that was wont round every joy to
cling;
I know that, like a shadow now, those memories arise,
And a dark cloud, like that of night, has settled on our
skies.

The world—the vain, the hollow world, so beautiful, and
bright,
Hath taught me long with gilded smiles to hide the bosom's
blight,
But, as a child whose guileless thoughts like mountain
rills are free,
I pour the gushing of my heart, old letter, upon thee.

Philadelphia.

MESS - T A B L E C H A T.

BY A. A. HARWOOD, U. S. N.

“A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner.”

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

HE who merely crosses “the big salt lake” occasionally, in quest of health, change of scene, or in the pursuit of commerce, is apt to look upon a sea-life as a monotonous and toilsome existence, wholly unredeemed by social enjoyment.

The mere bird of passage has packed up his household implements and familiar books, taken leave of his old acquaintances, and for a month or so is doomed to a strange companionship with such “new-hatched, unfledged comrades” as the course of travel may have sent him. Should he be fortunate enough to gain his sea-legs and appetite between land and land, still he cannot divest himself of the migratory feeling inspired by his situation; and serious occupation being quite out of the question, he soon exhausts the catalogue of conventional amusements, such as seeing the sun rise and set; fishing from the taffrail for gulf-weed or Mother Carey's chickens: vexing his dull eyes with a stale novel; or occasionally, as the old salts rather severely

remark, endeavouring to shoot a fellow-gull, or to entrap a brother booby, whose tired wings and mistaken notions of man's hospitality have induced him to take refuge in the rigging. Nothing is left him then but the three stated hours when the steward announces "that the lions are to be fed;" and in the interim between a late breakfast and an early dinner, the lunch, when the passenger imitates one of the pastimes of leviathan, by making "no bones" of shoals of sardines, *just by the way of anchovy*; having this advantage over the monster, (I mean leviathan, reader, being now upon the *Grand Bank*, and not that over which the financial monster presideth,) that of finding them nicely pickled to his fancy. These important functions over, he contemplates the changes of the wind, makes lotteries with his fellow-sufferers upon the chances of arrival at "the haven where they would be," and ever and anon calls to the multifarious steward for a little weak sangaree, thereby evincing his predilection for *port*. Absorbing the article, and being absorbed by the idea, he retires at last to his berth, "perchance to dream,"—of his lady-love think you? alas no! there is a natural antipathy between love and salt water,—he dreams only of port; and such, with little variation are his waking occupations and nightly visions until

" Upon some jocund morn, lo land! and all is well."

It is not so with us who "go down to the sea in ships" of war. We take a hasty leave of the land, its comforts and *agréments* for two or more weary years, and having "piped our eye" clandestinely, in a manly way, at the dismal prospect before us, take to our ocean home with a sort of philosophic resolution, begotten of the occasion, to make the best of it. Once more upon the waters, and the ups and downs, gales and calms, all serve to make up the cruise, and every chance

of mirth and happiness is like the pilot's *slant o' wind*, turned to the best account. Even in "these piping times of peace" the frequent note of preparation for the battle, and actual conflict with the breeze, leave us no room to complain on the score of occupation; and when the weary watch is over, it is a dull time indeed, when a hearty laugh does not await the lucky wight, who, having doffed his grego and laid down his responsibilities with his speaking-trumpet, is the man of all others to enjoy cachinnation if his watch has passed pleasantly, or to excite it if it has not. Reader, if thou art of the male sex, and a bachelor of erratic propensities, (these are indispensable requisites,) make interest to take a trip in a man-of-war; and there thou shalt live merrily, if not luxuriously, and get a score of valuable wrinkles in the science of human nature. When you embark, take not up your local habitation with the "monarch of the peopled deck" unless you know your man well. If you fall in with a companionable good-humoured captain, with a respectable development of benevolence upon his cranium, who delights in making all under his command as comfortable as circumstances will permit, it is all very well: but if he be one of your pelting, pestilent fellows, overcharged with false dignity, who love "nothing but thunder," give him what sailors call a wide berth, and seek a more quiet one for yourself; put not your familiar every-day legs under his mahogany. Turn a deaf ear also to the invitation of the middies. It is true, they are the meanest dogs in the world, at least, in the world of waters; but then they are more apt to "keep on the windy side of care," than "within the limits of becoming mirth;" are terrible anatomists of character; and should you inherit an oddity of manner from your ancestors, be "*point de-vice* in your accoutrements," or entertain—who does not?—a darling foible, they will spy it out without fail, and lay

it bare without mercy. Then they will lead you with all gravity into infractions of nautical proprieties, and laugh like so many elfin sprites when they have betrayed you into an unconscious infringement of discipline; send you to the cook for information—to *the galley* for news; and dangle fat pork by a rope-yarn before your eyes, while you are suffering an unpitied attack of nausea, commending the abomination as the sovereignest thing at sea for the disorders of your unaccustomed stomach. These and a thousand other goblin pranks compel thy Mentor to warn thee if thou wouldst “fain die a dry death,” mess not with the middies.

After all, I wish thee, courteous reader, no worse companionship than that which I delight to remember was mine on board the last frigate I sailed in. The ship herself, a fine sixty, was a model of speed and strength, and when ready for sea, trimmed by the stern just enough to look like a hound about to spring from the leash; presenting, in this particular, a striking contrast to some of our failures in naval architecture, with their Dutch counters reared in the air as if they were preparing for a dive. She had a name too! one chosen rather to show the good taste of the nation, than to gain the suffrages, or tickle the vanity of inland village authorities. No Concord presided at her baptism; no Fairfield or Vandalia gave its incongruous and unmeaning appellation to her wooden walls. Hers was a right sturdy aboriginal title, in keeping with her stately appearance; one such as deck-officers with good voices, take pride in roaring through the trumpet in answer to a warlike hail;—“the Tuscarora!”

The ward-room mess of this good ship was composed of a rare set of fellows, endued with the companionable and accommodating qualities which insure mutual esteem, and with just failings enough to impart variety and piquancy to

social intercourse. If there was here and there a gunpowder spirit, "jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel," he was sure to select for his fast friend some staid companion whose leaven of good-humour would come in with counteracting influence always in time to part a fray, or some amicable wag would give so ludicrous a turn to any controversy, likely to end in dispute, that the belligerents would shake hands, take a glass of wine together, and be better friends than ever. Then they were men "tried and tutored in the world," whose asperities had undergone that degree of attrition which leads men to cultivate a spirit of mutual accommodation and forbearance as the best means of securing their own share of comfort. Their wanderings, too, had stored their minds with stirring incident and varied information. It is true the latter was rather miscellaneous than profound; but it made up in amusing variety what it wanted in depth. Small indeed was his reputation in that travelled circle, whose peregrinations had extended no farther than to Rome, Constantinople, and Jerusalem; and though he might also boast of having seen Niagara, of ascending Chimborazo, of exploring the depths of Antiparos, measuring Alexander's pier at Clazomene, and surveying the ruins of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, what had he to boast of before some half dozen present, who, in addition to all this, had been to Grand Cairo and the Pyramids, and Balbec; and, especially, what could he say while that great explorator the caterer was by, who had smoked his chibouque and sipped his mocha with the Emir of Muscat; had stood in the presence of the Sultan of Siam, had visited the mother of Chang and Eng, had seen the imperial white elephant, and moreover had enjoyed the rare honour of breakfasting with the second personage in the empire, the illustrious Praslang. Such superior locomotive experience could not but be regarded with an envious eye by the less

fortunate portion of the mess, and vigorous and frequent were the efforts to balance its influence by an assumption of greater observation and acquirement in the details of manners, customs, and costume. Thus it happened that whenever accident or the purposes of refection brought two or more together in the ward-room, they almost invariably resolved themselves into a sort of *conversazione* where topics were discussed as various as the characters which composed this circle of cosmopolites or the far regions they had inhabited. As these debates took place generally at meal-times, the arrangement of the table and the style of preparing the viands became a fruitful source of disquisition, and the proposition of something new in the way of cookery, a never-failing subject of rivalry. Besides the usual solidities of beef, mutton, etc., which kept their places through the suffrage of the unsophisticated portion of the mess, or were merely offerings at the shrine of "old custom," culinary novelties made their appearance daily, under the auspices of some one of the fraternity, whose reminiscences of foreign hospitalities furnished recipes for the favourite dish of almost every nation under the sun. At length having discussed in turn pilaus, keebaubs, ollas, and a legion of gallimaufrys not mentioned in the classic pages of Kitchener and Ude, the cook's brain became completely addled by the elaborate and conflicting directions bestowed upon him; and the caterer grew restive under the interferences which he discovered were gradually encroaching upon his prerogative. He determined, as the Persian would say, to put the bit of restraint between the teeth of innovation, before his authority should be unhorsed and trampled under foot. An opportunity soon offered to execute this prudent resolution. The third lieutenant, Mr. Wagmazard, who had cruised in the South Seas, and exhibited a cocoa-nut tree tattooed upon his arm as a sort of patent of nobility as well as an evidence

of his having been adopted by an insular chief, out of gratitude no doubt for these enviable distinctions, insisted upon having a dish of *baked dog* served up in the Sandwich Island style, in the shell of a mammoth pumpkin, which the steward had purchased at the instance of a New Englander, to make a thanksgiving pudding. Mr. Peleg Weatherall resisted this misapplication of his favourite esculent with the energy of a descendant of the pilgrim fathers, urging the right of property and the priority of intention; while Wagmazard, on the other hand, argued ingeniously upon the utility of experiment and the diffusion of useful knowledge; and artfully addressed himself to the deep-rooted love of variety and gastronomic lore which prevailed in the mess. The dispute waxed warm on both sides, and a spirit of faction invaded the general repose. The disputants gradually increasing as the adherents of either party joined their favourite leader, talked loudly and vaguely of “reserved rights” and “constitutional privileges,” “despotic domination” and “republican simplicity,” and the presiding functionary, Progwel, having in vain interposed his authority to allay the popular excitement, proclaimed the mess in a state of revolution. He accordingly displayed a damask doily, the gift of his illustrious host, the Praslang of Siam, which, like the *sandjac-cheryf* or sacred banner of Mahomet, summoned the faithful to his assistance; and the disaffected turned up the wine-casters, bread and fruit trays, and other empty articles of mess furniture, after the manner of the mutinous Janissaries who capsized their camp-kettles at the breaking out of the rebellion which followed the ill-starred Selym’s adoption of the *nizam-djedyd*.*

* The “new system” of tactics, borrowed in part from that of the European States, since successfully established by the reigning Sultan.

The juncture was critical ; the community, torn by conflicting opinions, was suddenly divided into the " whole dog party," the " no dog party," and the " national-thanksgiving-pudding party ;" and in the fervour of dispute the opponents had almost forgotten the loss they were about to incur by the abdication of their presiding officer, and the inevitable relapse that would ensue, into anarchy and misrule. The purser, a skilful diplomatist, stepped forward at this crisis and averted the threatened danger. He declared himself of the "*juste milieu*," and proposed a compromise by which he thought these adverse interests might be reconciled. He moved, accordingly, that the disputed pumpkin be equally divided, that the national dish be duly prepared of one half of the same, while the remaining moiety should be given over to the Polynesian travellers, with this proviso, however, that while the style of the dish might be Hawaiian, it should be left to the discriminating taste of the august caterer to select a substitute for the obnoxious article, dog's flesh. Wagnazard rose to oppose the motion, but the commissary would not yield the floor : he knew the nature of the argument the traveller intended to advance, and should proceed to confute it in a parliamentary manner, without giving it a hearing. In the first place, there was no dog's flesh to be had, but that of a forecastle pet called Ropeyarn, a little curtailed poodle, neither by birth, education, nor the circumstances of diet fit for culinary purposes ; it would be sheer *canicide* to sacrifice him. And then where were the *taro leaves* in which, if the speaker was rightly informed, the animal should be enveloped during the process of baking, according to the invariable usage of the "*chefs de cuisine*" of their majesties Roho-Riho, Tamarii, or Tammehamaha. Unless, therefore, the entire dish could be produced, with " all appliances and means to boot," there could be no reason why the proposed

substitute should not be adopted, that the general excitement might be allayed by a timely compromise. Here Wagmazard interrupted the speaker by an audible "poh!" The commissary was not, however, a man to be thrown off his balance. "The learned traveller," he observed, "must not attempt to destroy the effect of ratiocination, sound argument, and the wholesome appeal to stubborn fact, by a contemptuous interjection. He thanked, however, his distinguished opponent for the hint he had unintentionally conveyed in his monosyllabic and somewhat irregular interruption, he would not call it reply, which reminded him of another material deficiency in the dish which had been the cause of all this dissension; he alluded to the peculiar preparation of the *taro* root called *poc*, without which, baked dog never had been and never could be legitimately eaten. He would not tire his auditors with further argument, feeling confident that their known intelligence and judgment would lead them to acquiesce in the view he had taken of the subject; a form of concluding a cause which the commissary had seen successfully adopted by acute special pleaders in courts of law, being in fact nothing more than the expression of a bare hope that they may have succeeded in mystifying or flattering their jury to decide in their favour.

The gale of popular opinion is never a trade wind; it may be compared rather to a brisk south-wester, such as the navigator is apt to encounter in the winter season on our own coast, and is almost sure to chop round in a trice to the opposite point of the compass, keeping the trimming politician in a constant state of uncertainty as to what sail he may safely carry, or how he ought to brace his yards. Such, at least, was the case with our friend Wagmazard, who, just as he was standing "right before it," with all his canvass spread, was knocked flat aback by a sudden shift of

wind, produced by the erudite and ingenious reasoning of the purser, which, by throwing the whole dog party in the minority, obliged him to "box his ship off" by adopting the usual "*pis-aller*" of disappointed politicians, who always meritoriously avow their readiness to bow to the will of the majority, when they can no longer avoid it. The "conservatives" were loud in their leader's praise. They compared the "taro question" as they called it, to that crisis which a few years before had threatened the great body politic at home with disunion; and applauded the compromise suggested by the purser as not less creditable to its originator, than that which had so much enhanced the reputation of a certain distinguished statesman on the occasion referred to. The object of all these praises listened to them with the modesty becoming a great diplomatist, and was heard to observe, with that simplicity which the ignorant mistake for egotism, that the coincidence only went to prove how apt great men were to think alike in trying emergencies.

The day after the restoration of tranquillity and harmony, the mess-table was arranged with unusual ceremony in honour of the occasion. A clean, *shore-washed* table-cloth was spread, and the ill-assorted sea set of crockery, made up of the odds and ends which had survived the wreck of sundry memorable gales, gave place to an unsullied service of white porcelain from "sunny France," which the prudent Progwel usually reserved for state occasions. Holiday decanters of cut glass, filled with the generous vintage of Madeira graced the corners of the table, in addition to the every-day supply of red astringencies from Spain and the Balearic Islands. There was, moreover, a display of "provent," which, though it might be said rather to embrace the substantials of sea fare than the delicacies of the season, was nevertheless well calculated to find favour in

the eyes of guests whose "good digestion" pretty generally "waited upon appetite." There was, in the first place, a roast pig in the attitude of scampering off with a potato in his mouth; then, a dish of dumb-fish facetiously called Cape Cod turkey; another, containing a dry mahogany-looking lump of salt beef; *acquaticè* "junk," *gallice* "*résistance*:" a long-treasured Virginia ham, pegged over with cloves, "spotted like the pard" with numerous dashes of black pepper, and garnished round the hock with a ruffle of white paper. Last, not least in the dear love of the reconciled parties, the thanksgiving pudding, and the substitute for the canine delicacy of Hawaii. Much judgment was evinced by the steward in supplying a satisfactory ingredient, and it was whispered that he did not venture to act in so delicate an affair without first obtaining the advice of the ingenious commissary.

However that may be, his choice fell upon a veteran rooster who had been spared from the merciless knife of the cook, while scores of younger cacklers had been served up in fricasees and other devices too numerous to mention, even to their combs and gills, which regularly made their appearance as a sort of Gallic *entrémet* to the undisguised horror of the master and chaplain, whose primitive palates held all such *coxcombical* tricks of the cook, as they jocose-ly called them, in utter abomination. As to chanticleer, the keeper of the live stock, "Jemmy Ducks," had long ceased to regard him as worthy of his solicitude, and he was suffered to lead a kind of vagabond life about the "Noah's Ark," amidships, picking up here and there a precarious grain that was flirted out from the troughs of his compatriots in the coop; or might be seen, whole days together, perched upon a projecting spade or broom-handle, exhibiting that crest-fallen air of *abandon* peculiar to all bipeds, feathered or not, who have imbibed a thorough disgust for the

sea. The gallant ruff of plumage which graced his neck, in his palmy days upon his native dunghill, and was wont to expand with high-pressure valour at the approach of an enemy or a rival, now, alas! would not have afforded a single hackle wherewith the most ingenious angler could fabricate a fly. That clear, heroic crow, by which he once proclaimed the dawn or heralded a victory, had now dwindled to a poor cackle of discontent. He had not even spirit enough left to resent the insolence of a blear-eyed intemperate-looking Muscovy duck, which used to jostle him, eyeing him askance as he paddled by with the air of contempt that I have seen an old bow-legged sailor regard an unhappy landsman of broken fortunes, who, having taken to salt water late in life, sat brooding in gloomy abstraction over an accumulation of sea miseries. At last the woe-begone knight of the roost was missed from his accustomed perch, on the morning of the festive occasion which has been the subject of our long digression. Conjecture was busy as to his probable fate; for, it should be remarked, that the manner of his demise was a state secret, imparted only to a select few. He had perhaps mustered strength enough to fly to the bridle port and commit a "*felo de se*," or he had been poached by the captain of the waist, who had a liquorish tooth, and had been heard to wonder how the old rooster would go in a *lobscouse*. Few, and those only the initiated, recognised him as he was placed on the table in his pumpkin sarcophagus; and the rest, whose "ignorance was bliss," discussed him with appetites which proved they little knew how important a problem in the art of cookery had been solved in relaxing his tendons and mollifying his integuments. So effectually had these desirable ends been obtained by the Sandwich Island process, that even Dabchick, the master, though by no means an advocate of innovation of any kind, was one of the first to propose that the thanks

of the mess be awarded to Wagmazard for the introduction of an agreeable and substantial dish. Having carried his motion *nem. con.*, as motions are apt to be carried after dinner, he proceeded, as soon as the cloth was removed, to emphasize his approbation by asking the Polynesian traveler to take wine.

The master had a peculiar way of performing that ceremony: watching *a smooth*, as he technically expressed it, he would arrest the decanter in one of its revolutions round the table, and grasping it firmly by the neck, as if he feared some defeat of his intention, he kept a steady aim, over the top of the bottle, at the person he designed to compliment, without saying a word until he perceived his purpose was recognised.

"Dabchick will drink your health, Wagmazard," said Progwel, "he has had you at pointblank, with his tompion out, this half hour. Allow me to make a third?"

"With all my heart," replied Wagmazard—"beg pardon, master; here's promotion and prize-money."

To this sentiment, which had long ceased to produce any responsive feeling in the master's heart, deadened as it was by "hope deferred," he simply nodded, tossing off mechanically the contents of his wine-glass. "I was thinking, Wagmazard," said he, "that you must have sailed some time or other with Mangem, who was a messmate of mine during the war, when he was a lieutenant, and I was what I am still, a log-line measurer and a log-book historian. He was a capital officer, and as good a seaman as ever squinted to windward in a squall: but he had one failing; he was omnivorous. Whatever could be caught at sea or on shore, whether fish, flesh, fowl, or reptile, he was sure to smuggle into the next day's dinner, and he managed to disguise it so, if it happened to be out of the common way, that there was no telling a rat from a young rabbit, or an eel from a

serpent. His theory was, that every thing living was eatable but a turkey-buzzard; and he was only prevailed upon to admit this single exception after a long series of experiments. He tried hard the whole cruise to convert me to his way of thinking; but I never touched any *made dishes* until we parted company at his promotion. He was a rum caterer, that Mangem."

"I did sail with Mangem," replied Wagmazard, "and I never expect to sail with a better commander; and although, as you have observed, he was somewhat omnivorous, he knew how to handle his ship, and fight his guns, and whenever duty did not prevent, was always exploring out-of-the-way places, so that we had lots of fun, hunting and fishing, and all that sort of thing. Nothing tickled the captain's fancy so much as the acquisition of some strange animal, especially if it was of the monkey tribe, for he always persisted, notwithstanding the protestations of the doctor to the contrary, that Jacko belonged to the genus *homo*, being somewhat inclined to Lord Monboddos' way of thinking that originally both species had tails, but that in man that appendage had been worn off by a long perseverance in sedentary habits. This opinion was very near being confirmed by a report of the quarter-master of the watch, who declared that he saw a large baboon with a basket under his arm, fishing for crabs with a crooked stick; it turned out, however, to be an old sun-dried negro, who only wanted a tail to pass for a monkey upon closer inspection.

"Mayweed and I, on account of our rambling propensities, became prime favourites with Mangem, who used frequently to be of our party. Many a good tramp have we had together, the skipper and I equipped with our shooting and fishing tackle, and the doctor rigged out in his quaker-cut coat, with ample pockets crammed with minerals and shells, and his broad-brimmed Guayaquil sombrero

studded with impaled bugs and butterflies. I could tell you of a striking adventure we had in South America; but this unbelieving master of ours would set it down, like enough, as *a fish story*."

"Never mind the old infidel," said Progwel, "we'll fine him the I. C. if he opens his lips."

"Go ahead with the yarn, Waggy," said Dabchick, "I'll promise not to gainsay a word of it; as to the matter of belief, you know, in the free country we came from, every liberty is allowed in that particular, provided we don't doubt aloud when we differ from our neighbours: the thing is as well understood as the privilege of going barefoot when a man has no shoes."

"You'll promise to keep within constitutional bounds, then," said *the traveller*.

"I'll not think louder than the sigh of your sweetheart, as sure as my first son shall be called Waggmazard Dabchick," replied the master.

"The adventure happened then, as I said before, at one of the unfrequented harbours on the coast of South America, with a long Indian name which I can't call to mind just now; no matter, it was a beautiful place. The port though not large, was snug, with good anchorage behind a couple of small islands, which broke off the sea, and afforded fine shelter in the hurricane season. A fresh-water river emptied itself at the head of the bay, and there was wood in abundance in every direction. As soon, therefore, as we moored ship, the boats were hoisted out, the wood and watering gangs were sent on shore, and the gunner's and carpenter's crew were landed with such articles of their several departments as wanted repair. The usual exploring party reinforced by a half-dozen of the midshipmen, resumed their amusement of beating the bush. We found the game so abundant that we got almost tired of

popping it over; and as to all sorts of tropical fruits, we had only to turn to and pelt the monkeys on the trees, to get a shower in return of such variety and flavour—but I won't make your mouths water by enumerating them particularly.

“I must tell you, however, that we were not without some fear in traversing the woods; the natives having told us, among other wonders of the place, of a snake some fifty feet long, that had a way of making himself up into a Flemish coil upon the branches of a tree, where he waited an opportunity of dropping down upon any contemplative gentleman, who might chance to select the vicinity of his roost as the scene of his pastoral meditation, embracing him with a cordiality altogether more fervid than agreeable. The captain had no sooner heard of this monster than he determined, if possible, to make a prize of him. A trap was at once contrived for him, such as is used to catch raccoons with in Virginia, by bending down a stout sapling and rigging it with a running bowline and the sort of apparatus the boys call a figure four; this was well baited for several days in succession; but it was soon evident that *snaky* was not to be had in that way; in fact, we noosed nothing but one of the skirts of Mayweed's broad-tailed coat, which was whipped off as he accidentally sprung the trap, in stooping to gather a rare specimen of botany for his herbarium. After the accident we abandoned our device in despair, leaving the rapt portion of the Doctor's favourite garment fluttering in the breeze, a trophy of our discomfiture. We began to suspect the people had been humming us, when the day before we were to sail, I left the captain and Mayweed fishing from the banks of a small lagoon situated near the head of the harbour, and struck for the woods, with Billy Rivers, one of the midshipmen of my watch. The youngster and I had just cleared a patch

of cultivated ground, when we were startled by a hissing noise, like the blowing off of steam, and saw within a few yards of us a boa between twenty and thirty feet long, which might have well been taken for twice that length by any one who had merely measured him with the eye. His forked tongue vibrated with the rapidity of chain lightning, and his eyes shone as fiery as a bit of charcoal under the operation of a blow-pipe. There was no time to reflect, no chance to retreat, and the reptile decidedly meant to give fight. We had but one fowling-piece between us, which Rivers carried, and that was charged only with small shot. Telling him not to fire until I got ready, I jerked a long pole of India-rubber wood from the fence close at hand; the youngster blazed away right in the face and eyes of the serpent; we both boarded in the smoke with all the rancour of true descendants of Mother Eve; and before the enemy had time to recover from his astonishment, a lucky blow on the spine so disabled him that we despatched him at our leisure."

"You're sure it was an India-rubber pole that you gave the fatal blow with," said the purser, looking out of his room again.

"Caoutchouc, so called, in those parts," replied Wagmazard; "you know it grows there as thick as pine trees in New Jersey. I should guess there might have been a mile square enclosed by a Virginia fence made of it."

"Circumstantial and minute again," exclaimed Proggwell; "gentlemen, interruptions are positively *tabooed*."

"Go on, Wagmazard," said the commissary; "I only asked for information."

"Rivers and I," continued the narrator, "were of course proud of having slain the redoubtable serpent, and returned to the lagoon immediately to announce our victory. There we found Mangem and the doctor laying their heads to-

gether to entrap an enormous alligator which had just shown his head above water at the barking of a spaniel they had with them. The captain was highly delighted with our exploit, and ordered some of the watering party to bring down the prize, while the youngster and I, elated by our recent conquest, made bold to proffer our assistance and advice as to the best mode of capturing the alligator. Mayweed reminded us that he was the leviathan of the book of Job, and that we could not put 'a hook in his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn;' but we decided that by good seamanship we might rouse him ashore and bring him to close quarters, if we could only find means to get a purchase upon him. Several schemes were proposed and rejected; at last I hit upon a contrivance which the master may clap down among his *mems.* under the head of 'How to catch a crocodile.' "

Dabchick only noticed this remark by a contortion of countenance, such as a schoolboy makes who has bitten an unripe persimmon; he was evidently suppressing an inclination to think aloud.

"The device was as follows," continued Wagmazard. "We first rigged a line with a coil of two and a half inch rope with a few feet of chain at the end of it; the chain was made fast to the middle of a short iron crow, and stopped out to the end of it by a *lizard* of spun yarn, just strong enough to keep the bar perpendicular until the alligator should gorge it, when a smart jerk would bring it athwartships in his maw by parting the stop, and there we should have him toggled so that we could haul him ashore. The bar was then baited with three or four solid pieces of pork, and the line thrown into the lagoon with a billet of wood about two fathoms from the bait, for a buoy. This done, we stepped back some distance from the bank, to watch the float, and kept the launch's crew at hand to extract

our amphibious friend from one of his elements, in order to attack him with advantage on that which was common to both parties. We had hardly waited a quarter of an hour when the water began to mantle,—then the buoy trembled slightly, and at last a broad dimple on the surface of the lagoon announced ‘a glorious nibble;’ another more decided bob made the doctor exclaim ‘how very exciting;’ and the men were for running away with the line before the time, but the captain restrained them by an order to wait for the word. An instant afterwards the float disappeared slowly, marking its course under water by a wake on the surface, which, with the tautening of the line showed that the monster had gorged the bait and was making for the opposite shore. ‘Now’s your chance, my lads!’ shouted Mangem, ‘walk away together!’ And away went the men with a cheer that made every thing ring again. The lagoon boiled like a pot for a moment, then out came the alligator high and dry upon the bank, mowing long swarths of cane and shrubbery with his tail, right and left, on his way up. A few good turns with the end of the line were caught over the stump of a tree, and the action began in earnest. The monster, as soon as he found there was no backing out, defended himself like a hero, keeping up a brisk fire of langrige composed of pebbles and dirt, and levelling every thing that came within the sweep of his nether extremity; while he was assailed by our party from every quarter with clubs, stones, and boat-hooks, and in short, any thing we could lay our hands upon. The fight raged furiously for about twenty minutes, till at length stratagem and superior force prevailed, and our enemy died, ‘game to the last,’ leaving his assailants, especially Billy Rivers and myself, covered with mud and glory.

“Nothing now remained to be done but to strip the boa

and the alligator of their skins, which it was at once resolved should be preserved as trophies of the day's success. The doctor was a skilful taxidermist, and the boat's crew undertook the operation under his direction. The coxswain started off to get a quantity of corrosive sublimate from the apothecary of a village close by; and Rivers went to the ship, and soon returned with a bankrupt glass-blower, who belonged to the after-guard, and was skilled in the manufacture of artificial eyes. An hour before sunset the flesh of the vanquished was cut into strips, as Mangem had requested, to be cured in the way the South Americans prepare their jerked beef; and the skins were stuffed and put into attitudes as fierce and natural as life, and deposited on the rafters of a deserted wigwam at the watering-place."

"And I suppose," said Dabchick, breaking silence at last, "they were presented with all due ceremony to the Museum at Philadelphia, or the Academy of Natural Sciences?"

"There you're out of your reckoning, master; they were eaten up that very night."

"Eaten up! By what?"

"Yes; every scale of them: by the *white ants*."

"What, crowbar and all?"

"No, they did leave the *crowbar and a link or two of the chain; but not a ropeyarn of the two and a half inch*."

Newport, R. I.

THE DROWNING OF THE RUBY.*

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

I STOOD within the veil—with brow upraised
To meet the thunder-rush;
And under me there rose, in vast rebound,
The voice as of a great sea's trampling sound,
Till my ear palsied—and there seem'd a hush

II.

From fulness of the shoutings!—As I gazed
Into the swooping cloud,
It seem'd to lean, like some white wing, to lift
And bear me upward on its mighty drift,
While in strong agony I shriek'd aloud.

* The accompanying poem is no fiction. It is founded upon a real ruby, and the real loss of it—which is by far the graver consideration of the two, inasmuch as it was a signet-ring of great value, and peculiar beauty. Besides, it was a lady's, and I was the trustee merely, it may be said, for the moment. What with this consciousness, the consciousness, too, that my head was bent within the very rainbow-driving mist of Niagara—over the roar of which I hung—and the recollection, withal, of the probable magic of the thousand Undines sporting below me, that the glorious ruby sprang to its home, is hardly to be wondered at.

III.

But still I heard no sound. I was as one
 Drawn to the mystery
Of the stern gulf, above which I might bend
My vision—where all thunder broke, to rend
All earth's foundations, and the hidden sky!

IV.

And there, beneath, more beautiful than dreams,
 The rainbow 'mid the roar,
Sprang o'er the loud Charybdis—and I saw
The arch of Peace break on the front of War,
And a vex'd ocean's banner sink and soar!

V.

My grasp was on the crag; and as I rose
 Out of that tempest-rain,
A brilliant, brighter than the heavenliest hue,
That bathed me in its lustre as it flew
As though 'twould merge in the red beam again,

VI.

From which it caught its glory—to my feet
 Leapt from my quivering hand!
And ere my grasp was on it, it had gone
To gem that bow of light 'mid which 'twas born,
And give new radiance to the clouds it spann'd.

Niagara, N. Y.

THE FAREWELL.

ADDRESSED TO A NEW-FOUND FRIEND.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

WE met as strangers, lady, not as strangers do we part;
Long will thy memory remain enshrined within my heart;
Else would not these unbidden tears beneath mine eyelids
 swell,
As, standing on the pebbly shore, I breathe my sad fare-
 well.

We met as strangers, but that breast must be as winter
 cold,
Which asks revolving years before love's blossoms can
 unfold;
A look, a word, a simple tone, oft wakes the spirit's strings,
And calls forth all the melody from sympathy that springs.

The chambers of mine imagery an added treasure show;
Thy graceful form is pictured there, thy calm and cloudless
 brow;
Traced by affection's skilful hand, illumed by memory's
 light,
Fadeless those tints will still be found, when years have
 sped their flight.

Oh, dark indeed would be this world, did we not sometimes
find

That best of all earth's fairy gifts, a gentle, kindred mind ;
And though we only meet to part, yet pleasant thoughts
remain

To cheer our onward path, when time has strew'd that path
with pain.

Farewell, sweet friend—I speak the word with vain but
fond regret—

It may be long ere we shall meet again as we have met ;
But at the quiet evening hour, O ! let my memory seem
The half-traced image of a past and not unpleasing dream.

Brooklyn, L. I.





C. R. Leake R.A.

M. J. Leake

THE FRENCH IN LA MANCHA.

BY MISS LESLIE.

IT is said that throughout the whole kingdom of Spain, and particularly in the classic district of La Mancha, the adventures of Don Quixotte are familiar even to the populace. The invasion of the French was repelled by the Spaniards with the most ferocious energy; and their red cockade of Ferdinand the Seventh realized its promise of no quarter to the assailants, and no mercy to the prisoners; while their sanguinary patriotism drew on them the relentless vengeance of the enemy whose progress was tracked by unsparing devastation. Yet it is a historical fact, that when the French army arrived at Toboso, all hostile feeling subsided in the comic associations connected with the dwelling-place of Don Quixotte's mistress; and the inhabitants responded to this singular touch of sympathy. The troops of Napoleon marched gaily and amicably through the town, unmolested and unmolested, and bivouacked in its vicinity, exchanging acts of courtesy with the people, who were gratified to find that their national novel was known and appreciated even by the enemy that was spreading the horrors of war through their country.

When, Castile, o'er thy ravaged land
Napoleon's legions forced their way,
And Spaniards strove with heart and hand
Against the bold invaders' sway,

Too well their badge of crimson dye
Redeem'd its pledge of ruthless hate—
“War to the knife!” their battle cry—
War to the knife their captives' fate.

Yet once the storm that raved so loud
Was lull'd,—and o'er La Mancha's plains
One sunbeam shone from out the cloud,
And glitter'd on Toboso's fanes.

Then Fancy threw her rainbow arch
Before the fierce invaders' view;
And brisk and jocund was their march,
As near Toboso's town they drew.

Changed was the cymbals' martial clang—
The war-drum's tones that peal'd so long—
And loudly from the bugle rang
The merriest notes of dance and song.

And merriest thoughts came thronging fast
To hearts long sear'd by rage and pain;—
And answering smiles and glances pass'd
From lips of France and eyes of Spain.

From lattice and from balcony
Toboso's damsels view'd the foe;
And oft were greeted gallantly
With swords and colours waving low.

The veteran with the conscript join'd
In sportive glee as each essay'd
Amid the gazing crowd to find
The wandering knight's enchanted maid.

'Twas then that knight of woful look
Achieved a feat of true renown;
For Frenchmen knew the Spaniards' book,
And Quixotte saved Dulcinea's town.

O! then, beneath the western star
In twilight sky that brightly sets,
How gaily went the light guitar,
How gaily went the castanets.

DEACON ENOS.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

How many kinds of beauty there are ! How many even in the human form ! There is the bloom and motion of childhood, the freshness and ripe perfection of youth, the dignity of manhood, the softness of woman,—all different, yet each in its kind perfect.

But there is none so peculiar, none that bears more the image of the heavenly, than the beauty of *Christian old age*. It is like the loveliness of those calm autumn days when the heats of summer are past, when the harvest is gathered into the garner, and the sun shines over the placid fields and fading woods, which stand waiting for their last change. It is a beauty more strictly moral, more belonging to the soul, than that of any other period of life. Poetic fiction always paints the old man as a Christian ; nor is there any period where the virtues of Christianity seem to find a more harmonious developement. The aged man, who has outlived the hurry of passion, who has withstood the urgency of temptation, who has concentrated the religious impulses of youth into habits of obedience and love, who having served his generation by the will of God, now leans in helplessness on Him whom once he served,—is, perhaps,

one of the most faultless representations of the beauty of holiness that this world affords.

Thoughts something like these arose in my mind as I slowly turned my footsteps from the grave-yard of my native village, where I had been wandering after years of absence. It was a lovely spot—a soft slope of ground close by a little stream, that ran sparkling through the cedars and junipers beyond it, while on the other side arose a green hill, with the white village laid like a necklace of pearls upon its bosom.

There is no feature of the landscape more picturesque and peculiar than that of the grave-yard—that “city of the silent,” as it is beautifully expressed by the Orientals—standing amid the bloom and rejoicing of nature, its white stones glittering in the sun, a memorial of decay, a link between the living and the dead.

As I moved slowly from mound to mound, and read the inscriptions which purported that many a money-saving man, and many a busy anxious housewife, and many a prattling half-blossomed child, had done with care or mirth, I was struck with a plain slab, bearing the inscription,

TO THE MEMORY OF
ENOS DUDLEY,
WHO DIED IN HIS HUNDREDTH YEAR.

My eye was caught by this inscription, for in other years I had well known the person it recorded. At this instant his mild and venerable form arose before me as erst it used to rise from the deacon's seat, a straight close slip just below the pulpit. I recollect his quiet and lowly coming into meeting, precisely ten minutes before the time, every Sunday,—his tall form a little stooping,—his best suit of butter-nut-coloured Sunday clothes, with long flaps and wide cuffs,

on one of which two pins were always to be seen stuck in with the most reverent precision. When seated, the top of the pew came just to his chin, so that his silvery placid head rose above it like the moon above the horizon. His head was one that might have been sketched for a St. John,—bald at the top, and around the temples adorned with a soft flow of bright fine hair,

“That down his shoulders reverently spread,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The naked branches of an oak half dead.”

He was then of great age, and every line of his patient face seemed to say, “And now, Lord, for what doth thy servant wait?” Yet still year after year was he to be seen in the same place, with the same dutiful punctuality.

The services he offered to his God were all given with the exactness of an ancient Israelite. No words could have persuaded him of the propriety of meditating when the choir was singing, or of sitting down, even through infirmity, before the close of the longest prayer that ever was offered. A mighty contrast was he to his fellow-officer Deacon Abrams, a tight little tripping well-to-do man, who used to sit beside him with his hair brushed straight up like a little blaze, his coat buttoned up trig and close, his psalm-book in hand, and his quick gray eyes turned first on one side of the broad aisle, and then on the other, and then up into the gallery, like a man who came to church on business, and felt responsible for every thing that was going on in the house.

A great hindrance was the business talent of this good little man to the enjoyments of us youngsters, who perched along in a row on a low seat in front of the pulpit, attempted occasionally to diversify the long hour of sermon by sundry small exercises of our own, such as making our handker-

chiefs into rabbits, or exhibiting in a sly way the apples and gingerbread we had brought for a Sunday dinner, or pulling the ears of some discreet meeting-going dog, who now and then would soberly pit-a-pat through the broad aisle. But wo be to us during our contraband sports, if we saw Deacon Abrams' sleek head dodging up from behind the top of the deacon's seat. Instantly all the apples, gingerbread, and handkerchiefs vanished, and we all sat with our hands folded, looking as demure as if we understood every word of the sermon, and more too.

There was a great contrast between these two deacons in their services and prayers, when, as was often the case, the absence of the pastor devolved on them the burden of conducting the duties of the sanctuary. That God was great and good, and that we all were sinners, were truths that seemed to have melted into the heart of Deacon Enos, so that his very soul and spirit were bowed down with them. With Deacon Abrams it was an *undisputed fact*, which he had settled long ago, and concerning which he felt that there could be no reasonable doubt, and his bustling way of dealing with the matter seemed to say that he knew *that* and a great many things besides.

Deacon Enos was known far and near, as a very proverb for peacefulness of demeanour and unbounded charitableness in covering and excusing the faults of others. As long as there was any doubt in a case of alleged evil-doing, Deacon Enos *guessed* "the man did not mean any harm after all;" and when transgression became too barefaced for this excuse, he always guessed "it wa'n't best to say much about it; nobody could tell what *they* might be left to."

Some incidents in his life will show more clearly these traits. A certain shrewd landholder, by the name of Jones, who was not well reported of in the matter of honesty, sold

to Deacon Enos a valuable lot of land, and received the money for it, but under various pretences deferred giving the deed. Soon after, he died, and to the deacon's amazement the deed was no where to be found, while this very lot of land was left by will to one of his daughters.

The deacon said "it was extraor'nary—he always knew that Seth Jones was considerably sharp about money, but he did not think he would do such a right up-and-down wicked thing." So the old man repaired to Squire Abel to state the case and see if there was any redress. "I kinder hate to tell of it," said he, "but, Squire Abel, you know Mr. Jones was—was—*what he was*, even if he *is* dead and gone!" This was the nearest approach the old gentleman could make to specifying a heavy charge against the dead. On being told that the case admitted of no redress, Deacon Enos comforted himself with half soliloquizing, "Well, at any rate, the land has gone to those two girls, poor lone critters—I hope it will do *them* some good. There is Silence—we won't say much about her—but Sukey is a nice, pretty girl." And so the old man departed, leaving it as his opinion, that since the matter could not be mended, it was just as well not to say any thing about it.

Now the two girls here mentioned, (to wit, Silence and Sukey,) were the eldest and the youngest of a numerous family, the offspring of three wives of Seth Jones, of whom these two were the sole survivors. The elder, Silence, was a tall, strong, black-eyed, hard-featured girl, verging upon forty, with a good, loud, resolute voice, and what the Irishman would call "a dacent notion of using it." Why she was called *Silence* was a standing problem to the neighbourhood, for she had more faculty and inclination for making a noise than any person in the whole township. Miss Silence was one of those persons who have no dis-

position to yield any of their own rights. She marched up to all controverted matters, faced down all opposition, held her way lustily and with good courage, making men, women, and children turn out for her, as they would for a mail-stage. So evident was her innate determination to be free and independent, that though she was the daughter of a rich man, and well portioned, only one swain was ever heard of who ventured to solicit her hand in marriage, and he was sent off with the assurance that if he ever showed his face about the house again, she would set the dogs on him.

But Susan Jones was as different from her sister as the little graceful convolvulus from the great rough stick that supports it. At the time of which we speak she was just eighteen, a modest, slender, blushing girl, as timid and shrinking as her sister was bold and hardy. Indeed the education of poor Susan had cost Miss Silence much painstaking and trouble, and after all, she said "the girl would make a fool of herself—she never could teach her to be up and down with people as she was."

When the report came to Miss Silence's ears that Deacon Enos considered himself as aggrieved by her father's will, she held forth upon the subject with great strength of courage and of lungs. "Deacon Enos might be in better business than in trying to cheat orphans out of their rights—she hoped he would go to law about it, and see what good he would get by it—a pretty church member and deacon, to be sure! getting up such a story about her poor father, dead and gone!"

"But, Silence," said Susan, "Deacon Enos is a good man—I do not think he means to injure any one; there must be some mistake about it."

"Susan, you are a little fool, as I have always told you,"

replied Silence—"you would be cheated out of your eye-teeth if you had not me to take care of you."

But subsequent events brought the affairs of these two damsels in closer connexion with those of Deacon Enos, as we shall proceed to show.

It happened that the next door neighbour of Deacon Enos was a certain old farmer, whose crabbedness of demeanour had procured for him the name of *Uncle Jaw*. This agreeable surname accorded very well with the general characteristics both of the person and manner of its possessor. He was tall and hard-favoured, with an expression of countenance much resembling a northeast rain storm—a drizzling, settled sulkiness, that seemed to defy all prospect of clearing off, and to take comfort in its own disagreeableness. His voice seemed to have taken lessons of his face, in such admirable keeping was its sawing, deliberate growl with the pleasing physiognomy before indicated. By nature he was endowed with one of those active, acute, hair-splitting minds which can raise forty questions for dispute on any point of the compass, and had he been an educated man he might have proved as clever a metaphysician as ever threw dust in the eyes of succeeding generations. But being deprived of these advantages, he nevertheless exerted himself to quite as useful a purpose in puzzling and mistifying whomsoever came in his way. But his activity particularly exercised itself in the line of the law, as it was his meat and drink and daily meditation either to find something to go to law about, or to go to law about something he had found. There was always some question about an old rail fence that used to run *a leetle* more to the left hand, or that was built up *a leetle* more to the right hand, and so cut off a strip of his "*medder land*"—or else there was some outrage of Peter Somebody's turkeys getting into his mow-

ing, or Squire Moses' geese were to be shut up in the town pound, or something equally important kept him busy from year's end to year's end. Now as a matter of private amusement this might have answered very well, but then Uncle Jaw was not satisfied to fight his own battles, but must need go from house to house, narrating the whole length and breadth of the case, with all the *says he's* and *says I's*—and the *I tell'd him's* and *he tell'd me's*, which do either accompany or flow therefrom. Moreover, he had such a marvellous facility of finding out matters to quarrel about, and of letting every one else know where they too could muster a quarrel, that he generally succeeded in keeping the whole neighbourhood by the ears.

And as good Deacon Enos assumed the office of peace-maker for the village, Uncle Jaw's efficiency rendered it no sinecure. The deacon always followed the steps of Uncle Jaw, smoothing, hushing up, and putting matter aright, with an assiduity that was truly wonderful.

Uncle Jaw, himself, had a great respect for the good man, and, in common with all the neighbourhood, sought unto him for counsel, though, like other seekers of advice, he appropriated only so much as seemed good in his own eyes.

Still he took a kind of pleasure in dropping in of an evening to Deacon Enos's fire, to recount the various matters which he had taken or was to take in hand; at one time narrate "how he had been over the mill-dam telling old Granny Clark that she could get the law of Seth Scrان about that pasture lot," or else, "how he had told Ziah Bacon's widow that she had a right to shut up Bill Scranton's pig every time she caught him in front of her house."

But the grand "matter of matters," and the one that took up the most of Uncle Jaw's spare time, lay in a dispute between him and Squire Jones, the father of Susan

and Silence ; for it so happened that his lands and those of Uncle Jaw were contiguous. Now the matter of dispute was on this wise : on Squire Jones's land there was a mill, which mill Uncle Jaw averred was "always a flooding his medder land." As Uncle Jaw's "medder land" was by nature half bog and bulrushes, and therefore liable to be found in a wet condition, there was always a happy obscurity where the water came from, and whether there was at any time more there than belonged to his share. So when all other subject matters of dispute failed, Uncle Jaw recreated himself with getting up a law-suit about his "medder land," and one of these cases was in pendency, when, by the death of the Squire, the estate was left to Susan and Silence his daughters. When, therefore, the report reached him that Deacon Enos had been cheated out of his dues, Uncle Jaw prepared forthwith to go and compare notes. Therefore, one evening as Deacon Enos was sitting quietly by the fire, musing and reading with his big Bible open before him, he heard the premonitory symptoms of a visitation from Uncle Jaw on his door scraper, and soon the man made his appearance. After seating himself directly in front of the fire, with his elbows on his knees, and his hands spread out over the coals, he looked up in Deacon Enos's mild face, with his little inquisitive gray eyes, and remarked, by way of opening the subject, "Well, Deacon, old Squire Jones is gone at last. I wonder how much good all his land will do him now ?"

"Yes," replied Deacon Enos, "it just shows how all these things are not worth striving after. We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

"Why yes," replied Uncle Jaw, "that's all very right, Deacon, but it was strange how that old Squire Jones did hang on to things. Now that mill of his, that was always

soaking off water into these medders of mine. I took and tell'd Squire Jones just how it was, pretty nigh twenty times, and yet he would keep it just so; and now he's dead and gone, there is that old gal Silence is full as bad, and makes more noise; and she and Suke have got the land; but, you see, I mean to work it yet!"

Here Uncle Jaw paused to see whether he had produced any sympathetic excitement in Deacon Enos; but the old man sat without the least emotion, quietly contemplating the top of the long kitchen shovel. Uncle Jaw fidgeted in his chair, and changed his mode of attack for one more direct. "I heard 'em tell, Deacon Enos, that the Squire served you something of an unhandy sort of trick about that 'ere lot of land."

Still Deacon Enos made no reply, but Uncle Jaw's perseverance was not so to be put off, and he recommenced. "Squire Abel, you see, he tell'd me how the matter was, and he said he did not see as it could be mended; but I took and tell'd him, 'Squire Abel,' says I, 'I'd bet pretty nigh 'most any thing, if Deacon Enos would tell the matter to me, that I could find a hole for him to creep out at, for,' says I, 'I've seen daylight through more twistical cases than that afore now.'"

Still Deacon Enos remained mute, and Uncle Jaw, after waiting a while, recommenced with, "But railly, Deacon, I should like to hear the particulars!"

"I have made up my mind not to say any thing more about that business," said Deacon Enos, in a tone which, though mild, was so exceedingly definite, that Uncle Jaw felt that the case was hopeless in that quarter; he therefore betook himself to the statement of his own grievances.

"Why you see, Deacon," he began, at the same time taking the tongs, and picking up all the little brands and

disposing them in the middle of the fire, "you see, two days arter the funeral, (for I didn't raily like to go any sooner,) I stepped up to hash over the matter with old Silence; for as to Sukey, she ha'n't no more to do with such things than our white kitten. Now you see, Squire Jones, just afore he died, he took away an old rail fence of his'n that lay between his land and mine, and began to build a new stone wall, and when I come to measure, I found he had took and put a'most the whole width of the stone wall on to my land, when there ought not to have more than half of it come there. Now you see, I could not say a word to Squire Jones, because jest before I found it out, he took and died; and so I thought I'd jest speak to old Silence, and see if she meant to do any thing about it, 'cause I knew pretty well she wouldn't; and I tell you, if she didn't put it on me!—we had a regular pitched battle—the old gal, I thought she would 'a screamed herself to death!—I don't know but she would, but just then poor Sukey came in and looked so frightened and scarey—Sukey is a pretty gal, and looks so trembling and delicate, that its kinder a shame to plague her, and so I took and come away for that time."

Here Uncle Jaw perceived a brightening in the face of the good deacon, and felt exceedingly comforted that at last he was about to interest him in his story.

But all this while the deacon had been in a profound meditation concerning the ways and means of putting a stop to a quarrel that had been his torment from time immemorial, and just at this moment a plan had struck his mind which our story will proceed to unfold.

The mode of settling differences which had occurred to the good man, was one which has been considered a specific in reconciling contending sovereigns and states from

early antiquity, and the deacon hoped it might have a pacifying influence even in so unpromising a case as that of Miss Silence and Uncle Jaw.

In former days, Deacon Enos had kept the district school for several successive winters, and among his scholars was the gentle Susan Jones, then a plump, rosy little girl, with blue eyes, curly hair, and the sweetest disposition in the world. There was also little Joseph Adams, the only son of Uncle Jaw, a fine, healthy, robust boy, who used to spell the longest words, make the best snowballs and poplar whistles, and read the loudest and fastest in the Columbian Orator, of any boy in school.

Little Joe inherited all his father's sharpness, with a double share of good-humour, so that though he was for ever effervescing in the way of one funny trick or another, he was a universal favourite, not only with the deacon, but with the whole school.

Master Joseph always took little Susan Jones under his especial protection, drew her to school on his sled, helped her out with all the long sums in her arithmetic, saw to it that nobody pillaged her dinner-basket or knocked down her bonnet, and resolutely whipped or snowballed any other boy who attempted the same gallantries. Years passed on, and Uncle Jaw had sent his son to college. He sent him because, as he said, he had "*a right* to send him, just as good a right as Squire Abel or Deacon Abrams to send their boys, and so he *would* send him." It was the remembrance of his old favourite Joseph, and his little pet Susan, that came across the mind of Deacon Enos, and which seemed to open a gleam of light in regard to the future. So when Uncle Jaw had finished his prelection, the deacon, after some meditation, came out with—

"Railly, they say that your son is going to have the valedictory in college."

Though somewhat startled at the abrupt transition, Uncle Jaw found the suggestion too flattering to his pride to be dropped; so with a countenance grimly expressive of satisfaction, he replied—

“Why yes—yes—I don’t see no reason why a poor man’s son ha’n’t as much right as any one to be at the top if he can get there.”

“Just so,” replied Deacon Enos.

“He was always the boy for larning and for nothing else,” continued Uncle Jaw; “put him to farming, couldn’t make nothing of him. If I set him to hoeing corn or hilling potatoes, I’d always find him stopping to chase hop-toads, or off after chip-squirrels. But set him down to a book, and there he was! That boy larn’t reading the quickest of any boy that ever I saw—it wasn’t a month after he began his *a b, abs*, before he could read in the ‘Fox and the Brambles,’ and in a month more he could clatter off his chapter in the Testament as fast as any of them; and you see in college, it’s jest so—he has ris right up to be first.”

“And he is coming home week after next,” said the Deacon meditatively.

* * * * *

The next morning as Deacon Enos was eating his breakfast, he quietly remarked to his wife, “Sally, I believe it was week after next you were meaning to have your quilting?”

“Why I never told you so,—what alive makes you think that, Deacon Dudley?”

“I thought that was your calculation,” said the good man, quietly.

“Why no—to be sure, I *can* have it, and may be it’s the best of any time, if we can get Black Dinah to come and help about the cakes and pies. I guess we will finally.”

"I think it's likely you had better," replied the deacon, "and we will have all the young folks here."

And now let us pass over all the intermediate pounding and grinding and chopping, which for the next week foretold approaching festivity in the kitchen of the deacon. Let us forbear to provoke the appetite of a hungry reader by setting in order before him the minced pies, the cranberry tarts, the pumpkin pies, the dough-nuts, the cookies, and other sweet cakes of every description that sprung into being at the magic touch of Black Dinah, the village priestess on all these solemnities. Suffice it to say that the day had arrived, and the auspicious quilt was spread.

The invitation had not failed to include the Misses Silence and Susan Jones—nay, the good deacon had pressed gallantry into the matter so far as to be the bearer of the message himself; for which he was duly rewarded by a broadside from Miss Silence, giving him what she termed a piece of her mind in the matter of the rights of widows and orphans; to all which the good old man listened with great benignity from the beginning to the end, and replied with—

"Well, well, Miss Silence, I expect you will think better of this before long; there had best not be any hard words about it." So saying, he took up his hat and walked off, while Miss Silence, who felt extremely relieved by having blown off steam, declared that "It was of no more use to hector old Deacon Enos than to fire a gun at a bag of cotton-wool. For all that, though, she shouldn't go to the quilting; nor, more, should Susan."

"But, sister, why not?" said the little maiden; "I think I *shall* go." And Susan said this in a tone so mildly positive that Silence was amazed.

"What upon 'arth ails you, Susan?" said she, opening her eyes with astonishment, "haven't you any more spirit

than to go to Deacon Enos's when he is doing all he can to ruin us?"

"I like Deacon Enos," replied Susan; "he was always kind to me when I was a little girl, and I am not going to believe that he is a bad man now."

When a young lady states that she is not going to believe a thing, good judges of human nature generally give up the case; but Miss Silence, to whom the language of opposition and argument was entirely new, could scarcely give her ears credit for veracity in the case; she therefore repeated over exactly what she said before, only in a much louder tone of voice, and with much more vehement forms of asseveration—a mode of reasoning, which, if not strictly logical, has at least the sanction of very respectable authorities among the enlightened and learned.

"Silence," replied Susan, when the storm had spent itself, "if it did not look like being angry with Deacon Enos, I would stay away to oblige you; but it would seem to every one to be taking sides in a quarrel, and I never did, and never will, have any part or lot in such things."

"Then you'll just be trod and trampled on all your days, Susan," replied Silence; "but, however, if *you* choose to make a fool of yourself, *I* don't;" and so saying, she flounced out of the room in great wrath. It so happened, however, that Miss Silence was one of those who have so little economy in disposing of a fit of anger, that it was all used up before the time of execution arrived. It followed, of consequence, that having unburdened her mind freely both to Deacon Enos and to Susan, she began to feel very much more comfortable and good-natured; and consequent upon that came divers reflections upon the many gossiping opportunities and comforts of a quilting; and then the intrusive little reflection, "What if she should go—after all what harm would be done?" and then the inquiry,

“Whether it was not her *duty* to go and look after Susan, poor child, who had no mother to watch over her?” In short, before the time of preparation arrived, Miss Silence had fully worked herself up to the magnanimous determination of going to the quilting. Accordingly, the next day, while Susan was standing before her mirror, braiding up her pretty hair, she was startled by the apparition of Miss Silence coming into the room as stiff as a changeable silk and a high horn comb could make her; and “grimly determined was her look.”

“Well, Susan,” said she, “if you *will* go to the quilting this afternoon, I think it is *my duty* to go and see to you.”

What would people do if this convenient shelter of *duty* did not afford them a retreat in cases when they are disposed to change their minds? Susan suppressed the arch smile that in spite of herself laughed out at the corners of her eyes, and told her sister that she was much obliged to her for her care. So off they went together.

Silence in the mean time held forth largely on the importance of standing up for one's rights, and not letting one's self be trampled on.

The afternoon passed on, the elderly ladies quilted and talked scandal, and the younger ones discussed the merits of the various beaux who were expected to give vivacity to the evening entertainment. Among these, the newly arrived Joseph Adams, just from college, with all his literary honours thick about him, became a prominent subject of conversation.

It was duly canvassed whether the young gentleman might be called handsome, and the affirmative of the question was carried by a large majority, although there were some variations and exceptions; one of the party declaring his whiskers to be in too high a state of cultivation, another maintaining that they were in the exact line of beauty,

while a third vigorously disputed the point whether he wore whiskers at all. It was allowed by all, however, that he had been a great beau in the town where he passed his college days. It was also inquired into whether he were matrimonially engaged, and the negative being understood, they diverted themselves with predicting to one another the capture of such a prize; each prophecy being received with such disclaimers as "Come now!"—"Do be still!"—"Hush your nonsense!" and the like.

At length the long-wished-for hour arrived, and one by one, the lords of creation began to make their appearance, and one of the last was this much-admired youth.

"That is Joe Adams!"—"That is he!"—was the busy whisper, as a tall, well-looking young man came into the room, with the easy air of one who had seen several things before, and was not to be abashed by the combined blaze of all the village beauties.

In truth our friend Joseph had made the most of his residence in N——, paying his court no less to the Graces than the Muses. His fine person, his frank, manly air, his ready conversation, and his faculty of universal adaptation, had made his society much coveted among the *beau monde* of N——, and though the place was small, he had become familiar with much good society.

We hardly know whether we may venture to tell our fair readers the whole truth in regard to our hero. We merely will hint in the gentlest manner in the world, that Mr. Joseph Adams, being undeniably first in the classics and first in the drawing-room, having been gravely commended in his class by his venerable president, and gaily flattered in the drawing-room by the elegant Miss This and That, was rather inclining to the opinion that he was an uncommonly fine fellow, and even had the assurance to think, that under present circumstances he could please,

without making any great effort; a thing, which however true it were in point of fact, is obviously improper to be thought of by a young man. Be that as it may, he moved with easy good-humour from one to another, shaking hands with all the old ladies, and listening with the greatest affability to the various comments on his growth and personal appearance, his points of resemblance to his father, mother, grandfather and grandmother, which are always detected by the superior acumen of elderly females.

Among the younger ones, he at once and with full frankness, recognised old school-mates, and partners in various huckleberry, chestnut, and strawberry excursions, and thus called out an abundant flow of conversation. Nevertheless his eye wandered occasionally around the room, as if in search of something not there. What could it be? It kindled, however, with an expression of sudden brightness as he perceived the tall and spare figure of Miss Silence; whether owing to the personal fascinations of that lady or to other causes we leave the reader to determine.

Miss Silence had pre-determined never to speak a word again to Uncle Jaw or any of his race, but she was taken by surprise at the frank extended hand, and friendly "how d'ye do?" It was not in woman to resist so cordial an address from a handsome young man, and Miss Silence gave her hand and replied with a graciousness that amazed herself. At this moment, also, certain soft blue eyes peeped forth from a corner, just "to see if he looked as he used to do." Yes, there he was! the same dark, mirthful eyes that used to peer on her from behind the corners of the spelling-book, at the district school; and Susan Jones gave a half sigh to those times, and then wondered why she happened to think of such nonsense.

"How is your sister, little Miss Susan?" said Joseph.

“Why, she is here—have you not seen her?” said Silence—“there she is in that corner.”

Joseph looked, but could scarcely recognise her. There stood a tall, slender girl, that might have been selected as a specimen of that union of perfect health with delicate fairness, so characteristic of the young New England beauty.

She was engaged in telling some merry story to a knot of young girls, and the rich colour that like a bright spirit constantly went and came in her cheeks, the dimples, quick and varying as those of a little brook, the clear, mild eye, the clustering curls, and above all the happy, rejoicing smile, and the transparent frankness and simplicity of expression, which beamed like sunshine about her, all formed a combination of charms that took our hero quite by surprise; and when Silence, who had a remarkable degree of directness in all her dealings, called out, “Here, Susan, is Joe Adams, inquiring after you,”—our practised young gentleman felt himself colour to the roots of his hair, and for a moment he could scarce recollect that first rudiment of manners, “to make his bow like a good boy.” Susan coloured, also; but perceiving the confusion of our hero, her countenance assumed an expression of mischievous drollery, which, helped on by the titter of her companions, added not a little to his confusion.

“Deuce take it!” thought he, “what’s the matter with me?”—and calling up his courage he dashed into the formidable circle of fair ones, and began chattering with one and another, calling by name with or without introduction, remembering things that never happened with a degree of impudence that was perfectly fascinating.

“Really, how handsome he has grown!” thought Susan, and she coloured deeply when once or twice the dark eyes

of our hero made the same observation with regard to herself, in that quick, intelligible dialect which eyes alone can speak. And when the little party dispersed, as they did very punctually at nine o'clock, our hero requested of Miss Silence the honour of attending her home, an evidence of discriminating taste which materially raised him in the estimation of that lady. It was true, to be sure, that Susan walked on the other side of him, her little white hand just within his arm; and there was something in that light touch that puzzled him unaccountably, as might be inferred from the frequency with which Miss Silence was obliged to bring up the ends of conversation with—"What did you say?"—"What were you going to say?"—and other persevering forms of inquiry with which a regular-trained matter-of-fact talker will hunt down a poor fellow-mortal who is in danger of sinking into a comfortable revery.

When they parted at the gate, however, Silence gave our hero a hearty invitation to "come and see them any time," which he mentally regarded as more to the point than any thing else that had been said.

As Joseph soberly retraced his way homeward, his thoughts by some unaccountable association began to revert to such topics as the loneliness of man by himself, the need of kindred spirits and of sympathy.

That night Joseph dreamed of trotting along with his dinner-basket to the old brown school-house, and vainly endeavouring to overtake Susan Jones, whom he saw with her little pasteboard sun-bonnet a few yards in front of him—then he was *tetering* with her, on a long board, her bright little face glancing up and down, while every curl around it seemed to be living with delight! and then he was snow-balling Tom Williams for knocking down Susan's doll's house—or he sat by her on a bench, helping her out with a long sum in arithmetic; but with the mischievous fatality of dreams,

the more he ciphered and expounded the longer and more hopeless grew the sum, and he awoke in the morning shawing at his ill luck, after having done a sum over half a dozen times, while Susan seemed to be looking on with the same air of arch drollery that he saw on her face the evening before.

"Joseph," said Uncle Jaw the next morning at breakfast, "I s'pose Squire Jones's daughters were not at the quilting?"

"Yes, sir, they were," said our hero, "they were both there."

"Why, you don't say so?"

"They certainly were," persisted the son.

"Well, I thought the old gal had too much spunk for that—you see there is a quarrel between the deacon and them gals."

"Indeed!" said Joseph. "I thought the deacon never quarrelled with any body."

"But, you see, old Silence there, she will quarrel with *him*,—railly that creatur' is a tough one," and Uncle Jaw leaned back in his chair and contemplated the quarrelsome propensities of Miss Silence with the satisfaction of a kindred spirit. "But I'll fix her yet," he continued, "I see how to work it."

"Indeed, father, I did not know that you had any thing to do with their affairs."

"Ha'n't I? I should like to know if I ha'n't?" replied Uncle Jaw triumphantly. "Now see here, Joseph, you see I mean you shall be a lawyer—I'm pretty considerable of a lawyer myself, that is, for one not college larn't, and I'll tell you how it is"—and thereupon Uncle Jaw launched forth into the case of the medder land, the mill, &c. &c., and concluded with, "Now, Joseph, this 'ere is a kinder whetstone for you to hone up your wits on."

In pursuance, therefore, of this plan of sharpening his wits in the manner aforesaid, our hero after breakfast went like a dutiful son, directly towards Squire Jones's, doubtless for the purpose of taking ocular survey of the meadow land, mill, and stone wall,—but, by some unaccountable mistake, lost his way, and found himself standing before the door of Squire Jones's house.

The old 'squire had been among the aristocracy of the village, and his house had been the ultimate standard of comparison in all matters of style and garniture. Their big front room, instead of being strewn with lumps of sand, duly streaked over twice a week, was resplendent with a carpet of red, yellow, and black stripes, while a towering pair of long-legged brass andirons, scoured to a silvery white, gave an air of magnificence to the chimney, which was materially increased by the tall brass-headed shovel and tongs, which, like a decorous starched married couple, stood bolt upright in their places on either side. The sanctity of the place was still farther maintained by keeping the window-shutters always closed, admitting only so much light as could come in by a round hole at the top of the shutter, and it was only on occasions of extraordinary magnificence that the room was thrown open to profane eyes.

Our hero was surprised, therefore, to find both the doors and windows of this apartment open, and symptoms evident of its being in daily occupation. The furniture still retained its massive clumsy stiffness, but there were various tokens that lighter fingers had been at work there since the notable days of good dame Jones. There was a vase of flowers on the table, two or three books of poetry, and a little fairy work-basket, from which peeped forth the edges of some worked ruffling; there was a small writing-desk, and last, not least in a lady's collection, an album, with

leaves of every colour of the rainbow, containing inscriptions, in sundry strong masculine hands, "To Susan," indicating that other people had had their eyes open as well as Mr. Joseph Adams. "So," said he to himself, "this quiet little beauty has had admirers after all;" and consequent upon this came another question, (which was none of his concern to be sure,) whether the little lady were or were not engaged; and from these speculations he was aroused by a light footstep, and anon the neat form of Susan made its appearance.

"Good morning, Miss Jones," said he bowing.

Now there is something very comical in the feeling, when little boys and girls who have always known each other as plain Susan or Joseph, first meet as "Mr." or "Miss" So-and-So. Each one feels half disposed—half afraid—to return to the old familiar form, and awkwardly fettered by the recollection that they are no longer children. Both parties had felt this the evening before, when they met in company; but now that they were alone together, the feeling became still stronger; and when Susan had requested Mr. Adams to take a chair, and Mr. Adams had inquired after Miss Susan's health, there ensued a pause, which the longer it continued seemed the more difficult to break, and during which Susan's pretty face slowly assumed an expression of the ludicrous, till she was as near laughing as propriety would admit; and Mr. Adams, having looked out at the window, and up at the mantel-piece, and down at the carpet, at last looked at Susan—their eyes met—the effect was electrical—they both smiled, and then laughed outright, after which the whole difficulty of conversation vanished.

"Susan," said Joseph, "do you remember the old school-house?"

"I thought that was what you were thinking of," said Susan, "but really, you have grown and altered so, that I could hardly believe my eyes last night."

"Nor I mine," said Joseph, with a glance that gave a very complimentary turn to the expression.

Our readers may imagine that after this the conversation proceeded to grow increasingly confidential and interesting, that from the account of early life, each proceeded to let the other know something of intervening history, in the course of which each discovered a number of new and ad-

irable traits in the other, such things being matters of very common occurrence. In the course of the conversation, Joseph discovered that it was necessary that Susan should have two or three books then in his possession, and as promptitude is a great matter in such cases, he promised to bring them "to-morrow."

For some time our young friends pursued their acquaintance, without a distinct consciousness of any thing, except that it was a very pleasant thing to be together. During the long, still afternoons, they rambled among the fading woods, now illuminated with the radiance of the dying year, and sentimentalized and quoted poetry, and almost every evening Joseph found some errand to bring him to the house—a book for Miss Susan, or a bevy of roots and herbs for Miss Silence, or some remarkably fine yarn for her to knit, attentions which retained our hero in the good graces of the latter lady, and gained him the credit of being "a young man that knew how to behave himself." As Susan was a leading member in the village choir, our hero was directly attacked with a violent passion for sacred music, which brought him punctually to the singing-school, where the young people came together to sing anthems, and fuguing tunes, and to eat apples and chestnuts.

It cannot be supposed that all these things passed un-

noticed by those wakeful eyes that are ever upon the motions of such "bright, particular stars," and as is usual, in such cases, many things were known to a certainty, which were not yet known to the parties themselves. The young belles and beaux whispered and tittered, and passed the original jokes and witticisms common in such cases, while the older ladies soberly took the matter in hand, when they went out with their knitting to make afternoon visits, considering how much money Uncle Jaw had, how much his son would have, and how much Susan would have, and what they all together would come to, and whether Joseph would be a "smart man," and Susan a good housekeeper, with all the "ifs, ands, and buts" of married life. But the most fearful wonders and prognostics crowded around the point "what Uncle Jaw would have to say to the matter." His law-suit with the sisters being well understood, as there was every reason it should be, it was surmised what two such vigorous belligerents as himself and Miss Silence would say to the prospect of a matrimonial conjunction. It was also reported that Deacon Enos Dudley had a claim to the land which constituted the finest part of Susan's portion, the loss of which would render the consent of Uncle Jaw still more doubtful. But all this while Miss Silence knew nothing of the matter, for her habit of considering and treating Susan as a child seemed to gain strength with time. Susan was always to be seen to, and watched, and instructed, and taught, and Miss Silence could not conceive that one who could not even make pickles without her to oversee, could think of such a matter as setting up house-keeping herself. To be sure she began to observe an extraordinary change in her sister, remarked that lately Susan seemed to be getting sort o' crazy-headed,—that she seemed not to have any "faculty" for any thing; that she had made gingerbread twice, and forgot the ginger one time

and put in mustard the other, that she shook the saltcellar out in the tablecloth, and let the cat into the pantry half a dozen times, and that when scolded for these sins of omission or commission, she had a fit of crying and did a little worse than before. Silence was of opinion that Susan was getting to be "weakly and narvy," and actually concocted an unmerciful pitcher of wormwood and boneset, which she said was to keep off the "shaking weakness" that was coming over her. In vain poor Susan protested that she was well enough, Miss Silence *knew better*, and one evening she entertained Mr. Joseph Adams with a long statement of the case, in all its bearings, and ended with demanding his opinion as a candid listener, whether the wormwood and boneset sentence should not be executed.

Poor Susan had that very afternoon parted from a knot of young friends, who had teased her most unmercifully on the score of attentions received, till she began to think the very leaves and stones were so many eyes to pry into her secret feelings, and then to have the whole case set in order, before the very person, too, whom she most dreaded. "Certainly he would think she was acting like a fool—perhaps he did not mean any thing more than friendship, *after all*, and she would not for the world have him suppose that she cared a copper more for him than for any other *friend*, or that she was *in love* of all things." So she sat very busy with her knitting-work, scarcely knowing what she was about, till Silence called out,—

"Why, Susan, what a piece of work you are making of that stocking heel! what in the world are you doing to it?"

Susan dropped her knitting, and making some pettish answer, escaped out of the room.

"Now did you ever!" said Silence, laying down the seam she had been cross-stitching; "what *is* the matter with her, Mr. Adams?"

"Miss Susan is certainly indisposed," replied our hero gravely; "I must get her to take your advice, Miss Silence."

Our hero followed Susan to the front door, where she stood looking out at the moon, and begged to know what distressed her.

Of course it was "nothing," the young lady's usual complaint when in low spirits; and to show that she was perfectly easy, she began an unsparing attack on a white rose-bush near by.

"Susan," said Joseph, laying his hand on hers, and in a tone that made her start. She shook back her curls, and looked up to him with such an innocent confiding face—

* * * * *

Ah, my good reader, you may go on with this part of the story for yourself. We are principled against unveiling the "sacred mysteries," the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" in such little moonlight interviews as these. You may fancy all that followed, and we can only assure all who are doubtful, that under judicious management, cases of this kind may be disposed of without worm-wood or boneset. Our hero and heroine were called to sublunary realities by the voice of Miss Silence, who came into the passage to see what upon earth they were doing. That lady was satisfied by the representations of so friendly and learned a young man as Joseph, that nothing immediately alarming was to be apprehended in the case of Susan, and she retired. From that evening Susan stepped about with a heart about twenty pounds lighter than before.

* * * * *

"I'll tell you what, Joseph," said Uncle Jaw, "I'll tell you what now, I hear 'em tell that you've took and courted that 'ere Susan Jones. Now I jest want to know if it's true?"

There was an explicitness about this mode of inquiry

that took our hero quite by surprise, so that he could only reply—

“Why, sir, supposing I had, would there be any objection to it in your mind?”

“Don’t talk to me,” said Uncle Jaw, “I jest want to know if it’s true?”

Our hero put his hands in his pockets, walked to the window, and whistled.

“’Cause if you have,” said Uncle Jaw, “you may just uncourt as fast as you can, for Squire Jones’s daughter won’t get a single cent of my money, I can tell you that.”

“Why, father, Susan Jones is not to blame for any thing that her father did, and I’m sure she is a pretty girl enough.”

“I don’t care if she is pretty; what’s that to me? I’ve got you through college, Joseph, and a hard time I’ve had of it, a delvin and slaving, and here you come, and the very first thing you do, you must take and court that ’ere Squire Jones’s daughter, who was always putting himself up above me; besides, I mean to have the law on that estate yet, and Deacon Dudley, he will have the law too, and it will cut off the best piece of land the girl has, and when you get married, I mean you shall *have* something. It’s jest a trick of them gals at me, but I guess I’ll come up with ’em yet. I’m just a goin’ down to have a ‘regular hash’ with old Silence to let her know she can’t come round me that way.”

* * * * *

“Silence,” said Susan, drawing her head into the window and looking apprehensive, “there is Mr. Adams coming here.”

“What, Joe Adams? well and what if he is?”

“No, no, sister—but it’s his father—it’s Uncle Jaw.”

“Well s’pose ’tis, child—what scares you?—s’pose I’m

afraid of him? If he wants more than I gave him last time I'll put it on." So saying, Miss Silence took her knitting-work, and marched down into the sitting-room, and sat herself bolt upright in an attitude of defiance, while poor Susan feeling her heart beat unaccountably fast, sat down, intending to quiet herself at her sewing.

"Well, good morning, Miss Silence," said Uncle Jaw, after having scraped his feet on the scraper, and scrubbed them on the mat nearly ten minutes in silent deliberation.

"Morning, sir," said Silence, abbreviating the "good;" "take a chair."

Uncle Jaw helped himself to a chair, directly in front of the enemy, dropped his hat on the floor, and surveyed Miss Silence with a dogged air of satisfaction, like one who is sitting down to a regular, comfortable quarrel, and means to make the most of it.

Miss Silence tossed her head disdainfully, but scorned to commence hostilities.

"So—Miss Silence," said Uncle Jaw, deliberately, "you don't think you'll do any thing about that 'ere matter."

"What matter?" said Silence, with an intonation resembling that of a roasted chestnut, when it bursts from the fire.

"I raily thought, Miss Silence, in that 'ere talk I had with you about Squire Jones's cheatin' about that 'ere—"

"Mr. Adams," said Silence, "I tell you, to begin with, I'm not a going to be sauced in this 'ere way by you. You ha'n't got common decency, nor common sense, nor common any thing else, to talk so to me about my father; I won't bear it, I tell you."

"Why, Miss Jones!" said Uncle Jaw, "how you talk! Well to be sure, Squire Jones is dead and gone, and it's as well not to call it cheatin', as I was tellin' Deacon Enos, [when he was talking about that 'ere lot—that 'ere lot, you

know, that he sold the deacon, and never let him have the deed on't."

"That's a lie," said Silence, starting on her feet; "that's an up and down black lie! I tell you that now before you say another word."

"Miss Silence, railyly you seem to be getting touchy," said Uncle Jaw; "well to be sure, if the deacon can let that pass, other folks can, and may be the deacon will, because Squire Jones was a church member, and the deacon is 'mazin' tender about bringing out any thing against professors; but railyly now, Miss Silence, I didn't think you and Susan were going to work it so cunning in this here way."

"I don't know what you mean, and what's more, I don't care," said Silence, resuming her work, and calling back the bolt upright dignity with which she began.

There was a pause of some moments, during which the features of Silence worked with suppressed rage, which was contemplated by Uncle Jaw with undisguised satisfaction.

"You see, I s'pose, I shouldn't a minded your Susan's setting out to court up my Joe, if it hadn't a been for those things."

"Courting your son! Mr. Adams, I should like to know what you mean by that. I'm sure nobody wants your son, though he's a civil likely fellow enough, yet with such an old dragon for a father I'll warrant he won't get any body to court him, nor be courted by him neither."

"Railyly, Miss Silence, you a'n't hardly civil now."

"Civil! I should like to know who *could* be civil? You know now, as well as I do, that you are saying all this out of clear sheer ugliness, and that's what you keep a doing all round the neighbourhood."

"Miss Silence," said Uncle Jaw, "I don't want no hard words with you. It's pretty much known round the neigh-

bourhood, that your Susan thinks she'll get my Joe, and I s'pose you *was* thinking that perhaps it would be the best way of settling up matters, but you see now I took and tell'd my son I raily didn't see as I could afford it ; I took and tell'd him that young folks must have something considerable to start with, and that if Susan lost that 'ere piece of ground, as is likely she will, it would be cutting off quite too much of a piece ; so you see I don't want you to take no encouragement about that."

"Well, I think this is pretty well," exclaimed Silence, provoked beyond measure or endurance, "you old torment ! think I don't know what you're at ? I and Susan courtin' your son ? I wonder if you a'n't ashamed of yourself now ? I should like to know what I or she have done now, to get the notion into your head ?"

"I didn't s'pose you 'spected to get him yourself," said Uncle Jaw, "for I guess by this time you've pretty much gin up trying, ha'n't ye ? But Susan does, I'm pretty much sure."

"Here, Susan ! Susan !—you—come down," called Miss Silence, in great wrath throwing open the chamber door. Mr. Adams wants to speak with you." Susan, fluttering and agitated, slowly descended into the room, where she stopped, and looked hesitatingly, first at Uncle Jaw, and then at her sister, who without ceremony, proposed the subject matter of the interview, as follows:—

"Now, Susan, here's this man pretends to say that you've been a courting and snaring to get his son, and I jest want you to tell him that you ha'n't never had no thought of him, and that you won't have neither."

This considerate way of announcing the subject had the effect of bringing the burning colour into Susan's face, as she stood like a convicted culprit, with her eyes bent on the floor.

Uncle Jaw, savage as he was, was always moved by female loveliness, as wild beasts are said to be mysteriously swayed by music, and looked on the beautiful downcast face with more softening than Miss Silence, who, provoked that Susan did not immediately respond to the question, seized her by the arm and eagerly reiterated,—

“Susau ! why don’t you speak, child !”

Gathering desperate courage, Susan shook off the hand of Silence, and straightened herself up with as much dignity as some little flower lifts up its head when it has been bent down by rain drops.

“Silence,” she said ; “I never would have come down, if I had thought it was to hear such things as this. Mr. Adams, all I have to say to you is, that your son has sought me, and not I your son. If you wish to know any more, he can tell you better than I.”

“Well, I swan ! she is a pretty girl,” said Uncle Jaw, as Susan shut the door.

This exclamation was involuntary—then recollecting himself, he picked up his hat, and saying, “Well, I guess I may as well get along hum,” he began to depart ; but turning round before he shut the door, he said, “Miss Silence, if you should conclude to do any thing about that ’ere fence, just send word over and let me know.”

Silence, without deigning any reply, marched up into Susan’s little chamber, where our heroine was treating resolution to a good fit of crying.

“Susan, I did not think you had been such a fool,” said the lady. “I do want to know now if you’ve raily been thinking of getting married, and to that Joe Adams of *all folks*.”

Poor Susan ! such an interlude in all her pretty romantic little dreams about kindred feelings and a hundred other

delightful ideas that flutter like singing-birds through the fairy-land of first love. Such an interlude ! to be called on by gruff human voices to give up all the cherished secrets that she had trembled to whisper even to herself. She felt as if love itself had been defiled by the coarse rough hands that had been meddling with it ; so to her sister's soothing address, Susan made no answer, only to cry and sob still more bitterly than before.

Miss Silence, if she had a great stout heart, had no less a kind one, and seeing Susan take the matter so bitterly to heart, she began gradually to subside.

"Susan, you poor little fool you," said she, at the same time giving her a hearty slap, as expressive of earnest sympathy, "I really do feel for you ; that good-for-nothing fellow has been a cheatin' you, I do believe."

"Oh, don't talk any more about it, for mercy's sake," said Susan, "I am sick of the whole of it."

"That's you, Susan ! glad to hear you say so ! I'll stand up for you, Susan ; if I catch Joe Adams coming here again with his palavering face, I'll let him know !"

"No ! no !—don't for mercy's sake say any thing to Mr. Adams, *don't* !"

"Well, child, don't claw hold of a body so ! well, at any rate, I'll just let Joe Adams know that we ha'n't nothing more to say to him."

"But I don't wish to say that—that is—I don't know—indeed, sister Silence, don't say any thing about it."

"Why not ; you a'n't such a *natural* now, as to want to marry him after all, hey ?"

"I don't know what I want, nor what I don't want ; only Silence do now, if you love me, do promise not to say any thing at all to Mr. Adams—don't."

"Well then I won't," said Silence ; "but Susan, if you

raily was in love all this while, why ha'n't you been and told me? Don't you know that I'm as much as a mother to you, and you ought to have told me in the beginning?"

"I don't know, Silence!—I couldn't—I don't want to talk about it."

"Well, Susan, you a'n't a bit like me," said Silence—a remark evincing great discrimination, certainly, and with which the conversation terminated.

That very evening our friend Joseph walked down toward the dwelling of the sisters, not without some anxiety for the result, for he knew by his father's satisfied appearance, that war had been declared. He walked into the family-room, and found nobody there but Miss Silence, who was sitting grim as an Egyptian sphinx, stitching very vigorously on a meal-bag, in which interesting employment she thought proper to be so engaged, as not to remark the entrance of our hero. To Joseph's accustomed "Good evening, Miss Silence," she replied merely by looking up with a cold nod, and went on with her sewing. It appeared that she had determined on a literal version of her promise, not to say any thing to Mr. Adams.

Our hero, as we have before stated, was familiar with the crooks and turns of the female mind, and mentally resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and give Miss Silence no encouragement in her attempt to make him feel himself unwelcome. It was rather a frosty autumnal evening, and the fire on the hearth was decaying. Mr. Joseph bustled about most energetically, throwing down the tongs, and shovel, and bellows, while he pulled the fire to pieces, raked out ashes and brands, and then in a twinkling was at the woodpile, from whence he selected a massive back-log, and forestick, with accompaniments, which were soon roaring and crackling in the chimney.

"There now, that does look something like comfort,"

said our hero, and drawing forward the big rocking-chair, he seated himself in it and rubbed his hands with an air of great complacency. Miss Silence looked not up, but stitched so much the faster, so that one might distinctly hear the crack of the needle, and the whistle of the thread, all over the apartment.

"Have you a headache to-night, Miss Silence?"

"No;" was the gruff answer.

"Are you in a hurry about those bags?" said he, glancing at a pile of unmade ones which lay by her side.

No reply. "Hang it all!" said our hero to himself, "I'll make her speak."

Miss Silence's needle-book and brown thread lay on a chair beside her. Our friend helped himself to a needle and thread, and taking one of the bags, planted himself bolt upright opposite to Miss Silence, and pinning his work to his knee, commenced stitching at a rate fully equal to her own.

Miss Silence looked up and fidgeted, but went on with her work faster than before, but the faster she worked, the faster and steadier worked our hero, all in "marvellous silence." There began to be an odd twitching about the muscles of Miss Silence's face; our hero took no notice, having pursed his features into an expression of unexampled gravity, which only grew more intense, as he perceived by certain uneasy movements, that the adversary was beginning to waver.

As they were sitting, stitching away, their needles whizzing at each other like a couple of locomotives engaged in conversation, Susan opened the door.

The poor child had been crying for the greater part of her spare time during the day, and was in no very merry humour, but the moment that her astonished eyes comprehended the scene, she burst into a fit of almost inextinguish-

able merriment, while Silence laid down her needle and looked half perplexed and half angry. Our hero, however, continued his business with inflexible perseverance, unpinning his work and moving the seam along, deliberately waxing his thread, threading his needle, and going on with increased velocity.

Poor Miss Silence was at length vanquished, and joined in the loud laugh which seemed to convulse her sister. Whereupon our hero unpinned his work, and folding it up, looked up at her with all the assurance of impudence triumphant, and remarked to Susan :

“Your sister had such a pile of these pillow-cases to make that she was quite discouraged, and has engaged me to do a half dozen of them ; when I first came in she was so busy she could not even speak to me.”

“Well, if you a’n’t the beater for impudence !” said Miss Silence.

“The beater for *industry*—so I thought,” rejoined our hero.

Susan, who had been in a highly tragical state of mind all day, and who was meditating on nothing less sublime than an eternal separation from her lover, which she had imagined, with all the affecting attendants and consequents, was entirely revolutionized by the unexpected turn thus given to her ideas, while our hero pursued the opportunity he had made for himself, and exerted his powers of entertainment to the utmost, till Miss Silence, declaring that if she had been washing all day, she should not have been more tired than she was with laughing, took up her candle, and good-naturedly left our young people to settle matters between themselves. There was a grave pause of some length when she had departed, which was broken by our hero, who, seating himself by Susan, inquired very seriously, if his father had made proposals of marriage to Miss Silence that morning.

"No, you provoking creature!" said Susan, at the same time laughing at the absurdity of the idea.

"Well now, don't draw on your long face again, Susan," said Joseph, "you have been trying to lengthen it down all the evening, if I would have let you. Seriously, now, I know that something painful passed between my father and you this morning, but I shall not inquire what it was. I only tell you frankly that he has expressed his disapprobation of our engagement, forbidden me to go on with it, and—"

"And consequently I release you from all engagements or obligations to me, even before you ask it," said Susan.

"You are extremely accommodating," replied Joseph, "but I can't promise to be as obliging in giving up certain promises made to me—unless, indeed, the feelings that dictated them should have changed."

"Oh, no—no, indeed," said Susan earnestly; "you know it is not that, but if your father objects to me—"

"If my father objects to you, he is welcome not to marry you," said Joseph.

"Now, Joseph, do be serious," said Susan.

"Well then, seriously, Susan, I know my obligation to my father, and in all that relates to his comfort I will ever be dutiful and submissive, for I have no college-boy pride on the subject of submission, but in a matter so individually my own as the choice of a wife, in a matter that will most likely affect my happiness years and years after he has ceased to be, I hold that I have a right to consult my own inclinations, and by your leave, my dear little lady, I shall take that liberty."

"But then if your father is made angry, you know what sort of a man he is; and how could I stand in the way of all your prospects?"

"Why, my dear Susan, do you think I count myself dependent upon my father, like the heir of an English estate, who has nothing to do but sit still and wait for money to

come to him?—No! I have energy and education to start with, and if I cannot take care of myself and you too, then cast me off and welcome,” and as Joseph spoke, his fine face glowed with a conscious power, which unfettered youth never feels so fully as in America,—he paused a moment and resumed, “Nevertheless, Susan, I respect my father—whatever others may say of him, I shall never forget that I owe to his hard earnings the education that enables me to do or be any thing, and I shall not wantonly or rudely cross him. I do not despair of gaining his consent; my father has a great partiality for pretty girls, and if his love of contradiction is not kept awake by open argument, I will trust to time and you to bring him round—but whatever comes, rest assured, my dearest one, I have chosen for life, and cannot change.”

The conversation after this took a turn which may readily be imagined by all who have been in the same situation, and will therefore need no further illustration.

* * * * *

“Well, Deacon, raily I don’t know what to think now: there’s my Joe—he’s took and been a courting that ’ere Susan,” said Uncle Jaw.

’ This was the introduction to one of Uncle Jaw’s periodical visits to Deacon Enos, who was sitting with his usual air of mild abstraction, looking into the coals of a bright November fire, while his busy helpmate was industriously rattling her knitting-needles by his side.

A close observer might have suspected that this was *no news* to the good deacon, who had given a great deal of good advice, in private, to Master Joseph of late; but he only relaxed his features into a quiet smile, and ejaculated, “I want to know!”

“Yes, and raily, Deacon, that ’ere gal is a rail pretty

un. I was a tellin' my folks, that our new minister's wife was a fool to her."

"And so your son is going to marry her?" said the good lady; "I knew that long ago."

"Well—no,—not so fast; ye see there's two to that bargain yet. You see, Joe, he never said a word to me, but took and courted the gal out of his own head, and when I come to know,—says I, 'Joe,' says I, 'that 'ere gal won't do for me,' and I took and tell'd him then about that 'ere old fence, and all about that old mill, and them medders of mine, and I tell'd him too about that 'ere lot of Susan's; and I should like to know now, Deacon, how that lot business is a going to turn out."

"Judge Smith and Squire Moseley say that my claim to it will stand," said the deacon.

"They do?" said Uncle Jaw with much satisfaction; "s'pose then you'll sue, won't you?"

"I don't know," replied the deacon meditatively.

Uncle Jaw was thoroughly amazed; that any one should have doubts about entering suit for a fine piece of land, when sure of obtaining it, was a problem quite beyond his powers of solving.

"You say your son has courted the girl," said the deacon after a long pause; "that strip of land is the best part of Susan's share; I paid down five hundred dollars on the nail for it; I've got papers here that Judge Smith and Squire Moseley say will stand good in any court of law."

Uncle Jaw pricked up his ears, and was all attention, eyeing with eager looks the packet; but to his disappointment, the deacon deliberately laid it into his desk, shut and locked it, and resumed his seat.

"Now, railly," said Uncle Jaw, "I should like to know the particulars."

"Well, well," said the deacon, "the lawyers will be at my house to-morrow evening, and if you have any concern about it, you may as well come along."

Uncle Jaw wondered all the way home at what he could have done to get himself into the confidence of the old deacon, who he rejoiced to think was agoing to "take" and go to law like other folks.

The next day there was an appearance of some bustle and preparation about the deacon's house; the best room was opened and aired; an oven full of cake was baked, and our friend Joseph, with a face full of business, was seen passing to and fro, in and out of the house, from various closetings with the deacon. The deacon's lady bustled about the house with an air of wonderful mystery, and even gave her directions about eggs and raisins in a whisper, lest they should possibly let out some eventful secret.

The afternoon of that day Joseph appeared at the house of the sisters, stating that there was to be company at the deacon's that evening, and he was sent to invite them.

"Why, what's got into the deacon's folks lately," said Silence, "to have company so often? Joe Adams, this 'ere is some 'cut up' of yours. Come, what are you up to now?"

"Come, come, dress yourselves and get ready," said Joseph, and stepping up to Susan as she was following Silence out of the room, he whispered something into her ear, at which she stopped short and coloured violently.

"Why, Joseph, what do you mean?"

"It is so," said he.

"No, no, Joseph; no, I can't, indeed I can't."

"But you *can*, Susan."

"Oh, Joseph, don't."

"Oh, Susan, *do*."

"Why how strange, Joseph."

"Come, come, my dear, you keep me waiting. If you

have any objections on the score of propriety, we will talk about them *to-morrow*;" and our hero looked so saucy and so resolute, that there was no disputing farther; so after a little more lingering and blushing on Susan's part; and a few kisses and persuasions on the part of the suitor, Miss Susan seemed to be brought to a state of resignation.

* * * * *

At a table in the middle of Uncle Enos's north front room were seated the two lawyers, whose legal opinion was that evening to be fully made up. The younger of these, Squire Moseley, was a rosy, portly, laughing little bachelor, who boasted that he had offered himself in rotation to every pretty girl within twenty miles round, and among others to Susan Jones, notwithstanding which he still remained a bachelor, with a fair prospect of being one day an old one; but none of these things disturbed the boundless flow of good nature and complacency, with which he seemed at all times full to overflowing. On the present occasion, he seemed to be particularly in his element; as if he had some law business in hand remarkably suited to his tune of mind, for on finishing the inspection of the papers, he started up, slapped his graver brother on the back, made two or three flourishes round the room, and then seizing the old deacon's hand, shook it violently, exclaiming—

"All's right, Deacon—all's right—go it!—go it!—hurrah!"

When Uncle Jaw entered, the deacon without preface handed him a chair and the papers, saying—

"These papers are what you wanted to see. I just wish you would read them over."

Uncle Jaw read them deliberately over. "Didn't I tell ye so, deacon? the case is clear as a bell—now ye will go to law, won't you?"

"Look here, Mr. Adams; now, you have seen these

papers and heard what's to be said, and now I'll make you an offer. Let your son marry Susan Jones, and I'll burn these papers and say no more about it, and there won't be a girl in the parish with a finer portion."

Uncle Jaw opened his eyes with amazement, and looked at the old man, his mouth gradually expanding wider and wider, as if he hoped in time to swallow the idea.

"Well now, I swan!" at length he ejaculated.

"I mean just as I say," said the deacon.

"Why that's the same as giving the gal five hundred dollars out of your own pocket, and she a'n't no relation neither."

"I know it," said the deacon; "but I have said I will do it."

"What upon 'arth for?" said Uncle Jaw.

"To make peace," said the deacon, "and to let you know that when I say it's better to give up one's rights than to quarrel, I mean so. I'm an old man; my children are dead—his voice faltered—my treasures are laid up in heaven; if I can make the children happy, why I will. When I thought I had lost the land, I made up my mind to lose it, and so I can now."

Uncle Jaw looked fixedly on the old deacon, and said—

"Well, Deacon, I believe you. I vow, if you ha'n't got something ahead in t'other world, I'd like to know who has, that's all; so if Joe has no objections, and I rather guess he won't have—"

"The short of the matter is," said the Squire, "we'll have a wedding, so come on;" and with that he threw open the parlour door, where stood Susan and Joseph, in a recess by the window, while Silence and the Rev. Mr. Bissel were drawn up by the fire, and the deacon's lady was sweeping up the hearth, as she had been doing ever since the party arrived.

Instantly Joseph took the hand of Susan, and led her to the middle of the room; the merry squire seized the hand of Miss Silence, and placed her as bridesmaid, and before any one could open their mouths, the ceremony was in actual progress, and the minister having been previously instructed, made the two one with extraordinary celerity.

"What! what! what!" said Uncle Jaw. "Joseph!—Deacon!—"

"Fair bargain, sir," said the squire. "Hand over your papers, Deacon."

The deacon handed them, and the squire having read them aloud, proceeded with much ceremony to throw them into the fire—after which, in a mock-solemn oration, he gave a statement of the whole affair, and concluded with a grave exhortation to the new couple on the duties of wedlock, which unbent the risibles even of the minister himself.

"Well, these are pretty doings," said Uncle Jaw, trying with all his might not to be pleased. "I'd like to know, Joseph, who's a goin' to pay your publishin' fines, that's all!"

"Oh," said Squire Moseley, "I guess, Mr. Adams, you didn't go to meetin' at the south parish, yesterday, or you would have heard about that matter. We lawyers see to things in time, I tell you."

Uncle Jaw looked at his pretty daughter-in-law, who stood half-smiling, half-blushing, receiving the congratulations of the party, and then at Miss Silence, who appeared full as much taken by surprise as himself.

"Well, well, Miss Silence, these 'ere young folks have come round us slick enough," said he. "I don't see but we must shake hands upon it." And the warlike powers shook hands accordingly, which was a signal for general merriment.

As the company were dispersing, Miss Silence laid hold of the good deacon, and by main strength dragged him aside: "Deacon," said she, "I take back all that 'ere I said to you, every word on't."

"Don't say any more about it, Miss Silence," said the good man, "it's gone by, and let it go."

"Joseph!" said his father the next morning as he was sitting at breakfast with Joseph and Susan, "I calculate I shall feel kinder proud of this 'ere gal! and I'll tell you what, I'll jest give you that nice little delicate Stanton place that I took on Stanton's mortgage—it's a nice little place, with green blinds, and flowers, and all them things, just right for Susan."

And accordingly, many happy years flew over the heads of the young couple in the Stanton place, long after the hoary hairs of their kind benefactor, the deacon, were laid with reverence in the dust. Uncle Jaw was so far wrought upon by the magnanimity of the good old man, as to be very materially changed for the better. Instead of quarrelling in real earnest, all around the neighbourhood, he confined himself merely to battling the opposite side of every question with his son, which, as the latter was somewhat of a logician, afforded a pretty good field for the exercise of his powers, and he was heard to declare at the funeral of the old deacon, that, "after all, a man got as much, and may be more, to go along as the deacon did, than to be all the time fisting and jawing; though I tell you what it is," said he afterwards, "t'a'nt every one that has the deacon's *faculty* any how."

THE PARTING OF CHARLES I. WITH HIS CHILDREN.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

CHARLES I. after his trial, requested permission to see his children. His desire was granted, though all that remained of his family in England, were but the Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester, a child of about three years of age.

It was mid-winter's hour. The short-lived day
Pour'd its last, feeble sunbeams through a sky
Heavy with curtaining clouds ; and the full sigh
Of the half-wearied north-wind died away
In a low, voice-like moan, that seem'd to tell
A tale of fearful omens. All was still
In London's countless streets, saving, perchance,
Where rival mobs met with distrustful glance,
And imprecations deep ; or when some shout,
From an unruly populace, burst out,
Like a caged monster, as he tries his chain,
And seeks, with yells, his freedom to regain.

But who was she, that graceful girl,
That with one vassal old attending,
Moved on her way, with many a curl
Of rich and wavy gold descending
From out the ermine mantle, spread
In thick folds o'er her youthful head ;
Which oft, in love, she open'd wide,
To gaze upon the infant face
Of a sweet boy, who, by her side,
Walk'd, hand in hand, with weary pace,
Till, when she caught one wild, fierce sound,
That nearer grew, unto her mind,
Raising him gently from the ground,
With slender arms around him twined,
She flew, nor stay'd her steps once more,
Till safe within a palace door ?

“ Thank God ! that we are here, at last ; ” so sobb'd
The young Elizabeth, as to the breast
Of her fond royal sire, she closely press'd
Her cheek, that gleam'd, like some pale lily, robb'd
Of its pure health-tinge. Then a fearful blast
Of grief came o'er her spirit, and she shook
Like a frail reed o'er which the storm hath pass'd ;
Till, with a calm, fix'd, melancholy look,
As if the blood was curdling at her heart,
She whisper'd slowly, “ Father ! must we part ?
Is there no hope to cling to ? No delay,
E'en though I kneel and humbly for it pray ? ”

Alas ! for him, what tongue can tell
The depth of that good monarch's sorrow,
Now doom'd to bid a last farewell
To his fair children—since, to-morrow,

Guiltless of wrong, he yields his life,
To stay a nation's savage strife !
With loving kiss, he closed each lid
Of the tired boy, who, at his feet,
With eyes of violet blue, half-hid,
Lay now in rosy slumber sweet ;
Then, smoothing back the silken hair,
Which, like a floating sunset cloud,
Hung o'er his daughter's forehead fair,
Low o'er her heaving form he bow'd,
And in soft tones, by grief oft broken,
His sad, paternal thoughts were spoken.

“ Look up ! look up ! Elizabeth, I cannot brook to see
This agony, that weighs upon thy spirit, young, and free ;
Calmly I view'd the storm that soon upon my head must
break,
But now, *almost* I could repine, beloved one ! for thy sake.

Oh ! wherefore is it thus ? why should a being pure as
thou
Be link'd unto such hapless lot as hangs o'er me e'en
now ?
Why did I barter love and peace thus thoughtlessly away,
To sit on an unsteady throne in royalty's array ?

Would that a peasant's lot were mine : unknowing and un-
known
To dwell with some few, faithful hearts, all fearless and
alone ;
To see the sunbeam happiness, light up my fond wife's
face,
Or watch my healthful children sport, like fawns, in garden
place.

But no, forgive me, oh ! my God ! there is no other home
Where perfect bliss is steadfast found, save in a world to
 come ;
And though to-morrow's light may gleam upon a headless
 king,
With mercy's aid, my soul will soar unto life's fountain
 spring.

Nay, shudder not, sweet daughter mine, and cling not thus
 in dread,
As if a poison'd arrow through thy startled brain had sped ;
But nerve thy breaking spirit-strings, and listen while I give
Some messages of love for her who, for your sakes, must
 live.

Oh ! tell her, my Elizabeth ! that England's queenly flower
Must bow not 'neath the tempter's might in this o'erwhelm-
 ing hour,
But cleave unto the one true faith as I thy sire, have done,
Nor let her precious children stray, and grieve their mar-
 tyr'd one.

•And say, too, how I oft have pray'd that God would bless
 the care
With which, in all my public woes, she took a willing share ;
And for that tried affection, dear, that made my private
 hearth
Beam, like a pleasant resting-place, amid a troubled earth.

Sentenced to death, I am, indeed : yet may my eldest son
Harbour no thoughts of dark revenge, or crime, when I am
 gone ;
But in devotedness watch o'er his mother, sisters, and
Yon infant, who would sooner die, he cried, than rule the
 land.

And now, my gentle dove, farewell ! a father's blessing rest
On her who ne'er hath set one thorn within her parent's
breast ;

But, like a gladsome singing-bird, with music sweet and
good,

Hath often soothed to cheerfulness my spirit's wayward
mood.

Yes, go, beloved Elizabeth, look up to Heaven, my child ;
And plead, until it grant thy soul a resignation mild ;
Stay, but one last embrace, no more, until we dwell
In that far world, where none must learn the bitter word,
farewell."

And with caresses fond, he placed
The blooming and unconscious sleeper,
Who yet of grief scarce knew the taste,
In charge of the now much-moved keeper ;
Then, breaking from her arms, whose clasp
Was stronger made by wild despair,
As if, in that close, fervent grasp,
She sought a refuge 'gainst all care,
He gave her to the faithful friend,
Who long had stood in silent wo
Waiting this parting's mournful end,
Till, weeping now, he turn'd to go.
One cry his daughter gave ; one shriek
Of " Father ! father !" broke upon
The sinking monarch's senses weak,
A moment more, and they were gone.

Charleston, S. C.

THE BRIDE.

BY MILO MAHAN.

It was a beautiful evening in the autumn of 1778, while the war was still raging between Great Britain and her colonies, that a patriarchal negro, with snowy hair and wrinkled brow, was airing himself in the piazza of a shattered old country seat, on the banks of York river. The moon just rising behind a promontory some distance down towards Chesapeake bay, threw a long lurid column of light across the smooth surface of the water. The crickets faintly chirping, and the ceaseless din of the everlasting katydid, mingling with the low gusts of a fitful breeze, that drove three or four dark clouds before it just along the verge of the horizon, gave a kind of emphasis to the solemn silence of a scene that appeared the very picture of loneliness. The old house had once been the favourite residence of the Stewarts; but after the death of the last owner, it had gradually fallen to decay, hastened no doubt by the violence of the foraging parties, who sometimes swept along the banks of the river. The shutters hanging by a single hinge, or creaking upon two, were slamming backwards and forwards against the broken windows; the outhouses were torn down, and partly taken off for firewood, and partly strewed in fragments over the ground;

the garden, whose limits were now marked by the woful ruins of a fence, was whitened with the rank but graceful flowers of the Jamestown weed ; and the trees, which once formed the pride and the beauty of "Maple Hollow," were either cut down by the foragers, or left rising in a few blackened shafts, the very ghost of that vegetable life which had departed.

Poor old Stephen was now the only human being about these melancholy premises. Brought up to a life of ease and indolence in the light service of the late Mr. Stewart, he had been found in his old age too cumbersome a piece of furniture to follow any fragment of the family in their wandering course after the old man's decease. Day after day he sat lonely but contented in this out-of-the-way place, gazing with a philosophic air upon the calm waters of the river, and supplying the want of a companion by continually soliloquizing on the passing changes of the weather, or such other thoughts as his situation might inspire.

On the evening in which we have chosen to introduce him to the reader, his thoughts seemed considerably less placid than usual. His gestures, which on ordinary occasions merely supplied the place of half a tongue, now formed the staple of his speech, and his foot stamped, and his fist clenched, as he kept exclaiming in a low emphatic mutter, "Well, 'twon't do—'twon't do—no how can fix it; here's mass' Ned wants a marry young missus; tell me! Gosh! an' massa Charles 'as home, I reckon's how he'd tell anoder story, or my name ain't Misser Stephen Stewart, Esquire. I lib wid de great folks long enough 'a know as how to know it's no good 'a marry when de young missus ain't willing. Pretty 'sponsibility, to be sure! He marry! Lor' 'a mercy! here he's left de good old place to rot an' burn, and a'most plaguing de sweet young lady 'a death jist to git a wife, when he don' know how to treat

de ole servans better dan a cart horse ! And den her ole fader, a guine 'a give away his daughter, when her heart's a'most a breakin' for Mass' Charles ! He marry ! mercy on us ! I wonner what's a guine to come next. 'Twon' do—'twon' do, no how can fix it !"

Saying these words with a great deal of emphasis, old Stephen shook his head very sagely three or four times, and looking up, was surprised to see a tight, well-built schooner, just gliding like a swan from behind a cluster of trees that had hitherto concealed her course up the river. Her tall raking masts and her taut rigging, showed an attention to beauty and neatness, that distinguished her from the wretched craft that usually plied along these waters. And though there was no one to be seen on the deck except the solitary pilot, the crowd of sail, and the extraordinary compactness of her rigging gave evidence of a numerous and skilful crew. Stephen's thoughts were easily turned into another channel. Leaning over the frail railing, his whole soul seemed to have come up into his eyes as he watched the beautiful vessel, now gliding majestically in the middle of the stream, now showing her snow-white topsails over the clumps of foliage, and now seeming but a dark, shapeless mass, as she passed like the spectres of conscience across the silvery track of the moonbeams. The graceful machine had now come in front of the piazza ; and in a moment, as if by magic, her prow was hove round, her sails were shivering in the breeze as they fell towards the deck, and the creak of the windlass, with the dull heavy splash of the anchor, showed that her course was ended. In another moment a boat put off from her side ; the quick word of authority broke startlingly upon the stillness of night, and the waves sparkled as the well-manned boat shot like a flash into the cove.

"Oho !" muttered old Stephen, who had looked with an

eye of wonder on the strange appearance of the vessel, "I reckon it a'n't no good them folks arter, no how can fix it. Who knows but what day de brack parrats—brast der nigger faces! spose now I jist shuts de door, and keeps close till dey makes off agin; 'twon't do nobody no harm, will it?"

His own thoughts giving a satisfactory answer to this question, he soon drew himself into his den, and crouching in an upper room, where he might see without being seen, he awaited the result with fear and trembling. "Dere a comes!" he first exclaimed, drawing in a long breath. "Dere comes de broody niggurs what won' let a body be. Pshaw! only one man arter all! a wonner who he is. Neber a min' Misser Stephen Stewart, Esq. You keep close, says I; maybe's Old Scratch himself for all I know. Don't I 'member once when a young missus went a see Miss Harriet and dere was nobody in de house beside, dey went to bed, an' jist as missus was gettin' in, she seed a great brack foot under de bed; but she didn't scream! O Lor' 'a mercy, if you parrat a'n't a comin' right up to de house! what a hat he's got! I reckon der's a dozen pistols under dat brack cloak. O mercy! how he bangs a' door."

Stephen, no longer able to see the stranger, and hearing only these loud knocks that resounded dismally through the solitary mansion, affrighting the bat and the owl from their slumbers, could only listen in unfeigned terror. "Lor' 'a mercy!" he groaned between his teeth, "if he a'n't kickin' de door down!"

At this moment a long mournful hoot rung through the lonely chambers, and gave a new quickness to the beatings of Stephen's heart. He stole a furtive glance back over his shoulders, and there, just where the moonlight streamed in from the window, sat a great horned screech-owl, looking

with a face full of wisdom, right into the eyes of the terrified negro. He tried to repeat the words of a prayer, but memory failed him, and his tongue refused to move. He could stand this no longer; giving a frightful yell, which awoke the chorus of all the owls in the house, he sprung from the chamber, and made haste to open the door to the stranger, who was now shouting for admittance at the very top of his lungs. The guest was a tall military-looking man, still in the prime of life, but with a countenance somewhat marked by the furrows of passion. His eye was dark, quick, and piercing, and though his whole deportment showed the calmness of a well-bred gentleman, there was a lurking expression which marked the presence of a fire within, that might burst out on a more exciting occasion.

"Why have you not answered sooner?" was his first question, in a low, quick tone of voice, that gave a new force to the thumps of Stephen's heart.

"Didn't hear, massa; old niggur hard a' hearing. Won't a massa walk in, and take off' cloak? Couldn' git de door open no sooner, 'clare I couldn'. Better take off' cloak, massa—fire in de parlour—chilly out a doors, an'—"

"Silence!" rejoined the other with the same quiet sternness of expression; "Silence, and get a light here immediately—do you hear?"

"Ought a know dat voice a reckon," muttered Stephen as he busied himself with the light; "ought a know dat voice, but old niggur bad memory—can't say for life who 'tis. Here's de light, massa," he continued in a louder tone; "de ole house not so good as 'twas once—don't keep candles; de broody red-coats—brast deir niggur faces!—carry ebery ting out o' de country; and de congress money's a good for nothin' now. Massa Ned, too, don't help his daddy's ole niggur; howeber, ole Stephen's not de

man as tell tales out o' de family. Reckon Massa Ned's a leetle fond o' de British, an' de yallow money."

"Who is it you're talking about?" inquired the stranger with some interest.

"Lor' a massa, didn' mean no harm; only Massa Edward Stewart don't help de poor sarvant; 'members de time when he an' Massa Charles were no bigger dan a water-million, an' a use a take 'em 'bout de country in my arms; but times is change, I reckon. Massa Ned's a guine a marry, dey say—some says as how young missus a'n't over fond o' de match; but Misser Stephen Stewart neber tells tales out o' de family; guess I could tell a reason; Miss Emily's neber held her head up since Massa Charles went away. Nobody knows what made de old man make him swear dat 'ere foolish oath."

"Well, what was the oath, Stephen? since that seems to be your name," carelessly asked the guest, as the old negro here paused to take breath.

"Yes, massa, Misser Stephen Stewart, Esquire; some calls me Misser Stephen Stanley Stewart, but I don't care about de Stanley—a matter o' de difference, as old massa use a say. What was de oath? why nothin' only jist as old massa was a guine to die, he calls up Massa Ned and young Massa Charles, 'an',' says he—I was a standin' by de foot o' de bed as a 'itness—b'lieve old massa had some noshin o' makin' me his 'xecator, but I spose he f'got it. 'Well,' says he,—de old gen'leman spoke so slow an' solemn de tear stood in my eye,—says he, 'my sons, I am going to die, and I wish to leave you in peace with one another. I have long observed that you have both set your affections on Miss Reed, an amiable lady, and worthy of any man's love,'—I 'members ebery word as if 'twere yisterday—'But,' says he, 'as both cannot marry her, and a

further urging of your suits will only lead to quarrels, I wish you now to swear, as you value a father's blessing, that you will proceed no further in the matter. In my will I have divided my fortune between you, each to possess the portion of the other in case of his dying without issue. I have now to entreat of you, that so soon as my affairs are settled, you will both leave the country, and not return again until at least five years after my death. Now swear this, my sons, and let your father depart in peace.' When de old man had spoken dese very words,—he spoke so slow I 'membered every word he said—when he was a done speakin' dey both stared at each other, but nary one stirred a step. At last, turning to Massa Charles, who was always de most open-hearted and always de kindest to de sarvans, though a leetle hot now and den,—says he, 'Charles, will *you refuse* to smooth your old father's passage from the world?' Massa Charles couldn' stand this no longer. 'No,' says he, 'my father, though my heart is bursting, I will not prefer my pleasure to yours. I swear I will do all you have begged us.' Arter dis, Massa Harry also swore, but such a way as if he didn' mean to keep his promise a day. And de old man bressed 'em and turned over in his bed, and died. Well dey both goes off; but arter a while, jist as we all 'spected, back comes Massa Ned, and saying dat Massa Charles was dead, he gets de fortune, and begs old Matthew Reed for his daughter. De old man snapped at de bait as greedy as a gudgeon. And eber since dat, dere's been nothing but coaxin' and scoldin' from one end to t'other. Young missus 'membered Massa Charles too well to bite so easy. But dey've plagued her and crossed her till de poor ting's a'most crazy, and I hear dey're guine to make her marry dis evening, whe'r she will or no. Some says as how dey're guine up to York

wid de bride, to be safer fro' de 'lisha; but I isn't 'vited, so I don' know how dat is."

"This night, did you say?" asked the stranger, breaking in with a dry, husky tone, very different from his usual voice.

"Dis night! dis night! Lor' 'a mercy, if it a'n't Massa Charles himself—I wonner where's de ole niggur's eyes!—An' where you been all dis time? An' why didn' you tell me 'twas you? I s'pose your head full of larnin' now? Young Massa always fond o' books. A'n't you guine to stay, now you come so sudden?"

With these and a flood of similar questions, which he did not wait to have answered, the old negro strained the young wanderer to his breast, in the most affectionate and familiar manner. But Charles Stewart was now in no humour for trifles. He gently, but firmly, disengaged himself from the grasp of the old domestic, and strode with a long, impatient step, up and down the room, in a mood which even Stephen thought too sacred to meddle with. The silence was at last broken by a loud knock at the door.

"Shill a let 'em in, massa?" said Stephen, in a tone much more subdued than usual.

"Certainly; but stay, take care that you don't blab about my being here, or show that you know any thing of my affairs. You hear, Stephen?"

"Yes, massa," replied the negro, as he went with some trembling to unbar the door to his new visitors. They proved to be the very bridal party in question, who, frightened by the thick, black clouds, which had now begun to overspread the sky, had determined to stop at the old place until the tempest was over. There was a numerous escort of young ladies and gentlemen on horseback, with a minister of the neighbourhood, the father of the young lady, and two or three British officers, who now gave their attendance

at the marriage of one whom they had all long admired. Leaving their horses in the yard, they all poured merrily into the old ruinous chamber, where Charles Stewart, keeping himself away from the glare, passed in a measure unnoticed, except by old Stephen's answering to a casual question, that he was a stranger who had put in there on account of the storm. The new guests were not long in making themselves at home. The light wood blazed cheerily in the huge, old-fashioned fire-place, and the young folks amused themselves by laughing, talking, and expounding riddles. The ghastly appearance of the room at last suggested an experiment more in unison with the melancholy of the place. It was proposed by one that they should all try their fortunes. As this motion was eagerly seconded, in a short time they were all seated in a circle around the hearth, each one opposite a small hole, surrounded by nine new pins, which it was the proprietor's duty to keep constantly replenished with water, all in the meanwhile preserving the most unbroken silence. The result of all this was to be, that if they sat long enough and observed the directions, a funeral procession would at last walk in the door, with a coffin corresponding to each of the individuals concerned, and the shadow of the future helpmate depicted on top. This plan being unanimously approved of, the older folks seated themselves in a quiet corner, the younger in a circle around the fire-place, and old Stephen quietly dozed away in a cosy corner near the door. Perfect silence now reigned in the party; the fire crackled and sparkled, throwing huge flitting shadows against the old-fashioned wainscoats; the tar trickled slowly down from the burning light-wood in great black drops that fell hissing and spluttering into the ashes; and the party cast pale, stealthy glances at each other, as the winds began to whistle without, and the low muttering thunder rolled on

louder and louder from the distance. The bride, pale, serious, and lonely, sat by the window looking upon the rising fury of the elements with a countenance from which all mirth seemed to have departed for ever. There was a more than Grecian symmetry in the calm repose of her features; her dress was of the most simple kind; a single diamond sparkling upon her snow-white brow, was the only ornament that she could be prevailed on to wear; and as she sat with her pale face reposing on that delicate hand, where the blue veins pursued their wandering course in almost fearful distinctness of outline, and her eye steadily fixed on the darkness without, she might have been taken for some beautiful statue, or for an impersonation of that sweet vision of

“ Patience sitting on her monument,
Smiling at Grief.”

Not far off sat the bridegroom, little at ease, as could be seen from the hasty, suspicious glances he sometimes cast round the chamber. Conscience would give him no rest; but how much more would he have trembled, had he recognised that dark eye which was fixed alternately on him and his victim from the opposite corner of the room. The father of the bride, a mean, shuffling figure, was reposing himself at no great distance, and the rest of the company, with the exception of those near the fire-place, were sitting silently observing their neighbours, or pursuing their wandering fancies into other scenes and actions. The storm was now raging in its madness. The winds whistled like fiends around the frail old mansion, and the far-off doors and shutters creaked and slammed in the tempest, while the hailstones rattled against the roof and windows, shaking the soot down the chimney, and half extinguishing the light-wood that flared in the fire-place. The deep-toned thunder burst in volleys overhead, and rolled away to the

distance. And the lightning sometimes blazed in a living flash that gave a momentary glow to the landscape, and left it in tenfold darkness. Imagination lent her terrors to those of the storm. In the solemn silence, a cold, creeping fear had seized on the liveliest fancies, and spread that nervous tremor through the circle, which made them almost afraid to breathe. The shadows against the wall were now increased to a gigantic size, as the light sunk down in the old-fashioned fire-place. The barking of dogs, the howling of wolves, and the shrieking of owls, seemed horribly mingled with the roar of the tempest; some imagined they could hear the slow, solemn step of a funeral procession in the rooms above them, others turned pale at the melancholy notes of the funeral dirge, while others distinctly heard the voices of grooms and the neighing of horses, as of a cavalcade alighting at the doors. All eyes were now turned involuntarily towards the door; there was a sound as of a low, rustling motion in the passage; the door creaked and fell slightly ajar; all drew in their breaths and shivered with horror, as they anxiously looked out for what would come next. But here, old Stephen, who had been awoken by the storm, and had sat for some time looking round in dumb amazement, broke the charm which had spell-bound the assembly, by slowly rising up and exclaiming, "Young massas and missus may do what dey please, I reckons, but old niggur's not a guine to have de devil here dis night, no how can fix it." So saying, he placed his chair firmly against the door, and calmly composed himself again to his favourite nap.

The storm had now passed over as suddenly as it had arisen. The moon was shining out from the inky fragments of the clouds, and down towards the river the neat outline of the strange schooner was clearly marked against the starry sky. But the company was not suffered to renew

their former merriment. The bride, who had sat so far unnoticed, now stood gazing upon vacancy, with an intense, fearful expression, that sent a chill through every heart; her lips slowly moved, and her hand seemed waving off some horrible spectre, as she exclaimed in low, eager tones "Away! away! did you not see him lying on yonder cloud? Oh, how pale! how pale!"—As she uttered these words in a low, rapid, distinct manner, she slowly turned round and gazed pensively on the faces of all about her, until her eye at last alighting on the form of Charles Stewart, she sunk down upon the floor, with a shriek that rung again and again through the lonely chambers. There was a general rush forward from all sides. Her lips quivered and muttered broken words, of which the burden seemed still to be "How pale! how pale! oh, save me! save me! for he is pale! how pale!" By the exertions of the company she was brought to herself, but had hardly had time to cast another wild glance around, when she fainted away with another shriek more thrilling than the first. Life seemed now to have taken its flight; her pale face drooped on her bosom; and as she lay in all the helplessness of death, she seemed like some fair lily whose stem has suddenly snapped beneath the ruthless sweep of the scythe. "Make way! make way!" exclaimed a stern, manly voice, in a tone that made the silent lookers-on shrink back from before the speaker, "Make way for the murderer!" The crowd opened, and the unhappy lover knelt down by the side of his mistress. He saw too plainly the cause of that sudden shriek, and it was with bitter despair that he now looked for the least sign of life in her who had once swayed the restless tide of his passions. The low murmur that Charles Stewart was before them, ran around the assembly and the tear of sympathy arose in every eye. The wretched father and the pious minister, assisted by the bridesmaids,

left no means untried of recalling the life which had fled. But it was all in vain. The face had now assumed that settled, placid expression, which looks as if death had reconciled himself to his victim; the pulse no longer beat; the eye had lost its fire; and the venerable old minister, who had hitherto looked on with an interest almost equal to that of the lover himself, was now obliged to sigh, "She has gone to a better world!" "And I am the murderer!" exclaimed the wretched Charles Stewart, in a tone of the deepest despondency. "Seize me! seize me, gentlemen! why should I be suffered to live? Will you not listen to me? Behold the corpse of the pure, the innocent—and behold her murderer! O! wretched life, why should I live more? You are Englishmen, seize the foe of your country! You are men, slay the murderer of an angel!" Deep sighs were the only answers to the ravings of the hapless lover. But at length the officers, thinking it best to remove him from a scene that increased his phrensy, had him carried to his vessel, where he remained insensible till his sailors weighed anchor, and the little crew floated off afar from the scene of misery.

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Years had passed over since the incident mentioned above, and time, which mellows all things and destroys most, had spread his silent waters over the name and the history of the Stewarts. The neighbourhood had been changed by the flood-tide of war. New feelings and new inhabitants had caused former traditions to be forgotten. The old names of the Reeds and the Stewarts were like the things of a dream, and as the unhappy wanderer, who had now for a second time returned to the scenes of his boyhood, was riding slowly along a broad, lonely road in the neighbourhood of Yorktown, he could find few traces of those things which had impressed their images on his heart,

and whose associations he vainly tried to revive. The night was dark, and the way was lonely ; a slow, drizzling rain soaked through his multiplied coverings, and sent a shiver into his bones. Oppressed with the dreariness of the scene, it was with an emotion of pleasure that he at length espied a light twinkling from a wretched little hovel at the very side of the road, which, however humble, promised at least some chance of refreshment. Willing to reconnoitre somewhat before entering this unpromising abode, he approached the low window, and looking in, saw a sight that made him tremble with horror. There was a low table in the midst of the room, and on that table lay a plain deal coffin, with the skull and cross-bones, those melancholy emblems of death, lying conspicuously on the top. The only living being was a woman, apparently in the prime of life, but whose pale, pinched features, and rolling eye, glowed with the lurid fire of insanity. There she sat by the lone table, humming a mournful ditty to herself, and keeping time by knocking the skull with the bones. The low, dry tap, and the melancholy song, were fitfully mingled with the dropping of the rain from the eaves of the house. But what most startled the wanderer was the strange resemblance of those wild features to the once-adored countenance of his own sweet Emily. The unhappy truth flashed upon his mind at once. But how she, whom he had left for dead, should have been restored and reduced to this miserable condition, it passed his mind to imagine. Oppressed with these thoughts, he gave a deep groan, which reached the quick ear of the sufferer within. She turned round hastily, and seeing again the face that had so long haunted her thoughts, the shock proved too strong for the small remain of reason that was left. She sunk upon the ground, and poor Charles Stewart was again called upon to witness the death of his mistress. This time, the tyrant did not fail in

his blow. A few lucid moments occurred, in which the two lovers made some mutual explanations, and the victim of love and misfortune departed to her last long home. The next morning some neighbours, surprised at not seeing the owner of the hovel at her usual place at the door, went in and found the lover sitting fixed and senseless by the side of her whom he had never ceased to adore. The rest of the story need not be told. Two plain gravestones in a wild little burial-place, near the old country seat of Maple Hollow, mark the spot where the lovers are reposing side by side, having found that union in death, which they could never obtain in their lives. The wild grass waves over the scene of their slumbers. And as the cold winds of autumn sweep along the bare tract of country, they seem to linger for a moment in yon grove of pine trees, and to whisper a dirge to their memories.

Flushing, L. I.

THE PAINTER'S STUDY.

BY A. A. HARWOOD.

"Come, draw the curtain, and let's see your picture."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Vous jugez donc d'un homme en voyant son portrait!"

SCARRON.

ON a pleasant evening of the summer of 1838, in a snug parlour of a neat cottage upon the banks of the Susquehanna, an elderly gentleman was examining attentively a package of papers which had just arrived by the post, that

Messenger of grief

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some.

The important budget contained mingled cause for sadness and gratulation, to judge by the varied expression of Mr. Loftus Shockley's countenance as he perused its contents.

"How very odd!" said that gentleman, taking off his spectacles as he concluded the investigation.

"What *has* happened?" inquired his better half, who had been knitting furiously the while, by way of giving vent to her otherwise well-suppressed curiosity; "any bad news?"





"No—yes—not very bad, either—very strange news, however," replied the gentleman. "Our wealthy kinsman in England has been gathered to his fathers, quite in the course of nature, you know, poor fellow; but then he has left such a singular will."

"Do read it, Mr. Shockley," said the lady, and her needles were plied faster than ever.

"He leaves to his cousins, Isabel Brenton and Herbert Shockley all his estates, real, personal, and mixed."

"Poor dear cousin John," said Mrs. Shockley. "I thought he would remember Herbert."

"But upon condition," continued Mr. Shockley, "that they keep the property entire and in the family by marrying each other within the year; either of the parties not consenting, to forfeit all right, title, and interest to said estate or any part thereof, to the individual acquiescing in the provisions of the will."

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Shockley, "I think that provision very arbitrary indeed, and I don't believe Herbert will consent to it. It's posthumous despotism," added she, borrowing a vigorous phrase from a novel she had just been reading.

"Posthumous fiddlestick, Mrs. Shockley," exclaimed her husband; "I don't intend Herbert shall ruin his prospects or sacrifice the comforts of our declining years to any sentimental views he may entertain upon the subject. He will not presume to disobey my commands, I presume, madam;" and here Mr. Shockley, senior, assumed a decided let-him-do-it-if-he-dare look of parental authority.

Mrs. Shockley was about to hazard a reply when footsteps were heard in the hall, and the subject of the discussion, a tall, fresh-looking, and rather handsome youth entered the parlour, bringing with him his sketch-book and

other implements of design, which showed he had been spending the day in the prosecution of his favourite recreation. He was proceeding to exhibit the results of his studies from nature, when his attention was attracted by the pile of papers upon the table, and the ill-dissembled air of embarrassment upon the countenances of both his parents.

“May I inquire what has happened?” said he earnestly.

Mr. Shockley pushed the papers towards his son without saying a word; scrutinizing the countenance of the youth with deep anxiety, as he proceeded to read them one by one, with a mingled expression of surprise, disappointment, and despair.

“Never!” exclaimed Herbert, pushing the unwelcome announcement of his kinsman’s bequest and its conditions from him. “I’d rather starve than be guilty of so mercenary an act.”

We will not trouble the reader with the cogent arguments with which Mr. Shockley, (with unaccountable suavity of manner, however, considering his previously implied determination,) vexed the unwilling ears of poor Herbert. He was neither of an age, nor in a mood to listen to the prudential inducements suggested by a long experience of life’s cold realities, and it was only when his father alluded incidentally to the comforts which a compliance with the conditions of the will would insure to his parents in their old age, that the youth was brought to consider the sacrifice he was called upon to make, as coming within the sphere of possibility.

“My dear sir,” said he, at length, with a most rueful countenance, “I could do any thing in the world for you and my dear mother short of committing the act which a compliance with my kinsman’s absurd and arbitrary will

involves. I cannot, however, break my word—in short, sir, I must entreat your forgiveness; but my hand and my affections are both irrevocably pledged to another.”

“Is it possible!—have you dared!” said Mr. Shockley.

“And without our consent!” added his wife.

“This very evening, to Edith St. Clair,” replied Herbert in a most deprecating tone of voice.

Mr. Shockley put on his hat, giving it an emphatic thump by way of fixing it firmly upon his head, and left the room, abruptly. Herbert was about to follow, but was deterred by the silent, but expressive prohibition of his mother, who pointed earnestly to the chair he had started from, into which he fell back in a state of utter despondency. There we must leave him for the present, in order to introduce the reader, with all due formality, to the peerless Miss Edith St. Clair, who so unconsciously stood between her admirer and fortune, as well as to say something of the first acquaintance of this interesting pair. This most important event of their history, (strange as it may appear to persons unaccustomed to examine narrowly the relations between cause and effect,) was entirely owing to the memorable pressure in the money market. A short time previous to the crisis of 1835, Mr. Shockley had been induced, with a view to improve his income, which had been materially impaired by his hospitable style of living, to embark his small capital in business, which he prosecuted for a short time with more industry than success. It is true, his books gave flattering hopes of a prosperous increase, but suddenly his panic-stricken creditors declared themselves obliged to urge the immediate settlement of their accounts, in consequence of the pressure; and his debtors at the same time, and for the very same reason, announced their utter inability to pay his demands upon them. Mr. Shockley, in short, narrowly escaped bankruptcy, and was glad to leave

Philadelphia with his wife and son, and take refuge in a small country seat, situated in the interior of Pennsylvania, which his love of rural retirement had induced him to purchase in his palmy days, and which fortunately remained in his possession after cancelling all his obligations.

The Shockleys on their arrival at their new abode, were welcomed by a number of obliging persons, who hastened to tender the customary neighbourly offices. Among others they were delighted to find a former acquaintance in Mr. St. Clair, a worthy clergyman who had recently settled in the vicinity; in short, the father of the gentle Edith, on whose account we have made this digression. Propinquity of residence, and a general congeniality in those points which create and nourish friendship, combined to produce an early intimacy between the two families. The younger of the parties gradually, perhaps imperceptibly, imbibed a mutual feeling of a more tender character. This will appear quite natural when we consider that it was Herbert's duty to do all in his power to dispel the *ennui* which the solitude of rural life will sometimes inflict upon young ladies, be they never so intellectual; and that he employed most of his leisure time in devising or practising those delicate attentions, which accomplished young men know how to bestow upon their fair friends; making nature, literature, and art tributary to their gallantry. Edith, too, was called upon to prove that she was not the most ungrateful of her sex; and it is but fair to say, that she exonerated herself fully from any suspicion of indifference to these *petits soins*; warbling most melodiously the songs which Herbert copied for her; treasuring in her memory the passages which he had marked in the favourite authors they read together; and in her album numerous sketches and wild flowers, the souvenirs of many a romantic ramble.

The reader will perhaps wonder how the progress of

their attachment could have been unobserved by the worthy couple who had expressed so much surprise upon its frank avowal by Herbert, on the occasion referred to in the commencement of our tale. The fact is, that Edith was hardly fifteen, and Herbert had just reached his eighteenth year when their acquaintance began; the developement of their *penchant* for each other was therefore so gradual as not to attract particular attention, or perhaps it was only owing to the singular terms of the last will and testament of Mr. John Shockley of Shockley Hall, Esquire, that it met with any opposition at all. This, by the way, is merely a surmise of the historian, strengthened a little by the circumstance that all the gossips in the vicinity had predicted how things would turn out long ago. Neighbours, however, are proverbially far-sighted in every one's affairs but their own.

In returning to Mrs. Shockley and her disconsolate son, who we left in the parlour together, I shall briefly remark that the old lady was rather unsuccessful in attempting to convince the enamoured youth that "it was all for the best," and that "whatever is, is right;" that he only replied to these and other similar aphorisms, by shaking his head with a sort of a "hang-up philosophy" look; and that, after poring over the papers before him again and again, as if he found it difficult to realize the extent of his calamity, or was trying to derive from the instrument which had announced it, some such antidote as the Indian extracts from the reptile by which he has been bitten, he seized a candle, muttered a hasty good night, and went to bed. Soon after this, Mr. Shockley, senior, returned home, without saying a word, however, as to the motives or the result of his sudden exit.

My readers of course have been, are, or are to be, under the influence of the tender passion, and consequently know,

or will know, the pains and perplexities occasioned by flinty-hearted fathers, ungenerous rivals, and other obstructions, who stand like so many rocks, snags, and shallows to intercept the course of true love, and keep it from gliding gently and placidly as so sweet a stream ought to do. To describe, therefore, the conflict between love and duty which converted the downy couch of poor Herbert into a bed of thistles, would be either to dole out misery by anticipation, or "*infandum renovare dolorem*," as Eneas said a short time before he injured his distinguished reputation for piety by *cutting a Dido*. Suffice it to say that our hero had a bad night of it, and the next morning found himself quite too ill to leave his bed. Whether this misfortune was owing to the violence of his feelings, or to his having been seated too long the day before upon a cold stone while he was sketching a waterfall, it is not for me to determine. I confess, however, I am inclined to think the effects of love, in the male sex particularly, sadly exaggerated, especially since that accurate observer of "human natur," Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville, clock-maker, has declared that the only instance upon record of a man's breaking his heart, occurred in the attempt to lift a frigate's bower. Be this as it may, Mr. and Mrs. Shockley attributed the sudden illness of their son to nervous excitement, and carefully avoided all allusion to the ostensible cause until his convalescence; upon which, however, as he insisted upon renewing the subject, his father placed a letter in his hands from Mr. St. Clair, enclosing another in the delicate characters of the fair Edith. My readers will please to imagine them just the kind of epistles which the occasion would draw from a conscientious clergyman and a warm-hearted but disinterested woman. They contained a world of good advice, of rather an unpalatable character to a lover, a thousand expressions of

esteem and aspirations for Herbert's prosperity, but were quite decided upon one point, which was that the young lady and he were imperatively called upon to make a sacrifice—not often voluntary in people of their time of life—of their young affections upon the altar of filial duty. It was also announced that Edith would leave the parsonage immediately, on a visit to a friend whose “whereabout” was not designated, and a polite request was added that Herbert would not seek her society again until the ameliorating influences of time should convert him simply into a friend. Mr. Shockley seized the golden opportunity when the first burst of passion which succeeded the perusal of these letters had subsided, to recommend change of scene to his son as the best remedy against despairing thoughts, and Herbert, who had already moped himself into the belief that he was doomed to be the mere creature of circumstance, at last assented, with a quiet “as you please, sir,” to all his father's suggestions. It was at length decided that the love-lorn youth should spend a couple of months with his friends in New York, *pour de distraire*, after which, as soon as he had regained, in some degree his wonted spirits, he was to embark for England, and claim, with as good a grace as possible, his estates and his bride. That his introduction to the latter might not appear too abrupt and business-like, it was especially provided that he should have his portrait taken immediately on his arrival at New York, and despatched as a sort of mute pioneer to the lady's affections.

The first forty miles of our hero's journey was performed in a wagon without springs, upon a corduroy road; during which time, I am bound as a faithful historian to say, he thought more of his bones than of his blighted hopes; that mode of transition being one which annihilates free agency, bodily or mental; and whether his ordinary intents be

wicked or charitable, prevents the *voyageur* for the nonce from musing on love or meditating murder. The remainder of the jaunt, a sort of locomotive enjoyment by comparison, left him "fancy free" to reflect in a salutary way upon the advantageous effects of the rubs and thumps of life in developing our capabilities of appreciating its gentler passages, or by way of variety afforded him a luxurious opportunity of counting the posts of the enclosures on the road side, to speculate upon the reason why the trees in the distance seemed to be running a race with the cars, and many other phenomena of equal importance, each of them *une distraction comme une autre*, as the French say, which we take the liberty of recommending to the attention of lovers who travel. Herbert received, upon his arrival at the renowned city of Gotham, all those hospitable attentions which are usually paid to young gentlemen of good prospects, and several days were passed in the exercise of life's conventional hypocrisies; when, in his first solitary ramble, the modest sign of "R. Sketchly, artist," at once reminded him of his father's injunction, and bespoke his patronage by its simplicity. Finding the street door open, he followed the mute direction of a hand, carelessly yet spiritedly traced upon the entry wall, up a flight of stairs, to the painter's study. With all the veneration which an amateur feels towards an established artist, he approached the *sanctum* with a noiseless step. The door stood half-open and discovered the *tableau vivant*, which, thanks to the gifted pencil of Mount, and the skilful burine of Lawson, figures as a frontispiece to our tale. Herbert paused with the instinctive appreciation of a lover of art, for a picturesque accident. The light striking only through the upper portion of the north window of an *atelier* scantily furnished, but strewn, with a characteristic disregard to order, with unfinished pictures, portfolios, strained canvass, and in short all

the paraphernalia of the *metier*, revealed the artist in front of his easel, brandishing his palette and pencils aloft in one hand, while with the other he pointed to a landscape which he was exhibiting to a hale farmer. The latter with his hands placed upon his knees was bending forward, with an expression of open-mouthed wonder, which displayed the surviving upper and lower masticators of his unfurnished mandibles, gazing in rapt astonishment at a highly successful delineation of the scenery near his own quiet home on the Hudson. "See there," said Mr. Raphael Sketchly, overlooking entirely in his enthusiasm the presumable incapacity of his auditor to comprehend the technicalities and mysteries of art, "how nicely nature has herself composed the picture, how well it is balanced, what a noble breadth of effect! mind how warm and transparent I've kept that shadow! how that light sparkles upon the sail in the river! what a delicious pearly gray that mountain opposes to the evening sky! just observe, too, the variety of mellow tints upon that broken plaster on the gable of the house!"

"Nat'ral as life," said Dobbs; "but you might have made the gable a bit smarter, for we're a going to mend and white-wash it in the fall."

"Don't do it, I entreat you," exclaimed the horrified artist, "you'll ruin the effect!"

"Must though," insisted Dobbs; "our folks thinks it's a kinder shabby, and I guess we're rich enough to fix it."

Herbert, who dreaded the issue of a discussion between one of the *genus irritabile* and a utilitarian, now stepped forward and introduced himself, and after the usual greetings, apologies, and a few preliminary compliments suggested by the picture on the easel, requested Sketchly to undertake a kitcat portrait of him, to be finished with all possible expedition, which he intimated was to be sent abroad to a lady. Upon which Mr. Dobbs, stimulated by

this example of gallantry, declared that he had a mind to surprise Mrs. Dobbs, on the anniversary of their next wedding day, which would soon come round, with a likeness of his own "soft, expressive face;" offering in consideration of this piece of service, to cancel a little account which Sketchly owed him for board during the time he had recently spent in search of the picturesque, and had made the farmer's snug mansion in Dutchess county his headquarters. Dobbs moreover assured the artist of a future welcome whenever he had a mind to come, and promised, besides, not to *whitewash the plaster*. This last inducement was irresistible, and the engagements were accordingly made to have the portraits of Herbert and that of the farmer, (who declared he would have his painted of a *cat* size, too,) finished at the same time, the one to go to England by the Great Western, and the other to be sent by a North River steamer in time to add to the delight of Mrs. Dobbs, on the festive occasion above mentioned.

The portraits being completed within the given time and to the satisfaction of all parties, nothing now remained to be done, previously to their being forwarded to their respective destinations, but to have them properly packed and directed. The cases had been punctually furnished by the carpenter, and Sketchly having ascertained that the colours had hardened sufficiently, left the details of the operation to a young man from "the emerald isle" whom he employed occasionally in grinding his colours and in performing other similar drudgeries, and gladly took leave of his *studio* for the day, to vagabondize with a brother artist amidst the refreshing scenery of Weehawk. Mr. Dennis O'Blurr deposited the pictures with all imaginable care into their cases, and while he was selecting a proper brush to add the superscription, and, indeed, until he had finished that important operation, to prevent mistakes, repeated over and over

again the parting directions of his employer. I have never been able to discover how Dennis managed, after all this praiseworthy precaution, to make, as he afterwards expressed it, "a lucky bother of the business," but it is quite certain that just a fortnight after the boxes had been shipped "in good order and well-conditioned," a scream, followed by a loud, hysterical laugh, brought the attendants of the fair Isabel Brenton to her assistance in the library of Shockley Hall, where she lay in a swoon before the substantial, vulgar-looking portrait of Eliphalet Dobbs, like Zelica at the first sight of the uncurtained hideousness of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. As soon as she was restored to consciousness by dint of the usual expedients for the recovery of syncope damsels, and had time to compare the ungainly and rather stolid-looking features, as she supposed, of her cousin Herbert, with the easy style of the epistle which accompanied the likeness, she could only reconcile the manifest discrepancy between them, by supposing that her illiterate kinsman had cunningly resorted to the pen of some "ready writer" to draw up his credentials. What, indeed, could he be, to judge by his countenance, but an animal who ate fish with his knife, took soup *à discretion*, cooled his tea in his saucer, and spent his life in the habitual perpetration of a thousand similar unforgivable Americanisms recorded in the veracious pages of Mrs. Trollope, the Rev. Mr. Fidler, D. D. and other scrutinizers of "domestic manners." What could she do? What would she *not* do to escape the worse than Egyptian bondage of a matrimonial alliance with such a savage? This important question was answered that very evening by the gallant Captain De Lancy, Isabel's warmest and most constant admirer, who came, as he declared, for the last time to urge his suit. De Lancy's worldly wealth, over and above his pay, consisted chiefly in being well-born, well-bred, handsome and of good reputa-

tion ; and Isabel thought it proper, as she answered his solicitations in a consentingly unconsentingly sort of a way, to murmur something about inadequate means, and prudence ; but when the captain whispered rapturously in reply—

“ Oh, wha can *prudence* think upon,
And sic a lassie by him ?
Oh, wha can *prudence* think upon,
And sac in love as I am ? ”

what woman could resist so potent an argument ? Ladies, if you can find it in your hearts to blame poor Isabel for consenting, on the spur of the occasion, to become Mrs. De Lancy, all I have to say is, that I doubt whether those not-altogether-impregnable citadels of your affections, have ever been besieged by a handsome young soldier, clad in scarlet and gold, and apt at quotation.

My readers will readily anticipate the consequences of the announcement of Isabel's marriage in America. I shall therefore leave them to imagine the ready consent of parents, the solemnization of the nuptials of Herbert and Edith, and many particulars relating to that interesting ceremony. I must not omit to mention, however, that Mr. St. Clair officiated, and that Sketchly and Dennis O'Blurr were both present, by invitation, on that occasion.

“ The painter's study,” owing to the romantic interest connected with it, has since become the resort of beauty and fashion, and he has need of the pencil of Luca fa Presto to satisfy the increasing demands upon his time and talent. He has found leisure enough, however, to execute a family picture in his best style, which he has presented to Mrs. Dobbs, by way of indemnification for her disappointment on her wedding day. Dennis is snugly established as major domo of the Shockley villa on the Susquehanna, during the

absence of the family, who crossed the Atlantic on a visit to Mrs. De Lancy ; both to undeceive that lady as to the utter barbarism of her American relations, and to enable Herbert to put her in possession of an equal share of the estate which she had so rashly forfeited. This act of justice was also one of patriotism, as it prevented an Irish blunder from being mistaken for a Yankee trick.

Newport, R. I.

ELLEN RAMSAY.

AN EXTRACT FROM "TALES OF A WESTERN WIGWAM," AN
UNPUBLISHED COLLECTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHARD HURDIS."

"It was the first,
The earliest of those tales that spake to me
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts ;
And with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful poets, who, among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone."

WORDSWORTH.

"I WAS at the funeral of Ellen Ramsay," said young Atkins, in reply to Walter's question, "and can tell you all about it. You have not heard the fact correctly. In the first place, it is not true that any body expected Robert Anderson to be there. It was very well known that he was sick—actually in bed—but a day before her death; and then, the circumstances of her marriage with Stanton were too notorious, and too much calculated to embitter

his feelings and his peace, to make it likely that he would be present at such a scene. His love for Ellen was unimpaired to the last, and if she doubted him when she married Stanton, she did him injustice, and no doubt repented of it. She was just the girl to do wrong in a hurry, and be sorry for it the next minute. Well, as I tell you, when the coffin was brought round to the burial-place—you know the spot, among a thick grove of stunted oaks, and the undergrowth is always kept down by old Ramsay—who should come out from behind one of the largest old trees, but Robert Anderson. He was pale as a ghost, and his limbs trembled and tottered as he walked, but he came forward as resolutely as if he felt no pain or weakness. Stanton started when he saw him: he no more expected his presence than that of any person whom he had never heard of. Every eye saw his agitation as Robert came forward; and I tell you, there was not a person present who did not see, as well as myself, that the husband of the poor girl looked much paler at that moment than her sick lover. Robert did not seem to see Stanton, or to mind him as he came forward; indeed, he did not seem to see any body. His eyes were fixed only on the coffin, which was carried by me, Ralph Mason, Dick Rawlins, and I think Hiram Barker. He did not shed a tear, which we wondered at, for all of us expected to see him crying like a child, because we knew how soft-hearted he always was, and how fond he had been of Ellen. At first, we thought his not crying was because of his anger at being so ill-treated, which was natural enough; but what he said afterwards soon did away with that notion. He came close to my side, and put his hand on the lid of the coffin near the name, and though he said not a single word to us, we seemed to understand that he meant we should stop till he should read it. We did stop, and he then read the plate

aloud, something in this manner—‘ELLEN,’ and then he stopped a little before he came to the word ‘STANTON.’ This word he repeated twice, ‘ELLEN STANTON;’ then he read the rest—‘WIFE OF GEORGE STANTON, BORN APRIL 7, 1811. DIED—’ Here he stopped again, and seemed to catch his breath for a minute before he could go on with the reading. By this time Stanton came closer, and put on a look as if to say, ‘why don’t you go forward!’ but he said nothing. Robert did not seem to mind him, but read the writing to the end—‘DIED MAY 16TH, 1830, AGED NINETEEN YEARS.’ Then he looked up at Stanton for a minute, and then at Mr. Ramsay. ‘Mr. Ramsay,’ said he, ‘this is your daughter Ellen—she was to have been my wife—she was engaged to me by her own promise, and you gave your consent to the engagement. Is it not true, Mr. Ramsay?’

“‘True, Robert,’ said the old man mildly; ‘but, you know—’

“‘I know she is *here*,’ said Robert hastily, ‘here, sir, here in her coffin, and you have lost your daughter, and I the wife that was pledged to me. But do not think, my friends,’ said he, turning to us and speaking very slowly, for his breath seemed to come very hard, ‘do not think, when I speak of Ellen Ramsay’s pledges to me, that I am come here to reproach the dead, or to breathe a syllable against the blessed creature who, always an angel on earth, is now a sweet angel in heaven. God forbid that I should speak, or you hear, any harm of a woman that I have always looked upon as the purest and truest-hearted creature under the sun. No! in telling you of this pledge, I come here only to acquit her of any wrong, or evil thought, or action, when she ceased to think it binding upon her. It is to say to you at her grave, for you all knew that we were to be married, that, as I never gave her any reason for believing

me to be false, or more unworthy of her heart than when she promised it to me, so, also, I believe that nothing but some such persuasion could have made her deprive me of it. While I acquit her, therefore, of having done me any intentional injustice, I tell you, in the presence of her heavenly spirit, that knows the truth of what I declare, that she has been abused by some false slanderer, to do me wrong and herself wrong, and to—'

"By this time Stanton put in, and stopped whatever more Robert had to say. He had been getting more and more angry as Robert went on, and when he came to that solemn part about the slanderer, and lifted his hands to heaven and looked upward with the tears just beginning to come into his eyes, as if he did really see the spirit of Ellen at the moment above him, then Stanton got quite furious. Those words clinched him in the sore part of his soul; and he made round the coffin towards where Robert stood, and doubled his fists, and spoke hoarsely as if he was about to choke.

" 'And who do you mean slandered you to her?' he cried to Robert, 'who! who?'

"By this time Maxcy jumped in between the two, and John Ramsay, the youngest brother of Ellen, stepped between, also, and we all cried shame, and this drove Stanton back, but he was very anxious to take Robert by the throat. All this time, however, Robert did not seem to mind any thing but the coffin. He did not, I really think, he did not hear Stanton speak at all, though the fellow bulled pretty loud, and not a syllable he said escaped any body else. But Robert read on, going over the writing on the lid more than three times; and when he was done, all he said was, 'Poor Ellen, poor Ellen, only nineteen!' After that he let us put the coffin into the hole, and he stood close by, and once we had to catch him or he would have fallen,

when we were throwing in the dirt, the sand shelving suddenly under his feet. When all was done, he did not seem to mind that the rest were going, but still stood looking down as earnestly as if he could still read the writing through six feet of earth. Stanton, too, did not seem willing to go, but we very well knew it was for no love he had for the poor girl, that he wished to remain; and Maxcy whispered to me that he would bring him off before he left the ground, for fear he might do some harm to Robert, who was no fighter, and was too feeble to stand one so strong. This he did, and after he was gone, I tried to get Robert away also. It was some time before I did so, and then it seemed he went with me only to get rid of my presence, for he was back at the grave as soon as night set in, and there he might be found every evening at the same hour, just about sunset, for many months afterwards, until they brought him to sleep beside her. Though sick, and pining away fast, the poor fellow never let an evening go by, whatever weather it might be, without paying the grave a visit; and one day, perhaps two weeks after the funeral, old Mrs. Anderson called me into her cottage as I was riding by, and said she would show me something. She took me up into her son's room, a little chamber in the loft, and what should it be but a tombstone that the dying lad had saved out with his own hands from a thick plank, and had smoothed, and planed, and painted, all in secret, so that he could print on it an inscription for the poor girl's grave; and you would be surprised to see how neatly he had worked it all. The poor old woman cried bitterly all the time, but you could still see how proud she was of her son. She showed me his books—he had more than a hundred—and she sighed from the bottom of her heart when she told me it was the books that made him sickly.

“ ‘But he will read,’ she said, ‘say all I can; though he

knows it's a doing him no good. "Ah, mother," he says when I tell him about it, "though it may shorten my life to read them, it will shorten my happiness not to read them, and I have too little happiness now left to be willing to lose any of it." And when he speaks so,' said the old woman, 'I can't blame him, for I know it's all true. But I blame myself, Mr. Atkins, for you see it was all my doings that he got so many books and is so fond of them. I loved to see him learning, and made him read to me so constantly of an evening, and it did my heart so much good to think that one day my Robert might be a great lawyer, or a parson, for I could see how much smarter he was than all the other boys of the village; and so I never looked at his pale cheeks, and had no guess how poorly he was getting, till, all of a sudden, he was laid up, on my hands, and pining away every hour, as you now see him. Things looked better for awhile when he got fond of Ellen Ramsay, and she of him. But that Stanton, ever since he came among us Robert has gone backward, and I sha'n't wonder if it's not very long before he wants his own tombstone.'

"Poor old woman! I saw in the corner, half hidden behind an old trunk in the youth's chamber, what it was evident she had not seen, a head-board, the very fellow to that he was making for Ellen; but I said nothing to her at the time.—Stay!" said the speaker, interrupting himself and speaking in lower tones to his companion, "no more of this now. That is George Stanton coming towards us. You think he has forgotten you?"

"I do not doubt it," said Walter, in reply; "but we will sound him for awhile, before we bring his guilt home upon him. Would I had only been with you a few months sooner!"

"Ah! yes; it might have prevented the marriage, but

nothing could have saved the poor young man. The rot was in the heart of the tree."

"Let us go forward," said the other, with a show of feeling for which the rustic could not account, "I would not utter harsh language even to so base a creature as George Stanton, on a spot so sacred as this. Remember, I am Walter Evans, a stranger from Tennessee. It is better that we should examine him first, before I reveal myself. You have the papers?"

"They are all here," said Atkins.

"Put them from sight; now speak to him; he seems disposed to pass without notice, but that he must not do. I would not lose another day in bringing him to justice. My own wrongs, not less than those of the poor youth of whom you have been telling me, make me impatient of the moment which shall enable me to confound the villain with exposure and the truth. Now, Marian, I will avenge thee!"



A PORTRAIT.

WILLIAM WILSON.

A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

What say of it? what say of *conscience* grim,
That spectre in my path?

CHAMBERLAINE'S PHARRONIDA.

LET me call myself, for the present, William Wilson. The fair page now lying before me need not be sullied with my real appellation. This has been already too much an object for the scorn, for the horror, for the detestation of my race. To the uttermost regions of the globe have not the indignant winds bruited its unparalleled infamy? oh, outcast of all outcasts most abandoned! To the earth art thou not for ever dead? to its honours, to its flowers, to its golden aspirations? and a cloud, dense, dismal, and limitless, does it not hang eternally between thy hopes and heaven?

I would not, if I could, here or to-day, embody a record of my later years of unspeakable misery, and unpardonable crime. This epoch—these later years—took unto themselves a sudden elevation in turpitude, whose origin alone it is my present purpose to assign. Men usually grow base by degrees. From me, in an instant, all virtue dropped

bodily as a mantle. I shrouded my nakedness in triple guilt. From comparatively trivial wickedness I passed, with the stride of a giant, into more than the enormities of an Elah-Gabalus. What chance, what one event brought this evil thing to pass, bear with me while I relate. Death approaches; and the shadow which foreruns him has thrown a softening influence over my spirit. I long, in passing through the dim valley, for the sympathy—I had nearly said for the pity—of my fellow-men. I would fain have them believe that I have been, in some measure, the slave of circumstances beyond human control. I would wish them to seek out for me, in the details I am about to give, some little oasis of *fatality* amid a wilderness of error. I would have them allow—what they cannot refrain from allowing—that, although temptation may have erewhile existed as great, man was never *thus*, at least, tempted before—certainly, never *thus* fell. And therefore has he never thus suffered. Have I not indeed been living in a dream? And am I not now dying a victim to the horror and the mystery of the wildest of all sublunary visions?

I am come of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and, in my earliest infancy, I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed; becoming, for many reasons, a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. Weak-minded, and beset with constitutional infirmities akin to my own, my parents could do but little to check the evil propensities which distinguished me. Some feeble and ill-directed efforts resulted in complete failure on their part, and of course, in total triumph on mine. Thenceforward my voice was a

household law; and at an age when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master of my own actions.

My earliest recollections of a school-life are connected with a large, rambling, cottage-built, and somewhat decayed building in a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient and inordinately tall. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy, I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply-shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with undefinable delight, at the deep, hollow note of the church-bell, breaking each hour, with sullen and sudden roar, upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the old, fretted, Gothic steeple lay imbedded and asleep.

It gives me, perhaps, as much of pleasure as I can now in any manner experience, to dwell upon minute recollections of the school and its concerns. Steeped in misery as I am—misery, alas! only too real—I shall be pardoned for seeking relief, however slight and temporary, in the weakness of a few rambling details. These, moreover, utterly trivial, and even ridiculous in themselves, assume, to my fancy, adventitious importance as connected with a period and a locality, when and where I recognise the first ambiguous monitions of the destiny which afterwards so fully overshadowed me. Let me then remember.

The house, I have said, was old, irregular, and cottage-built. The grounds were extensive, and an enormously high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of our domain; beyond it we saw

but thrice a week—once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighbouring fields—and twice during Sunday, when we were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village. Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as, with step solemn and slow he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast—could this be he who of late, with sour visage, and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy? Oh, gigantic paradox too utterly monstrous for solution!

At an angle of the ponderous wall frowned a more ponderous gate. It was riveted and studded with iron bolts, and surmounted with jagged iron spikes. What impressions of deep awe it inspired! It was never opened save for the three periodical egressions and ingressions already mentioned; then, in every creak of its mighty hinges we found a plenitude of mystery, a world of matter for solemn remark, or for far more solemn meditation.

The extensive enclosure was irregular in form, having many capacious recesses. Of these, three or four of the largest constituted the play-ground. It was level, and covered with fine hard gravel. I well remember it had no trees, nor benches, nor any thing similar within it. Of course it was in the rear of the house. In front lay a small parterre, planted with box and other shrubs; but through this sacred division we passed only upon rare occasions indeed, such as a first advent or final departure from school, or perhaps, when a parent or friend having called for us,

we joyfully took our way home for the Christmas or Midsummer holidays.

But the house—how quaint an old building was this!—to me how veritably a palace of enchantment! There was really no end to its windings, to its incomprehensible subdivisions. It was impossible, at any given time, to say with certainty upon which of its two stories one happened to be. From each room to every other there were sure to be found three or four steps either in ascent or descent. Then the lateral branches were innumerable—inconceivable, and so returning in upon themselves, that our most exact ideas in regard to the whole mansion were not very far different from those with which we pondered upon infinity. During the five years of my residence here I was never able to ascertain with precision, in what remote locality lay the little sleeping apartment assigned to myself and some eighteen or twenty other scholars.

The school-room was the largest in the house—I could not help thinking, in the world. It was very long, narrow, and dismally low, with pointed Gothic windows and a ceiling of oak. In a remote and terror-inspiring angle was a square enclosure of eight or ten feet, comprising the sanctum, “during hours,” of our principal, the Reverend Dr. Bransby. It was a solid structure, with massy door, sooner than open which in the absence of “the Dominie,” we would all have willingly perished by the *peine forte et dure*. In other angles were two other similar boxes, far less revered, indeed, but still greatly matters of awe. One of these was the pulpit of “the classical” usher, one of the “English and mathematical.” Interspersed about the room, crossing and recrossing in endless irregularity, were innumerable benches and desks, black, ancient, and time-worn, piled desperately with much-bethumbed books, and so beset with initial letters, names at full length, meaning-

less gashes, grotesque figures, and other multiplied efforts of the knife, as to have utterly lost what little of original form might have been their portion in days long departed. A huge bucket with water stood at one extremity of the room, and a clock of stupendous dimensions at the other.

Encompassed by the massy walls of this venerable academy I passed, yet not in tedium or disgust, the years of the third lustrum of my life. The teeming brain of childhood requires no external world of incident to occupy or amuse it, and the apparently dismal monotony of a school, was replete with more intense excitement than my riper youth has derived from luxury, or my full manhood from crime. Yet I must believe that my first mental development had in it much of the uncommon, even much of the *outré*. Upon mankind at large the events of very early existence rarely leave in mature age any definite impression. All is gray shadow—a weak and irregular remembrance—an indistinct regathering of feeble pleasures and phantasmagoric pains. With me this is not so. In childhood I must have felt with the energy of a man what I now find stamped upon memory in lines as vivid, as deep, and as durable as the exergues of the Carthaginian medals.

Yet in fact—in the fact of the world's view—how little was there to remember! The morning's awakening, the nightly summons to bed; the connings, the recitations; the periodical half-holidays and perambulations; the playground, with its broils, its pastimes, its intrigues—these, by a mental sorcery long forgotten, were made to involve a wilderness of sensation, a world of rich incident, an universe of varied emotion, of excitement the most passionate and spirit-stirring. “*Oh, le bon temps, que ce siecle de fer!*”

In truth, the ardency, the enthusiasm, and the imperious-

ness of my disposition soon rendered me a marked character among my schoolmates, and by slow but natural gradations, gave me an ascendancy over all not greatly older than myself—over all with one single exception. This exception was found in the person of a scholar, who although no relation, bore the same Christian and surname as myself—a circumstance, in truth, little remarkable, for, notwithstanding a noble descent, mine was one of those every-day appellations which seem, by prescriptive right, to have been, time out of mind, the common property of the mob. In this narrative I have therefore designated myself as William Wilson—a fictitious title not very dissimilar to the real. My namesake alone, of those who in school phraseology constituted “our set,” presumed to compete with me in the studies of the class, in the sports and broils of the play-ground—to refuse implicit belief in my assertions, and submission to my will—indeed to interfere with my arbitrary dictation in any respect whatsoever. If there be on earth a supreme and unqualified despotism, it is the despotism of a master mind in boyhood over the less energetic spirits of his companions.

Wilson’s rebellion was to me a source of the greatest embarrassment—the more so as, in spite of the bravado with which in public I made a point of treating him and his pretensions, I secretly felt that I feared him, and could not help thinking the equality which he maintained so easily with myself a proof of his true superiority, since not to be overcome cost me a perpetual struggle. Yet this superiority—even this equality—was in truth acknowledged by no one but myself; our companions, by some unaccountable blindness, seemed not even to suspect it. Indeed, his competition, his resistance, and especially his impertinent and dogged interference with my purposes, were not more pointed than private. He appeared to be utterly destitute

alike of the ambition which urged, and of the passionate energy of mind which enabled me to excel. In his rivalry he might have been supposed actuated solely by a whimsical desire to thwart, astonish, or mortify myself; although there were times when I could not help observing, with a feeling made up of wonder, abasement, and pique, that he mingled with his injuries, his insults, or his contradictions, a certain most inappropriate, and assuredly most unwelcome *affectionateness* of manner. I could only conceive this singular behaviour to arise from a consummate self-conceit assuming the vulgar airs of patronage and protection.

Perhaps it was this latter trait in Wilson's conduct, conjoined with our identity of name, and the mere accident of our having entered the school upon the same day, which set afloat the notion that we were brothers, among the senior classes in the academy. These do not usually inquire with much strictness into the affairs of their juniors. I have before said, or should have said, that Wilson was not, in the most remote degree, connected with my family. But assuredly if we *had* been brothers we must have been twins, for, since leaving Dr. Bransby's, I casually learned that my namesake—a somewhat remarkable coincidence—was born on the nineteenth of January, 1811—and this is precisely the day of my own nativity.

It may seem strange that in spite of the continual anxiety occasioned me by the rivalry of Wilson, and his intolerable spirit of contradiction, I could not bring myself to hate him altogether. We had, to be sure, nearly every day a quarrel, in which, yielding me publicly the palm of victory, he, in some manner, contrived to make me feel that it was he who had deserved it; yet a sense of pride upon my part, and a veritable dignity upon his own, kept us always upon what are called "speaking terms," while there were many points of strong congeniality in our tempers, operating to

awake in me a sentiment which our position alone, perhaps, prevented from ripening into friendship. It is difficult, indeed, to define, or even to describe, my real feelings towards him. They were formed of a heterogeneous mixture—some petulant animosity, which was not yet hatred, some esteem, more respect, much fear, with a world of uneasy curiosity. To the moralist fully acquainted with the minute springs of human action, it will be unnecessary to say, in addition, that Wilson and myself were the most inseparable of companions.

It was no doubt the anomalous state of affairs existing between us which turned all my attacks upon him, and they were many, either open or covert, into the channel of banter or practical joke (giving pain while assuming the aspect of mere fun) rather than into that of a more serious and determined hostility. But my endeavours on this head were by no means uniformly successful, even when my plans were the most wittily concocted; for my namesake had much about him, in character, of that unassuming and quiet austerity which, while enjoying the poignancy of its own jokes, has no heel of Achilles in itself, and absolutely refuses to be laughed at. I could find, indeed, but one vulnerable point, and that, lying in a personal peculiarity arising, perhaps, from constitutional disease, would have been spared by any antagonist less at his wit's end than myself—my rival had a weakness in the faucial or guttural organs which precluded him from raising his voice at any time *above a very low whisper*. Of this defect I did not fail to take what poor advantage lay in my power.

Wilson's retaliations in kind were many, and there was one form of his practical wit that disturbed me beyond measure. How his sagacity first discovered at all that so petty a thing would vex me is a question I never could solve—but, having discovered, he habitually practised the

annoyance. I had always felt aversion to my uncourtly patronymic, and its very common, if not plebeian, praenomen. The words were venom in my ears; and when, upon the day of my arrival, a second William Wilson came also to the academy, I felt angry with him for bearing the name, and doubly disgusted with the name because a stranger bore it who would be the cause of its twofold repetition, who would be constantly in my presence, and whose concerns, in the ordinary routine of the school business, must, inevitably, on account of the detestable coincidence, be often confounded with my own.

The feeling of vexation thus engendered, grew stronger with every circumstance tending to show resemblance, moral or physical, between my rival and myself. I had not then discovered the remarkable fact that we were of the same age; but I saw that we were of the same height, and I perceived that we were not altogether unlike in general contour of person and outline of feature. I was galled, too, by the rumour touching a relationship which had grown current in the upper forms. In a word, nothing could more seriously disturb me, (although I scrupulously concealed such disturbance,) than any allusion to a similarity of mind, person, or condition existing between us. But, in truth, I had no reason to believe that (with the exception of the matter of relationship, and in the case of Wilson himself,) this similarity had ever been made a subject of comment, or even observed at all by our schoolfellows. That *he* observed it in all its bearings, and as fixedly as I, was apparent, but that he could discover in such circumstances so fruitful a field of annoyance for myself can only be attributed, as I said before, to his more than ordinary penetration.

His cue, which was to perfect an imitation of myself, lay both in words and in actions; and most admirably did he play his part. My dress it was an easy matter to copy; my

gait and general manner were, without difficulty, appropriated; in spite of his constitutional defect, even my voice did not escape him. My louder tones were, of course, unattempted, but then the key, it was identical; *and his singular whisper, it grew the very echo of my own.*

How greatly this most exquisite portraiture harassed me, (for it could not justly be termed a caricature,) I will not now venture to describe. I had but one consolation—in the fact that the imitation, apparently, was noticed by myself alone, and that I had to endure only the knowing and strangely sarcastic smiles of my namesake himself. Satisfied with having produced in my bosom the intended effect, he seemed to chuckle in secret over the sting he had inflicted, and was characteristically disregarding of the public applause which the success of his witty endeavours might have so easily elicited. That the school, indeed, did not feel his design, perceive its accomplishment, and participate in his sneer, was, for many anxious months, a riddle I could not resolve. Perhaps the *gradation* of his copy rendered it not so readily perceptible, or, more possibly, I owed my security to the masterly air of the copyist, who, disdaining the letter, which in a painting is all the obtuse can see, gave but the full spirit of his original for my individual contemplation and chagrin.

I have already more than once spoken of the disgusting air of patronage which he assumed towards me, and of his frequent officious interference with my will. This interference often took the ungracious character of advice; advice not openly given, but hinted or insinuated. I received it with a repugnance which gained strength as I grew in years. Yet, at this distant day, let me do him the simple justice to acknowledge that I can recall no occasion when the suggestions of my rival were on the side of those errors

or follies so usual to his immature age, and seeming inexperience; that his moral sense, at least, if not his general talents and worldly wisdom, was far keener than my own; and that I might, to-day, have been a better, and thus a happier man, had I more seldom rejected the counsels embodied in those meaning whispers which I then but too cordially hated, and too bitterly derided.

As it was, I at length grew restive in the extreme, under his distasteful supervision, and daily resented more and more openly what I considered his intolerable arrogance. I have said that, in the first years of our connexion as school-mates, my feelings in regard to him might have been easily ripened into friendship; but, in the latter months of my residence at the academy, although the intrusion of his ordinary manner had, beyond doubt, in some measure, abated, my sentiments, in nearly similar proportion, partook very much of positive hatred. Upon one occasion he saw this, I think, and afterwards avoided, or made a show of avoiding me.

It was about the same period, if I remember aright, that, in an altercation of violence with him, in which he was more than usually thrown off his guard, and spoke and acted with an openness of demeanour rather foreign to his nature, I discovered, or fancied I discovered, in his accent, his air, and general appearance, a something which first startled, and then deeply interested me, by bringing to mind dim visions of my earliest infancy; wild, confused, and thronging memories of a time when memory herself was yet unborn. I cannot better describe the sensation which oppressed me than by saying that I could with difficulty shake off the belief that myself and the being who stood before me had been acquainted at some epoch very long ago; some point of the past even infinitely remote.

The delusion, however, faded rapidly as it came; and I mention it at all but to define the day of the last conversation I there held with my singular namesake.

The huge old house, with its countless subdivisions, had several enormously large chambers communicating with each other, where slept the greater number of the students. There were, however, as must necessarily happen in a building so awkwardly planned, many little nooks or recesses, the odds and ends of the structure; and these the economic ingenuity of Dr. Bransby had also fitted up as dormitories—although, being the merest closets, they were capable of accommodating only a single individual. One of these small apartments was occupied by Wilson.

It was upon a gloomy and tempestuous night of an early autumn, about the close of my fifth year at the school, and immediately after the altercation just mentioned, that, finding every one wrapped in sleep, I arose from bed, and, lamp in hand, stole through a wilderness of narrow passages from my own bed-room to that of my rival. I had been long plotting one of those ill-natured pieces of practical wit at his expense in which I had hitherto been so uniformly unsuccessful. It was my intention, now, to put my scheme in operation, and I resolved to make him feel the whole extent of the malice with which I was imbued. Having reached his closet, I noiselessly entered, leaving the lamp with a shade over it, on the outside. I advanced a step, and listened to the sound of his tranquil breathing. Assured of his being asleep, I returned, took the light, and with it again approached the bed. Close curtains were around it, which, in the prosecution of my plan, I slowly and quietly withdrew, when the bright rays fell vividly upon the sleeper, and my eyes, at the same moment upon his countenance. I looked, and a numbness, an iciness of feeling instantly pervaded my frame. My breast heaved, my knees tottered,

my whole spirit became possessed with an objectless yet intolerable horror. Gasping for breath, I lowered the lamp in still nearer proximity to the face. Were these—*these* the lineaments of William Wilson? I saw, indeed, that they were his, but I shook as with a fit of the ague in fancying they were not. What *was* there about them to confound me in this manner? I gazed—while my brain reeled with a multitude of incoherent thoughts. Not thus he appeared—assuredly not *thus*—in the vivacity of his waking hours. The same name; the same contour of person; the same day of arrival at the academy! And then his dogged and meaningless imitation of my gait, my voice, my habits, and my manner! Was it, in truth, within the bounds of human possibility that *what I now witnessed* was the result of the habitual practice of this sarcastic imitation? Awe-stricken, and with a creeping shudder, I extinguished the lamp, passed silently from the chamber, and left, at once, the halls of that old academy, never to enter them again.

After a lapse of some months, spent at home in mere idleness, I found myself a student at Eton. The brief interval had been sufficient to enfeeble my remembrance of the events at Dr. Bransby's, or at least, to effect a material change in the nature of the feelings with which I remembered them. The truth—the tragedy—of the drama was no more. I could now find room to doubt the evidence of my senses; and seldom called up the subject at all but with wonder at the extent of human credulity, and a smile at the vivid force of the imagination which I hereditarily possessed. Neither was this species of scepticism likely to be diminished by the character of the life I led at Eton. The vortex of thoughtless folly into which I there so immediately and so recklessly plunged, washed away all but the froth of my past hours—engulfed, at once, every solid or

serious impression, and left to memory only the veriest levities of a former existence.

I do not wish, however, to trace the course of my miserable profligacy here—a profligacy which set at defiance the laws, while it eluded the vigilance of the institution. Three years of folly, passed without profit, had but given me rooted habits of vice, and added, in a somewhat unusual degree, to my bodily stature, when, after a week of soulless dissipation, I invited a small party of the most dissolute students to a secret carousal in my chamber. We met at a late hour of the night, for our debaucheries were to be faithfully protracted until morning. The wine flowed freely, and there were not wanting other, perhaps more dangerous, seductions; so that the gray dawn had already faintly appeared in the east, while our delirious extravagance was at its height. Madly flushed with cards and intoxication, I was in the act of insisting upon a toast of more than intolerable profanity, when my attention was suddenly diverted by the violent, although partial unclosing of the door of the apartment, and by the eager voice from without of a servant. He said that some person, apparently in great haste, demanded to speak with me in the hall.

Wildly excited with the potent *Vin de Barac*, the unexpected interruption rather delighted than surprised me. I staggered forward at once, and a few steps brought me to the vestibule of the building. In this low and small room there hung no lamp; and now no light at all was admitted, save that of the exceedingly feeble dawn which made its way through a semicircular window. As I put my foot over the threshold I became aware of the figure of a youth about my own height, and (what then peculiarly struck my mad fancy) habited in a white cassimere morning frock, cut in the novel fashion of the one I myself wore at the moment. This the faint light enabled me to perceive—but

the features of his face I could not distinguish. Immediately upon my entering he strode hurriedly up to me, and, seizing me by the arm with a gesture of petulant impatience, whispered the words "William Wilson!" in my ear. I grew perfectly sober in an instant.

There was that in the manner of the stranger, and in the tremulous shake of his uplifted finger, as he held it between my eyes and the light, which filled me with unqualified amazement—but it was not this which had so violently moved me. It was the pregnancy of solemn admonition in the singular, low, hissing utterance; and, above all, it was the character, the tone, *the key*, of those few, simple, and familiar, yet whispered, syllables, which came with a thousand thronging memories of by-gone days, and struck upon my soul with the shock of a galvanic battery. Ere I could recover the use of my senses he was gone.

Although this event failed not of a vivid effect upon my disordered imagination, yet was it evanescent as vivid. For some weeks, indeed, I busied myself in earnest inquiry, or was wrapped in a cloud of morbid speculation. I did not pretend to disguise from my perception the identity of the singular individual who thus perseveringly interfered with my affairs, and harassed me with his insinuated counsel. But who and what was this Wilson?—and whence came he?—and what were his purposes? Upon neither of these points could I be satisfied—merely ascertaining, in regard to him, that a sudden accident in his family had caused his removal from Dr. Bransby's Academy on the afternoon of the day in which I myself had eloped. But in a brief period I ceased to think upon the subject; my attention being all absorbed in a contemplated departure for Oxford. Thither I soon went; the uncalculating vanity of my parents furnished me with an outfit, and annual establishment, which would enable me to indulge at will in the luxury already

so dear to my heart—to vie in profuseness of expenditure with the haughtiest heirs of the wealthiest earldoms in Great Britain.

Excited by such appliances to vice, my constitutional temperament broke forth with redoubled ardour, and I spurned even the common restraints of decency in the mad infatuation of my revels. But it were absurd to pause in the detail of my extravagance. Let it suffice, that among spendthrifts I out-heroded Herod, and that, giving name to a multitude of novel follies, I added no brief appendix to the long catalogue of vices then usual in the most dissolute university of Europe.

It could hardly be credited, however, that I had, even here, so utterly fallen from the gentlemanly estate as to seek acquaintance with the vilest arts of the gambler by profession, and, having become an adept in his despicable science, to practise it habitually as a means of increasing my already enormous income at the expense of the weak-minded among my fellow-collegians. Such, nevertheless, was the fact. And the very enormity of this offence against all manly and honourable sentiment proved, beyond doubt, the main, if not the sole reason of the impunity with which it was committed. Who, indeed, among my most abandoned associates, would not rather have disputed the clearest evidence of his senses, than have suspected of such courses the gay, the frank, the generous William Wilson—the noblest and most liberal commoner at Oxford—him whose follies (said his parasites) were but the follies of youth and unbridled fancy—whose errors but inimitable whim—whose darkest vice but a careless and dashing extravagance.

I had been now two years successfully busied in this way, when there came to the university a young *parvenu* nobleman, Glendinning—rich, said report, as Herodes Atticus—his riches, too, as easily acquired. I soon found him

of weak intellect, and, of course, marked him as a fitting subject for my skill. I frequently engaged him in play, and contrived, with a gambler's usual art, to let him win considerable sums, the more effectually to entangle him in my snares. At length, my schemes being ripe, I met him (with the full intention that this meeting should be final and decisive) at the chambers of a fellow-commoner, (Mr. Preston,) equally intimate with both, but who, to do him justice, entertained not even a remote suspicion of my design. To give to this a better colouring, I had contrived to have assembled a party of some eight or ten, and was solicitously careful that the introduction of cards should appear accidental, and originate in the proposal of my contemplated dupe himself. To be brief upon a vile topic, none of the low finesse was omitted, so customary upon similar occasions that it is a just matter for wonder how any are still found so besotted as to fall its victim.

We had protracted our sitting far into the night, and I had at length effected the manœuvre of getting Glendinning as my sole antagonist. The game, too, was my favourite écarté. The rest of the company, interested in the extent of our play, had abandoned their own cards, and were standing around us as spectators. The *parvenu*, who had been induced by my artifices in the early part of the evening to drink deeply, now shuffled, dealt, or played with a wild nervousness of manner for which his intoxication, I thought, might partially, but could not altogether, account. In a very short period he had become my debtor to a large amount of money, when, having taken a long draught of port, he did precisely what I had been coolly anticipating, proposed to double our already extravagant stakes. With a well feigned show of reluctance, and not until after my repeated refusal had seduced him into some angry words which gave a colour of *pique* to my compliance, did I finally

comply. The result, of course, did but prove how entirely the prey was in my toils—in less than a single hour he had quadrupled his debt. For some time his countenance had been losing the florid tinge lent it by the wine—but now, to my astonishment, I perceived that it had grown to a pallor truly fearful. I say to my astonishment. Glendinning had been represented to my eager inquiries as immeasurably wealthy; and the sums which he had as yet lost, although in themselves vast, could not, I supposed, very seriously annoy, much less so violently affect him. That he was overcome by the wine just swallowed, was the idea which most readily presented itself; and, rather with a view to the preservation of my own character in the eyes of my associates, than from any less interested motive, I was about to insist, peremptorily, upon a discontinuance of the play, when some expressions at my elbow from among the company, and an ejaculation evincing utter despair on the part of Glendinning, gave me to understand that I had effected his total ruin under circumstances which, rendering him an object for the pity of all, should have protected him from the ill offices even of a fiend.

What now might have been my conduct it is difficult to say. The pitiable condition of my dupe had thrown an air of embarrassed gloom over all, and, for some moments, a profound and unbroken silence was maintained, during which I could not help feeling my cheeks tingle with the many burning glances of scorn or reproach cast upon me by the less abandoned of the party. I will even own that an intolerable weight of anxiety was for a brief instant lifted from my bosom by the sudden and extraordinary interruption which ensued. The wide, heavy folding doors of the apartment were all at once thrown open, to their full extent, with a vigorous and rushing impetuosity that extinguished, as if by magic, every candle in the room. Their

light, in dying, enabled us just to perceive that a stranger had entered of about my own height, and closely muffled in a cloak. The darkness, however, was now total; and we could only feel that he was standing in our midst. Before any one of us could recover from the extreme astonishment into which this rudeness had thrown all, we heard the voice of the intruder.

“Gentlemen”—he said, in a low, distinct, and never-to-be-forgotten *whisper* which thrilled to the very marrow of my bones—“Gentlemen, I make no apology for this behaviour, because in thus behaving I am but fulfilling a duty. You are, beyond doubt, uninformed of the true character of the person who has to-night won at *écarté* a large sum of money from Lord Glendinning. I will therefore put you upon an expeditious and decisive plan of obtaining this very necessary information. Please to examine, at your leisure, the inner linings of the cuff of his left sleeve, and the several little packages which may be found in the somewhat capacious pockets of his embroidered morning wrapper.”

While he spoke, so profound was the stillness that one might have heard a pin dropping upon the floor. In ceasing, he at once departed, and as abruptly as he had entered. Can I—shall I describe my sensations?—must I say that I felt all the horrors of the damned? Most assuredly I had but little time given for reflection. Many hands roughly seized me upon the spot, and lights were immediately reprocured. A search ensued. In the lining of my sleeve were found all of the court-cards essential in *écarté*, and, in the pockets of my wrapper, a number of packs, fac-similes of those used at our sittings, with the single exception that mine were of the species called, technically, *arrondé*; the honours being slightly convex at the ends, the lower cards slightly convex at the sides. In this disposition, the dupe who cuts, as customary, at the breadth of the pack,

will invariably find that he cuts his antagonist an honour; while the gambler, cutting at the length, will, as certainly, cut nothing for his victim which may count in the records of the game.

Any outrageous burst of indignation upon this shameful discovery would have affected me less than the silent contempt, or the sarcastic composure with which it was received.

"Mr. Wilson," said our host, stooping to remove from beneath his feet an exceedingly luxurious cloak of rare furs, "Mr. Wilson, this is your property." (The weather was cold; and, upon quitting my own room, I had thrown a cloak over my dressing wrapper, putting it off upon reaching the scene of play.) "I presume it is supererogatory to seek here (eyeing the folds of the garment with a bitter smile,) for any farther evidence of your skill. Indeed we have had enough. You will see the necessity, I hope, of quitting Oxford—at all events, of quitting, instantly, my chambers."

Abased, humbled to the dust as I then was, it is probable that I should have resented this galling language by immediate personal violence, had not my whole attention been immediately arrested, by a fact of the most startling character. The cloak which I had worn was of a rare description of fur; how rare, how extravagantly costly, I shall not venture to say. Its fashion, too, was of my own fantastic invention; for I was fastidious, to a degree of absurd coxcombry, in matters of this frivolous nature. When, therefore, Mr. Preston reached me that which he had picked up upon the floor, and near the folding doors of the apartment, it was with an astonishment nearly bordering upon terror, that I perceived my own already hanging on my arm, (where I had no doubt unwittingly placed it,) and that the one presented me was but its exact counterpart in every, in even

the minutest possible particular. The singular being who had so disastrously exposed me, had been muffled, I remembered, in a cloak; and none had been worn at all by any of the members of our party with the exception of myself. Retaining some presence of mind; I took the one offered me by Preston, placed it, unnoticed, over my own, left the apartment with a resolute scowl of defiance, and, next morning ere dawn of day, commenced a hurried journey from Oxford to the continent, in a perfect agony of horror and of shame.

I fled in vain. My evil destiny pursued me as if in exultation, and proved, indeed, that the exercise of its mysterious dominion had as yet only begun. Scarcely had I set foot in Paris ere I had fresh evidence of the detestable interest taken by this Wilson in my concerns. Years flew, while I experienced no relief. Villain!—at Rome, with how untimely, yet with how spectral an officiousness, stepped he in between me and my ambition! At Vienna, too, at Berlin, and at Moscow! Where, in truth, had I *not* bitter cause to curse him within my heart? From his inscrutable tyranny did I at length flee, panic-stricken, as from a pestilence; and to the very ends of the earth *I fled in vain.*

And again, and again, in secret communion with my own spirit, would I demand the questions “Who is he?—whence came he?—and what are his objects?” But no answer was there found. And now I scrutinized, with a minute scrutiny, the forms, and the methods, and the leading traits of his impertinent supervision. But even here there was very little upon which to base a conjecture. It was noticeable, indeed, that, in no one of the multiplied instances in which he had of late crossed my path, had he so crossed it except to frustrate those schemes, or to disturb those actions, which, fully carried out, might have resulted in bitter mischief.

Poor justification this, in truth, for an authority so imperiously assumed! Poor indemnity for natural rights of self-agency so pertinaciously, so insultingly denied!

I had also been forced to notice that my tormentor, for a very long period of time, (while scrupulously and with miraculous dexterity maintaining his whim of an identity of apparel with myself,) had so contrived it, in the execution of his varied interference with my will, that I saw not, at any moment, the features of his face. Be Wilson what he might, *this*, at least, was but the veriest of affectation, or of folly. Could he, for an instant, have supposed that, in my admonisher at Eton, in the destroyer of my honour at Oxford, in him who thwarted my ambition at Rome, my revenge in Paris, my passionate love at Naples, or what he falsely termed my avarice in Egypt, that in this, my arch-enemy and evil genius, I could fail to recognise the William Wilson of my schoolboy days, the namesake, the companion, the rival, the hated and dreaded rival at Dr. Bransby's? Impossible!—But let me hasten to the last eventful scene of the drama.

Thus far I had succumbed supinely to this imperious domination. The sentiments of deep awe with which I habitually regarded the elevated character, the majestic wisdom, the apparent omnipresence and omnipotence of Wilson, added to a feeling of even terror, with which certain other traits in his nature and assumptions inspired me, had operated, hitherto, to impress me with an idea of my own utter weakness and helplessness, and to suggest an implicit, although bitterly reluctant submission to his arbitrary will. But, of late days, I had given myself up entirely to wine; and its maddening influence upon my hereditary temper rendered me more and more impatient of control. I began to murmur, to hesitate, to resist. And was it only fancy which induced me to believe that, with the increase of my own firmness, that of my tormentor un-

derwent a proportional diminution? Be this as it may, I now began to feel the inspirations of a burning hope, and at length nurtured in my secret thoughts a stern and desperate resolution that I would submit no longer to be enslaved.

It was at Rome, during the carnival of 18—, that I attended a masquerade in the palazzo of the Neapolitan Duke Di Broglio. I had indulged more freely than usual in the excesses of the wine-table; and now the suffocating atmosphere of the crowded rooms irritated me beyond endurance. The difficulty, too, of forcing my way through the mazes of the company contributed not a little to the ruffling of my temper; for I was anxiously seeking, let me not say with what unworthy motive, the young, the gay, the beautiful wife of the aged and doting Di Broglio. With a too unscrupulous confidence she had previously communicated to me the secret of the costume in which she would be habited, and now, having caught a glimpse of her person, I was hurrying to make my way into her presence. At this moment I felt a light hand laid upon my shoulder, and that ever-remembered, low, damnable whisper within my ear.

In a perfect whirlwind of wrath, I turned at once upon him who had thus interrupted me, and seized him violently by the collar. He was attired, as I expected, like myself; wearing a large Spanish cloak, and a mask of black silk which entirely covered his features.

“Scoundrel!” I said, in a voice husky with rage, while every syllable I uttered seemed as new fuel to my fury, “scoundrel! impostor! accursed villain! you shall not—you *shall not* dog me unto death! Follow me, or I stab you where I stand,” and I broke my way from the room into a small antechamber adjoining, dragging him unresistingly with me as I went.

Upon entering, I thrust him furiously from me. He staggered against the wall, while I closed the door with an oath, and commanded him to draw. He hesitated but for an in-

stant, then, with a slight sigh, drew in silence, and put himself upon his defence.

The contest was brief indeed. I was frantic with every species of wild excitement, and felt within my single arm the energy and the power of a multitude. In a few seconds I forced him by sheer strength against the wainscoting, and thus, getting him at mercy, plunged my sword, with brute ferocity, repeatedly through and through his bosom.

At this instant some person tried the latch of the door. I hastened to prevent an intrusion, and then immediately returned to my dying antagonist. But what human language can adequately portray *that* astonishment, *that* horror which possessed me at the spectacle then presented to view. The brief moment in which I averted my eyes had been sufficient to produce, apparently, a material change in the arrangements at the upper or farther end of the room. A large mirror, it appeared to me, now stood where none had been perceptible before; and, as I stepped up to it in extremity of terror, mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood, advanced, with a feeble and tottering gait, to meet me.

Thus it appeared, I say, but was not. It was my antagonist—it was Wilson, who then stood before me in the agonies of his dissolution. Not a line in all the marked and singular lineaments of that face which was not, even identically, mine own! His mask and cloak lay, where he had thrown them, upon the floor.

It was Wilson, but he spoke no longer in a whisper, and I could have fancied that I myself was speaking while he said—

“ You have conquered, and I yield. Yet, henceforward art thou also dead—dead to the world and its hopes. In me didst thou exist—and, in my death, see by this image, which is thine, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself.”

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

A SKETCH.

'Twas summer, and the red and torrid sun,
Whose noontide ray had seared the tender plant,
Blazing and furious, low had sunk behind
The gold-crown'd mountains. Soft and stealthy, night
Came lingering on ; her footsteps follow'd close
By a long band of rich and glittering stars ;
With banner high, the new-born moon—the half
Of fairy ring, silvery and spirit-like.
Hush'd were the birds gone to their dreams of music ;
The cool and bathing breeze came sweeping through
The open casement. The deep and flickering light
Of air-moved lamp, fell full on earth's best scene
Of holy love ; its shrine a mother's breast.
Lowly she sat ; her fair and parted hair
Drawn from her temples, braided back in slight
And Grecian knot. You scarce could deem her years
Were those of womanhood ; her girlish cheek,
A shade more pale than when in mazy dance
'Twas wont to glow with transport ; but her eye
Beam'd a rich gush of deep and rapturous love
On a young child, who frolick'd there, in gay
And thrilling ecstasy, with rosy cheek,

And velvet lip, and eye of that pure blue
Seen only in the azure robe of heaven.

The red shoe thrown aside, her little hand
Now winds around and round her tiny foot
A coral necklace ; and her low faint glee
Is musical. But now her form is clasp'd
To that o'erwatching bosom, and amid
The gentle lullings of a mother's voice,
She sleeps to dream of that young mother's care.

H. L. B.

Trenton.

THE VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Not a leaf on the tree,—not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell, and blossom'd the rose;
And hush'd is the cry of the chirping young swallow
That perch'd on the hazel in twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the cowslip and sweet-scented brier
That bloom'd o'er the hillock, and gladden'd the vale;
And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire,
Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-cover'd pale.

And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain
That prattled and shone in the light of the moon;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And lock'd up in silence its merrisome tune.

Then heap up the hearthstone with dry forest branches,
And gather about me, my children, in glee;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me!

Boston.



W. S. Mount

BARRECAVING FOR A HORSE.

Printed by Bulmer & Long.



THE SEVEN BEAUTIES.

BY MRS. M. GRIFFITH.

“SEVEN did you say—seven beautiful women, and all unmarried? I doubt it; they may be pretty, or even handsome, but seven of such beauties as you describe, and always to be seen together, is a thing not to be credited.”

“Doubt if you will,” said James Bannister to his friend Bradleigh. “You will judge for yourself this evening, and what is more, you will lose your heart this evening.”

“That is what has never happened yet,” said Bradleigh; “I have no fear of that kind. But enlighten me a little, that I may see my way clearly. What are the names and characters of these seven beauties, and who are their lovers; for I presume they have plenty?”

“Of course they have; but as to their characters, that is a high joke, as if a man could give the true character of a woman merely by seeing her in full dress. You must find all that out by yourself, for I know nothing more than that they are all agreeable, intelligent women, and that it is delightful to be with them.”

“But their names—their fortunes—that you can tell, I presume.”

“Well, then, to begin, there are three sisters, Isabella, Rosa, and Penelope. The two former are twins, but look-

ing as unlike as possible, and the latter is a perfect dove. Isabella and Rosa are rather, on the whole, a little too reserved to strangers; but they are noble girls, and Penelope is bewitching."

"Ah, she is your *forte* I perceive," said Bradleigh, "so I must not singe my wings by the flame of her eyes."

"There you mistake, Bradleigh, I give you leave to try your luck with her, or any of the sisters—it will be up-hill work, I assure you; so prepare yourself for a hard trial, if you fix your hopes on the house of Rainsby.—Then come two lovely brunettes, sisters also, Ellen and Sophia Denham. I cannot for my life tell which is the handsomest, they are both so very perfect in shape and feature; then they dress exquisitely, and sing like angels. Why, Bradleigh, I am in love with them all."

"Not you; I know you better than all that—I can see you are a lost man, but which is the *one*—the true one—I am yet to find out. Now, James, it will be but fair both to yourself and me to give me a hint, that I may not fall in love with the very one that I should not."

"And I know you so well, Bradleigh, that if I *were* to tell you, the first step would be to fall in love with that very lady—supposing I *have* a preference. And the next step would be to write me a deplorable letter, and fly the country. No, no, your travels over Europe must have made a great change in you, if you would not plunge headlong into some unfortunate difficulty. I shall keep my counsel, and you must take your chance. As to fortune, Mr. Rainsby is rich, and if one of his daughters take a fancy to you, there will be a coming down of one hundred thousand dollars—that is, provided you ever come down with the same sum; Mr. Rainsby required these conditions when his eldest daughter married, and I presume he is of the same mind still. Ellen and Sophia Denham have each

a snug little fortune of thirty thousand dollars, and are their own mistresses, for their mother is an indulgent one, and has an idea they can never do wrong. So you have now five of my beauties before you ; the sixth and seventh are cousins, and live together with their aunt—and such an aunt ; but you will see her, and then judge whether you can go through a two years' wooing with the fear and dread of this woman before your eyes."

"But their names—they have names, I trust, and handsome ones too."

"Let me see—I always call the one Miss Tracy, and the other Miss Parnell. The fact is, Bradleigh, I am not so intimate with these ladies as with the others. I hate that she-dragon of an aunt to such a degree that I am never at my ease there."

"Oh, James, you do not suppose I am to be taken in with such nonsense—their names, man—tell me their names. I have not the least doubt *now*, that one of these ladies is your fate."

"Fate, indeed ; I should like to try to make an impression on Georgiana Parnell,—yes—laugh, her name is Georgiana, and you know of old that there was a Georgiana once that held me enchanted for a twelvemonth. This is quite a different person, I assure you ; but in one word she is a coquette ; she has a dozen lovers, and torments them all."

"She is mine, James ; I am in love with her already, I should like to break her spirit—reduce her to one lover—say no more, she is mine, fortune or no fortune."

"Why, as to fortune, that I could never find out ; they never speak of it, and the old lady keeps all so close that nothing transpires."

"Now what is the other lady's name ? why must I not hear that ?—you blush. I have it now, it is Miss Tracy,

and her name is—come, what is her name? you do not pretend not to know it.”

“Oh, her name is Caroline—quite a pretty name, you will allow, and she is certainly the most lovely and perfect of human beings. Mrs. Luke, her aunt, has no control over her, nor does she need control. There is a guardian somewhere, but I have never seen him. He is reputed to be very rich, but sadly out of health, and is generally travelling about for change of air and exercise. His name is Melville, and by all accounts, he is liberal enough to his ward; they say she draws on him to any amount she pleases. If I were to die for it, I could not describe her to you. I cannot tell whether her eyes are hazle or black; all I know is that she has long silken eyelashes and a pearl of a mouth—but nonsense—you will see her this evening, and enough has been said. You will see Forrester and Graham there with a dozen more, but there are no engagements that I can see; there have been several dismissals this autumn, so we are thinned out a little; but there are enough left to make you as jealous as a Spaniard.”

Bradleigh went with his friend, and saw that there had been no exaggeration, they were all beautiful and intelligent, and he was in a strange bewilderment the whole evening. At one time he caught himself gazing for several minutes at Miss Penelope Rainsby, her soft dove-like eyes were in such perfect union with the delicate, lady-like voice and figure, that he was on the point of declaring to his friend that he considered her as the most beautiful woman in the room. But no, the next instant Ellen Denham was decidedly the most attractive, and a brunette was more to his taste than the fairest lily in the room.

James Bannister watched him closely, and came near just as he had made up his mind to sit by Ellen the remainder of the evening. He pointed to Georgiana Parnell,

around whose chair several young men were hovering, and he soon left the brunette for the coquette. But he fared no better than the rest of them; Miss Georgiana was consistent, she dispensed her smiles to them all, but with such grace and good-humour, that there was enchantment in every thing she said or did.

Bradleigh moved on;—in a corner, with only one gentleman near her, sat Caroline Tracy. She was listening with deep interest to her guardian, Mr. Melville. Bradleigh had been introduced to him in the beginning of the evening, but with his head so filled, and his eyes so dazzled with the brilliancy of the conversation, and the beauty of the lovely beings who were before him, he did not take the trouble of ever looking at Mr. Melville, who when once seen could never be forgotten; he arose when Bradleigh approached, and gave him his chair.

“And now I fear you are going,” said one of the most sweetly attuned voices he ever heard; “this is the first evening you ever went out with me, and you are tired before it is half over; pray stay and take me home, I shall not keep you long a prisoner.”

Mr. Melville hesitated, and Bradleigh resigned the chair; but after a few words of idle chat, he shook his head and departed.

“This gentleman does not seem to enjoy good health,” said Bradleigh, by the way of saying something, “but what a noble-looking fellow he is; that is to say, if he were not quite so thin; he is almost a shadow.”

“I do not think he is in ill health; he never complains; I should be very unhappy if I thought him ill. He is my guardian, Mr. Bradleigh, and one of the most indulgent of men; pray do not think him in bad health; no one has ever hinted it before.”

Her guardian! The young man thought he was too young

by half. "I do not suppose he can be over thirty-five," said he, "perhaps he is in love with his ward; if he is not, I know who is, and here I rest my hopes of happiness for ever."

So Bradleigh sat by the side of the fairest of the fair, and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught of love; he had no eyes nor voice for any other person that evening, nor would he take the strongest hint to change his seat, although his friend Bannister made several attempts.

Bradleigh was a noble-hearted young man, and certainly, as far as good principles and pleasing manners went—he was in easy circumstances, too—he was entitled to the attention of any lady in the room. But Miss Tracy made no effort to enslave him; on the contrary, she was often absent, and entered but slightly into the conversation. This, however, had not the effect of destroying his hopes; he was determined to persevere, and in the end make her his own. Often and often, these thoughts crossed his mind while conversing with this beautiful creature, and he resolved, if difficulties were in the way, that he would overcome them.

Every evening he found himself among these beautiful girls; but lovers crowded around them, and Miss Tracy managed it so cleverly, that Mr. Bradleigh, or Mr. Anybody-else never remained too long near her. Bannister had the benefit of his friend's confidence, but he adroitly withheld his own. He told Bradleigh constantly that he had better give over the pursuit of Miss Tracy, and single out one of the others; but the young man as constantly refused to take the advice—as if a man could pull a love fit off and on as a glove.

At the end of a month, he was on the point of offering himself, but Miss Tracy saved him the mortification of a refusal. They were alone one morning, Mrs. Luke and Georgiana having gone out to pay visits—a circumstance

of which he was apprised. After a little confused chat—for, overpowered with the tumult of his own thoughts, he scarcely knew what he was saying—the young lady led the conversation to her cousin.

“Georgiana is gay, yet warm-hearted,” said she, “and I presume that some time or other she will make a choice of one of the many numerous lovers that surround her. She is formed for domestic happiness, volatile as she must appear to others. As to me, I shall never marry; nay, hear me out, Mr. Bradleigh,” seeing that he was about to speak, “I do not intend to marry; and I say this now, and have said it repeatedly; so it is a matter of congratulation to me that no young gentleman has ever made me an offer; if he were covered with honour, and glory, and wealth, nothing should ever induce me to accept of him.”

Poor Bradleigh! He saw indeed that there was no hope; that superb eye was not for his gaze; that sweet voice was never to be heard again by him.

“I told you so,” said Bannister; “and now you shall have part of my secret. I was madly in love with her for six months, and then—noble creature, she spared me the pain of a refusal. The best thing now to be done is to write melancholy sonnets for a few days, and then turn to one of the brunettes; I am sure that Sophia is the very one for you, and besides she thinks you a very clever fellow; so you have that to comfort you.”

Bradleigh was uncomfortable enough; all men are when disappointed in love; but he rallied, for the truth is that a man gets rid of the passion much sooner when cold water has been thrown on it before it has burst out into a declaration. Miss Penelope Rainsby next attracted him; but, alas, by the time he considered her as quite equal to Miss Tracy, he found out by certain love-passages of the eyes, those dove-like eyes, that there was a rival and a favoured one.

"James, where was my good genius when I lent myself to your advice in getting entangled in these meshes? I shall try no more, but fly to some distance; my heart cannot bear these scorplings for ever."

"Never fear," said his friend, "I say again, make your bow to Sophia Denham—but I know the advice is lost on you; as to me, I think I am progressing; I really think the lovely girl that I have chosen is beginning to get accustomed to me."

"Accustomed to you! Upon my word that is quite a new way of being beloved. And pray now that after a year's hard courtship she is just beginning to get accustomed to you, how long will it be before your Zilpah allows you to kiss her hand? As to Miss Sophia, to tell you the truth, I admire her less than any of the others; if I am fool enough to turn my thoughts to any of them I think it shall be that superb-looking creature, Isabella Rainsby."

"You are the most perverse man I ever knew," said his friend in a pet, "why if you go on in this way you will not stand the least chance with any of them; and I am so anxious about it, too. I know them all thoroughly, and I tell you that Isabella Rainsby will never have you."

If you push a moth away from the candle a dozen times, he will eventually singe his wings, so you may as well let him fly in the flame at once and have done with it. Bradleigh fluttered around Isabella until he really thought he was quite in love enough to pop the question, but Isabella never gave him an opportunity of declaring himself, and there was no way left but to write to her. He did write, and the letter was duly sent, but it came back—unopened. "Miss Rainsby's compliments, and returns the letter unopened, knowing that it was sent by mistake." Sure enough it was a mistake, for the very next week the happy Mr. Westfield announced himself as the favoured lover.

“Now there are but four left,” said James Bannister, “and my advice is—Sophia Denham.”

“If you will give me a reason why it should not be her sister, or Rosa Rainsby, or Georgiana Parnell, I may be guided by your counsel.”

“Have I not had proof enough that advice is lost on you?” said his friend. “You are in a *clique*, among the *exclusives*, and you think that the ordinary rules of fashionable society are to be observed. By this time you ought to know better; they manage affairs their own way, and we may congratulate ourselves that it is no worse. These seven beauties have a right to our devotion, and we must submit to a little caprice; in fact, with the exception that they keep their hearts locked up too long, even from the man they intend to honour at last, there is nothing that can be called caprice. They have encouraged one another into this cool way of managing love affairs, and we must put up with it. Sophia Denham is your choice, and let me prevail on you to think of her.”

Bannister knew full well that Bradleigh would not listen to him, nor did he wish it, for Sophia Denham was his affianced bride. A secret it was to be, a hard one to the young man, but the lady willed it, and he had to submit. In one month he was allowed to declare the engagement. Young men never do harm to themselves by falling in and out of love a dozen times, provided they behave honourably. They are just as likely to make good husbands as if they had never loved but once in their lives. Bannister had been in love several times; that is, he had been in love in the usual way; he was constantly in the presence of a pretty or accomplished woman, and her society was agreeable to him; it was very desirable, therefore, to appropriate her to himself.

His friend turned towards Rosa Rainsby; he found that

would not do; he then flirted with Ellen Denham, but she repulsed him; he thought on the whole that he would now give up all thoughts of marrying, and attach himself to Georgiana Parnell as a friend.

"After all," said he, "she has more heart than any of the others, and her sweet smile and playfulness is more to my taste than all the charms of all the others put together."

"You have said the same thing of every one of them," said his friend, "we shall see how long you will be of the same opinion. To-morrow I shall be at liberty to tell you a secret; you shall then know to whom I have given up my liberty."

"And if I have been making love to her," said Bradleigh, "I shall be vexed enough to pistol you. James, have done with this folly and tell me which it is."

"Wait till to-morrow and you shall know all; meantime I see no harm in your coquetting with Miss Parnell; she has tormented men enough in her short career; by-and-by she will be taken by surprise, and then the lover may be cold. Miss Tracy comes but seldom among us now, her aunt, Mrs. Luke, is very much indisposed, and her niece, of course, finds it her duty and pleasure to remain with her. Miss Parnell is with her in the morning and Miss Tracy in the evening. Only think of having two such nurses, Bradleigh."

The next day James Bannister was allowed to proclaim his engagement, and it was immediately followed by the announcement of three others! Alas for poor Bradleigh, there was only one left, and he did not think she cared one straw for him. "Defend me from such a *clique* as this," said he; "they have gone as coolly to work in their love affairs and have kept up the same kind of mystery as artists do who are fearful of being pirated. Who knows that under

this coquetry there may not be a *penchant* for some one of the poor fellows that hang around her? I shall keep my heart safe this time, that I am resolved."

But weak are such resolutions; for step by step, day by day he was getting more and more involved, and what made it worse, he was growing jealous—yes, jealous for the first time in his life. He that was of so kind and excellent a nature, now took a disgust, nay, a hatred to his rivals.

Miss Tracy, the queen of beauty, the loveliest, the most accomplished of the little *clique*, was determined to die an old maid. So she told her aunt, her cousin, and her guardian. Mr. Melville had in vain urged her to think favourably of a gentleman every way suitable to her in rank and fortune, but she positively declined his suit.

"My dear Miss Tracy," said he one day, "let me once more plead for this young gentleman; he still hopes, nor can I blame him; with such a prize in view it is allowable for a man to hope."

"In the first place, my dear guardian, you must break yourself of that ugly trick of calling me Miss Tracy—I am Caroline—the same Caroline that was given to your care ten years ago, and it has not a pleasant sound to be called Miss Tracy."

"Well, then, dear Caroline—"

"Thank you, Mr. Melville; and now, in the second place, you must not say one word more in Mr. Osgood's favour, for I have a very good reason for my refusal, besides that of not loving him."

"Indeed! and pray what may that reason be?"

"Why that is a secret—the only one I have ever kept from you, and the novelty of not confiding in you entirely is so very agreeable, that I am determined to try it a little longer."

"I am not afraid of your doing wrong," said her in-

dulgent guardian, "but I am a little curious; and if it is not a very great secret indeed, I should really like to know. Perhaps—but no," continued he, "I was going to say that, perhaps, a lover is in question."

"You are not going to 'guess' nor 'perhaps' about it; all you are to know is this, that there is a secret, and I may carry it to the grave with me."

Mr. Melville looked at her in astonishment. With a mind so well regulated, with an understanding so clear, was it possible that she had lost her heart—that her affections were placed on one who was indifferent! He could not believe it.

"I must wait then, I perceive; and I would wait your pleasure, my dear Caroline, did I not fear that this secret may prey on your spirits, for with all your playfulness I know that something is wrong. You are a little altered: I see a change in you which others do not perceive, for with you only to love and pray for, I have become lynx-eyed. But keep your secret yet a little longer, and if my health does not improve—"

"Your health, Mr. Melville! why, are you not quite well now? have you deceived me all this time?"—and Caroline looked up in terror.

"I am far from well; but it is my feelings, Caroline, it is the spirit which is broken down, and that, you know, carries the health of the body with it. If you have your secret, Caroline, I also have mine, and there is more certainty of my never disclosing it, than that I shall never hear yours."

He took her hand as he said this—she started, for it was as cold as marble.

"Ah, Mr. Melville, you are ill; I see it now, I see it, and you have kept it from me—oh, how unkind to let the truth fall upon me at once! What is to become of me? what friend have I but you?"

"You, Caroline, the darling, the delight of the whole world, you to fear the want of friends! Even your secret I can guess—a lover is the solution—and he must be worthy of you—my Caroline would never place her affections on an unworthy object."

Caroline was silent, and he proceeded. "Whoever he is, as I trust to your excellent sense, he shall receive my full consent; and if want of fortune is the obstacle, that shall be set aside, for all that I have is yours. Say, dearest, is this your secret?" and the grave quiet guardian drew his beautiful ward close to his bosom and kissed her forehead.

But Caroline could not speak—her face was bathed in tears; the secret—what was it?—why, that she loved Mr. Melville—and on looking back she found that he was the first, and the only one she ever loved.

"If you give up *your* mystery," said she at length, as she withdrew from his arms, "perhaps I may tell you what I never intended you should know."

"Yes, Caroline, you shall know; for after all what is so natural as to love you? Why should I alone, dearest, be insensible to so much loveliness? Because I am neither young nor handsome, does it follow that I must have no heart? But it need not distress you thus, my dear Caroline; it is a pleasure to love you, to dote on you as I do—quite pleasure and happiness enough, without expecting a return—there could be no return to such a love as mine."

"But there can," said Caroline, giving him her hand, and turning her head from him. "You may keep that hand for ever, my dear Mr. Melville. And now you know the secret."

Mr. Melville was as near being bewildered with happiness as one of his gravity could be; but then it must be recollected that his mind was clouded and depressed, and

that his grave and quiet deportment arose from the misery of loving without hope.

Mrs. Luke broke through an obstinate fit of illness, that she might be well enough to fret about this singular match; but the parties concerned were beyond the reach of her ill temper. Mr. Melville no longer had cold hands, although it is said that "a cold hand has a warm heart." Every body took notice of the improvement in his looks; and one day a little boy ran into the house to tell his father that he heard Mr. Melville whistle!

"And now, Georgiana," said Caroline, "your turn must come next; you are now at liberty, for you are the youngest of the seven, and surely among so many lovers one is cleverer than the rest."

"I cannot tell that, cousin, for Bradleigh stays by me so closely, that he gives me no chance to find out how I like the others."

"Ah, indeed—does he?—then perhaps you may as well content yourself with him; in fact you and he are very much alike, and I think you will agree very well."

Bradleigh, in the most quiet, out-of-the-way, unlover-like manner, asked Georgiana Parnell to be his wife, and she laughingly, with only a slight blush, and a little tremor of the voice, consented.

The little *clique* was broken up. They entered into a solemn compact to engage themselves according to their age, or rather to make their engagement public one after the other, as the ages decreased. Miss Isabella Rainsby was the oldest, and Miss Georgiana Parnell the youngest. Their reign was short—only two years from their coming out till their marriage—and yet how much of life was in that short space.

Every city has a little *clique* of this kind, among the fashion-

able, but it is not every city that could show seven such beautiful women. Nor could so many sweet dispositions and well-regulated minds be found in one coterie. To be sure, Isabella was haughty and exacting, Rosa had a horror of *parvenus*, Penelope did not often know her own mind, Ellen Denham could not bear contradiction, and her sister Sophia was a raging housekeeper—poor Bannister. Georgiana was a coquette, and was no housekeeper at all, she could not tell veal from beef even when on the table—poor Bradleigh. But Caroline was perfect, and she fell to the lot of a man nearly as old again as herself, not at all handsome, and with every promise of being in delicate health all his life—poor Caroline.

But what a commotion there was for those two years among the young men belonging to this little *clique*. How those who did not belong to it affected to despise them all. The out-door young ladies were spiteful, and their mothers censorious; the seven beauties were denounced; and if one were to judge of them by the characters that were generally given of them, the prohibited young men lost nothing by the exclusion.

It was predicted of the whole seven, that they would all marry worthless spendthrifts or fortune-hunters, but when one after the other was said to be engaged, and all to regular, respectable men, neither fortune-hunters nor reprobates, the disappointment was extreme, for such good-natured propheciers hate to be found in an error. It was some comfort that Caroline married a man “old enough to be her father,” and that he did not allow her to go much into company. But if they could have seen the happy bride and the still happier bridegroom in their retirement, they would have been too miserable; so it was better that they were shut out.

The shopkeepers, on the whole, were glad when it was all over, and the seven beauties fairly and comfortably sitting by their own fire-side, with their husband's name engraved around the bell-handle of the street-door. It was certainly a rich harvest for the retail merchants while it lasted; but the seven beauties—save and excepting Caroline—carried it with so high a hand, they tyrannized so saucily over the clerks, and they contrived to take up so much room, and so much time, that some of the most fashionable shops were nearly deserted by the rest of the world—I mean the spiteful part of the world.

It was only two years from their coming out to the end of their career, and yet what a space they filled in the public eye and the public thought! How many things they were said to do that they never did, and how many speeches they were made to say that they never said. How many a shoemaker sold a pair of shoes by boasting that Miss Denham or Miss Parnell bought her shoes there, showing her name inside, and *returned* for a pair a *size larger*. How many girls tried to get on their returned slippers, in the hope that their foot would sit easy in them!

For my part, I was very sorry when the epidemic passed over, for I am sure it saved many a man and woman from a fit of *ennui*. Every body was kept alive by them, no one went home without particularly specifying that he had seen Miss Rainsby or Miss Denham, and the minutest part of her dress was canvassed. People even turned round to look at the young men who were in the habit of walking with the seven beauties, and these young men themselves always went arm in arm, looking solemn and abstracted, as if the proud distinction were a matter of utter indifference. They affected not to see any one in the street, nor did they ever utter a syllable to one another. It

was too ridiculous, but, poor fellows, it was only a short-lived affectation; when the *clique* was broken up they had to return to their counting-house and their office, and sit down to the sober realities of life, many of them with a sore heartache; for of course, each one in his secret soul determined to carry off one of the seven beauties.

Mrs. Meadows, the confectioner, was the only one who really loved them. She never spoke ill of them, they were *her* beauties, they lived but for her, and their names—only that she did not know to which individuals they belonged—were always on her lips, and she would say to her customers, “Miss Sophia Parnell always prefers cream-cakes,” or “Miss Georgiana Denham likes these delicate tarts very much;” and sometimes, when the whole seven all came in together, (not with the young men, however, for they were not allowed to come in a confectioner’s shop with them,) Mrs. Meadows was put to her wit’s end, for strangers would crowd in to take a peep, and how to dispose of them all, and how to serve them all, was beyond her knowledge. For two years did she watch for their coming, and those two years was a whole brilliant life to her; and when she made the last wedding-cake, and sent home the last jellies and ice-creams for the last wedding, she stepped comfortably in a snug little two-storied house, bought entirely with the money of the seven beauties.

Oh, ye hard-hearted and envious people, why do you begrudge poor Mrs. Meadows her snug little two-storied house? Do you think that three thousand dollars might have been better spent than in confectionaries, cakes, jellies and ice-creams, to say nothing of bon-bons and evening refreshments? To whom could this money have been given with better advantage? Does any one know how many poor work-people are employed in preparing these things?

Mrs. Meadows had upwards of twenty dependants, four of whom were nice, tidy, pretty little shop-women; one of them exceedingly pretty, too.

It was quite lucky that she made money so fast and bought that bargain of a house, for her business fell back to its old jog-trot profit again. All that passed before and after those two blissful prolific years, was a dead letter to Mrs. Meadows. The old lady of Tillietudlem dated all that was worthy of memory from the time his most gracious Majesty took his *dejeune* with her; and all the memorable events of Mrs. Meadows' life were comprised in these two golden twelvemonths.

She sighed for the time when the growing family of her seven beauties should find their way to her still popular shop; but four or five years after this she came home one day from one of the public squares very much crest-fallen; and Kitty Lee, the pretty shop-woman, asked her what was the matter.

"I have seen a sight this day, Kitty Lee," said she, "that I never expected to see. One of my seven beauties, Miss Caroline that was, promised that all their little ones should be in the public square, for she knew that there was no other place large enough to see them and their nurses together. So this morning I filled that basket with bonbons and carried it up there. As true as I live, Kitty Lee, I counted twenty beautiful little creatures, and not one over five years old." (Kitty thought that was very likely.) "After I had seen and spoken to them all—and two or three of them screamed as if they were going into fits when I kissed them,—I opened my basket, and offered a nice cream-cake to Miss Sophia's fine little boy, because his mother was so fond of them, and just as he held out his dear little hand to take it, his great, bony Irish nurse

(every one of the nurses were Irish, Kitty Lee) pushed it back; 'Mistress Bennister, ma'am,' said she, with a stormy Irish brogue, 'niver allows the childer to ate sweet things, barring it is a biscuit like this.' And, Kitty Lee, she opened her black stuff bag, and showed me one of those windy, chalky things they call soda crackers!"

New York.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS C. E. BEECHER.

"THERE she goes again, kiting off with the beaux, and leaving her children to take care of themselves!"

This was an exclamation of a lady at one of the fashionable watering places, as she turned with looks of displeasure from a window.

"Who is it?" said a new-comer, approaching the window.

"Oh, it is a Mrs. Langside, who has been here these three weeks, singing songs, roaming the woods, flirting with beaux, and talking nonsense."

Mrs. Abberville passed to the door to gain a sight of the lady thus described. As she looked out upon the green lawn, she saw her not far off, sitting gracefully upon a horse, her slender and elegant figure set off by a becoming riding-dress, her blue eyes beaming with pleasure, and her cheeks glowing with excitement. As she wheeled her horse, the beauty of her person, her skill in horsemanship, her waving plumes and flowing skirt, constituted a *tout ensemble* that extorted a universal exclamation of admiration, especially from the gentlemen who were gathered around.

"She is a lovely-looking creature!" said Mrs. Abberville with a sigh, as she seated herself by Mrs. Elton, who had made the preceding remarks; "tell me something more of her; are you acquainted with her?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Elton, "I have known her from childhood. She was a gay, flighty, good-natured thing, very smart in school, so as to pass for something of a genius. When she went into society she was quite a belle; and at that time we were very intimate. She married at eighteen, and since then I have heard little of her, except that she has had three children, and was in poor health. A few weeks since she suddenly appeared at the Springs. But her course here has been so contrary to my notions of propriety, that I have not been disposed to renew past friendship."

"She looks very young and very amiable," said Mrs. Abberville; "perhaps she needs a friend to advise her, and perhaps the influence of a friend might save her from these indiscretions."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Elton with the indifferent air that seemed to say, "it is no concern of mine."

"Has she a mother living?" inquired Mrs. Abberville.

"Yes indeed," said Mrs. Elton, "and that is the worst of it. She has been brought up to know better, and that is the reason I have so little patience with her. Her mother is a sensible and pious woman, one of the excellent of the earth, and it would grieve her to the heart to see her daughter in such a career as this."

Mrs. Abberville was one whom sorrow had made wise. She had a gentle and loving heart, united with great delicacy, tact and discretion. Though not gifted with brilliancy of genius, she had a sound and well-balanced mind, a superior education, polished manners, and an agreeable person. But the crowning charm of her character was

religion; not that form of it which is exhibited chiefly by a rigid adherence to certain doctrines, forms, or external religious duties, nor that which is mainly busied with a system of benevolent operations for relieving the poor, or extending Christianity. True, she highly appreciated such efforts, and gave them her decided support; but with her, the primary duties of religion consisted in preserving a meek and quiet spirit amid the daily crosses and trials of life, in efforts to promote the comforts and enjoyment of all in her immediate sphere, in cultivating a charitable and tender spirit toward the erring or ignorant, and in seeking by all wise and winning methods, to bring every mind within the reach of her influence, under the pervading influence of virtue and piety. She was like the orb of day when veiled by a cloud, imparting comfort and light unnoticed and unseen.

The next day, as the party at the Springs were gathered in the large piazza, or scattered over the lawn, Mrs. Abberville espied Mrs. Langside sitting at the foot of a tree, her hat thrown aside, her guitar in her lap, while she was carolling merry lays to a troop of young persons scattered around her. Two or three young gentlemen were fluttering about her, while her husband stood by, a silent and gratified admirer.

Mrs. Abberville was near Mrs. Elton, and heard her remark to her next neighbour, "Just look at Mrs. Langside, flirting as usual with the beaux."

"I wonder her husband is not jealous," was the rejoinder.

"He is too much of a fool for that," said Mrs. Elton, "or he would not encourage her as he does in her folly. Only think of her leaving her children all day, and till nearly eleven last night—trooping over hill and dale by moonlight!"

Then followed various criticisms upon the style of her dress, her conversation, her manners; while her various wild and imprudent speeches were retailed, with more or less exaggeration.

Mrs. Abberville looked on the object of these remarks with deep interest and pity, and, turning to Mrs. Elton, she remarked :

“ Poor thing ! her head is turned with the attention and flattery she receives ; this is not the place for such a one as she. Dear Mrs. Elton, you have the delicacy and kindness which would enable you to act the part of a true friend and adviser. Why not renew your intimacy, and try your influence over her ? ”

“ Ah, you know, Mrs. Abberville, I do not think as you do on such matters. I am utterly opposed to all this system of taking care of other people’s affairs, and remodelling and making over other people’s characters. I have more than I can do to take care of my own. Besides, I have seen so much of this kind of impertinent interference, that I am disgusted with every thing that looks like it. Just look at that prosing, dawdling fellow yonder. To him a glass of wine is the signal for a temperance lecture, a pack of cards draws forth a homily, and a cotillion is a text for a sermon ; one would think he deemed himself the shepherd and bishop of the whole flock here. Don’t you think the fellow had the impudence to draw up to me the other day to inquire into my spiritual concerns.” Here Mrs. Elton put up her pretty lip, and her companions laughed.

“ But, dear Mrs. Elton, because men and women without refinement or discretion run into one extreme, let us not run into the other. If poor Mrs. Langside were in poverty and distress, no one would be more ready to feel or to aid than yourself. But what treasure is so precious to a wife and a

mother as her good name?—what evils to her and her children so great as the loss of it? Now you are just the one who may save her from this evil, for you have the tact, the delicacy, the discretion.”

“Good bye, dear Mrs. Abberville, if I stay much longer I fear you will convert me, and I am determined not to be converted.”

Mrs. Abberville rose to retire to her apartment. In passing Mrs. Langside's room, the door stood open, and she espied her rosy little ones singing and romping with great glee. A moment after she had passed, she heard a fall, followed by the shrieking of a child. She hastened back, and found that the little boy had pitched over the back of a chair, and, on examination, she discovered that he had probably dislocated his shoulder. Instant despatch was made for the mother and a surgeon, while Mrs. Abberville took the child in her arms, and tried to soothe his distress.

Mrs. Langside came rushing in, with all the anxious tenderness of a mother, and during the scene which followed, till the surgeon had finished his duties, she exhibited such energy, judgment, tenderness, and fortitude, as tended greatly to increase the interest already awakened in the heart of Mrs. Abberville.

This incident was the commencement of frequent visits to the room of Mrs. Langside, who for some days secluded herself from society to devote herself to her child. Mrs. Abberville observed that she was a good manager of her children, that they were always neatly dressed and well behaved, and that a faithful servant was in constant attendance upon them.

Mrs. Langside was one of those transparent, confiding beings, that needs only the touch of kindness to draw forth every thought and feeling.

"Your children look very nearly of the same age; I should think the two eldest were twins," said Mrs. Abberville.

"There is but little more than a year between their ages," said Mrs. Langside. "Oh, Mrs. Abberville, how little young girls understand what is before them, when they enter married life! I have been married only five years, and in looking back, it seems to me like an age of suffering and gloom."

"You seem to have emerged out of it with a very light heart," said Mrs. Abberville smiling.

"Yes, and I dare say you, and all sensible people think I am a wild, thoughtless, negligent mother. But, dear Mrs. Abberville, you do not know how much I have suffered, and how entirely I have been shut out of society that I enjoy so much—and how I have toiled and watched in my nursery over sick children, when I had not strength enough to take care of myself. This is the first season in which I and my children have been well, and I have come as it were out of a prison-house into this beautiful spot, where nature smiles so lovely, and every one seems so happy. Indeed I do try to behave as I know people think I ought to do, but my spirits are so excitable, and I feel so happy, and all around me are so agreeable and kind, that I cannot keep any of my good resolutions."

"How I wish," said Mrs. Abberville, "that the severe observers around you, could know how much allowance should be made for you."

"Then people do judge me severely?" inquired Mrs. Langside—"what do they say?"

"What should you think they would be likely to say of a pretty woman, who leaves her children a great part of every day to roam about with young gentlemen?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Abberville, I feel that I have been very

imprudent. But really I do not think my children are neglected. I always rise very early and take care of their clothes, and hear them read and recite their lessons, before I go out; and the good woman who has the care of them, feels such an interest in them, and is so trusty and discreet, that I have even more confidence in her than in my own abilities. I am sure my children are well taken care of, or else I know I should not leave them."

"I am gratified to find that it is so," said Mrs. Abberville; "I wish you could as easily satisfy me that their mother is suffering no essential injury."

"I do not feel at all satisfied with myself," said Mrs. Langside, "and yet I do not realize any so very great evils that I encounter."

"That is because you do not realize what a suspicious and censorious world you live in, nor how strict are the rules which society imposes on a wife and mother. I do not regret the strictness of those rules, but I do dread the uncharitable and censorious spirit; and when I see a pretty wife and mother, where she is likely to be an object of envy and observation, in the career that you have entered, I tremble for the results, both to her and her children."

"You talk as my own dear mother would. Oh! I know I am not in the right way, and every night when I take up the Bible, her parting gift, to fulfil my last promise to her, I shed bitter tears to think how far I am from the course she would approve. I wish I had a friend to advise me and to sustain my good resolutions, but my husband is so fond of society himself, and is so pleased to see me enjoying myself, that instead of aiding, he is constantly tempting me. Oh! I am so volatile, and have so little firmness of purpose! Dear Mrs. Abberville, what shall I do? I wish I could live near you, and that you would deal with me just like a mother. I believe you would find me both docile and grateful."

Mrs. Abberville would cheerfully have embraced an opportunity offered with such an amiable spirit, but she was suddenly summoned away to a distant part of the country. About a year after, she accidentally learned, that Mrs. Langside had become a resident of the same city with herself, that she was at one of the large and fashionable boarding-houses, and engaged in a round of company and excitement. She resolved to renew her intercourse, but for several weeks was prevented by various avocations.

One Sabbath morning as she was passing from church, she was joined by a gentleman with whom she had formed an acquaintance at the Springs. After passing the usual compliments, he inquired if she were not an acquaintance of Mrs. Langside. Receiving an affirmative answer:

"I wish you would call and see her," said he, "she is in great distress, and has no relatives, and apparently no very great friends in this place."

"What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Abberville.

"You know, perhaps, the tittle-tattle current at the Springs respecting her general deportment. Since she has been at the Mansion House, where I am a boarder, she has given even more occasion for this kind of scandal. She has been very gay, and often out late at dances and entertainments. Her health failed a short time since; I fear it was the effect of over-excitement and late hours. Her husband, a careless, thoughtless fellow, has been very intimate of late with Dr. Folsom, who I think should have been shut out from good society long ago. Mrs. Langside could not have been aware of his character, or she would never have admitted him so freely to her apartments. When she was taken sick, her husband employed him as her physician. Envy and malice were on the alert, and things which with another kind of woman, or another physician, would have

been regarded as perfectly proper, have been coloured and exaggerated by the tongue of slander, and disseminated all over the city. These tales have reached her ears in their full measure, and in her debilitated state have agitated and distressed her to such a degree, as almost to shatter her reason. She has no friends here in whom she confides, and her husband told me she was constantly wishing to see you, and yet was not willing to send for you."

"Alas!" said Mrs. Abberville, "the evil has come that I foreboded—I will go to her immediately."

In a few minutes Mrs. Abberville was at the boarding-house, and sent up her name; and shortly Mr. Langside appeared to welcome her.

"Dear madam," said he, "we are in great distress: I fear for my wife's life—I fear for her reason—last night she was in a raving delirium, and I constantly dread its return."

"Let me go to her," said Mrs. Abberville, "it will soothe her to receive the sympathies of a real friend."

Mr. Langside pressed her hand with grateful emotion, and conducted her to his wife's apartment.

In passing through the parlour adjoining Mrs. Langside's bed-room, Mrs. Abberville found her children with their faithful nurse. They were talking in suppressed tones, and looked anxious and sorrowful, except the youngest, who was lisping and crowing in the happy unconsciousness of infancy.

Mrs. Abberville stopped a moment to caress them, and the tears started as they clung around her with that instinctive feeling that draws the young to where gentle and tender sympathies warm the bosom and shine in the face. As Mrs. Abberville entered the darkened chamber, she saw her young friend lying upon a sofa near the fire, her face turned from them. She seemed to be dozing, and

as Mrs. Abberville bent over her, she beheld with sadness the inroads of disease and distress on the wan countenance once so blooming and bright.

In a moment or so she seemed to awake—an expression of suffering passed over her face, and soon the tears began to gather under her long lashes, and quietly roll down her cheeks. In a few moments, with an agonizing sob she exclaimed, “My mother! oh, my mother!”

It is said that Bonaparte, when he came to the full conviction that his career of glory and power was for ever past, and that soon he must die a solitary exile, turned him on his bed to the wall, and, with a burst of anguish, exclaimed, “Oh Letitia—my mother—my mother!”

And thus it is with every heart, when it feels forsaken of all the world, then it returns to call for that long-suffering, that never-failing tenderness, which time, nor change, nor even guilt can destroy.

Mrs. Abberville stooped and kissed her cheek. “I will be a mother to you, my poor dear child,” said she; and as she received the sufferer into her arms, she laid her head on her bosom, and wept over her with all the tenderness of a parent.

“Oh, kind Mrs. Abberville! how faithfully you warned me! how bitterly I am punished for my guilty neglect! Oh, have you heard all the dreadful things that are said of me?”

“Yes, I have heard of them, but I do not believe a word.”

“No, *you* are too kind, too pure-minded, too full of blessed charity. But the world will condemn me, and I never can live to have such things believed of me. Oh my poor mother! when she hears it, it will break her heart.”

Here she burst into such an agony of weeping, that Mrs. Abberville was alarmed for the consequences.

“Compose yourself, dear child,” said she, “I will write

to your mother myself, before such vile rumours can reach her. Be thankful that you are innocent; and though for a short time your good name must suffer, yet truth will in the end prevail. Believe me, I will not rest till all that can be done to retrieve the evil is accomplished."

"God for ever bless you, dear, dear Mrs. Abberville! Oh, if my life is spared, and God will grant me his aid, you shall see that I am not ungrateful. I will, indeed I will, become all that you, all that my dear mother can desire."

"God will give you his aid, if you sincerely seek it; and I doubt not this bitter trial will yet work 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' You need quietness of mind; do not let your thoughts dwell on this painful affair any more than you can help. Trust in God, and in the friends he has raised up for you, and all shall yet be well."

After seeing a composing draught administered, Mrs. Abberville departed on her benevolent mission. She first went to a friend of kindred spirit with herself. After consulting together, it was concluded between them, that Mrs. Abberville should quietly investigate the origin of the rumours, learn the exact state of the case, and then that they together should present the case to the principal ladies of the place, and engage them to call on Mrs. Langside, as a testimony to the world that they considered her an innocent and injured woman.

Mrs. Abberville, aided by the gentleman who had first called her attention to the case, soon secured satisfactory results. It proved to be just such a concurrence of circumstances as would never have injured any woman, whose conduct as a wife and mother had been perfectly consistent. But a case like Mrs. Langside's is a fair test of the amount of charity to be expected from the world in general. A few were found by Mrs. Abberville, who conscientiously cherished that beautiful grace, "which hopeth all things,

and thinketh no evil." Such immediately gave heed to her representations, and hastened "to bind up the broken in heart." But such were not to be found among the leaders of *the ton*; and yet it was their co-operation that Mrs. Abberville felt was needed.

Among these was Mrs. Elton, the early friend of Mrs. Langside; and with rather a faint heart Mrs. Abberville first applied to her. Trusting more to the natural kindness of her disposition, than to any principles of justice or charity, Mrs. Abberville gave a simple narrative of the transactions that gave rise to the tales which already had reached Mrs. Elton's ear. She then portrayed the scene of sickness and suffering she had witnessed in so touching a manner, that Mrs. Elton's feelings were greatly interested for her early friend.

"Yes, I will go and see her immediately; and yet—I do not know," said she, as she heard footsteps in the passage, "perhaps my husband will object."

Mr. Elton immediately entered, and his wife stated the case for his consideration.

"No, Mrs. Abberville," said he, with considerable warmth, "I am entirely opposed to countenancing a woman who has taken the course that Mrs. Langside has pursued. It is just what she might have expected. I have no patience with a woman who has a family of little children, that runs on in such a career; this retribution is just what she deserves."

"I do not wish to justify Mrs. Langside in any thing wherein she has offended. Let public sentiment reprove her for neglecting the duties of a mother, but is it right that she should suffer shame and disgrace for that of which she is entirely innocent? Consider, dear sir, what a calamity it is to a woman of delicacy and refinement, to be the subject of such calumny and suspicion."

"Indeed, Mrs. Abberville, how do you know that it is

mere calumny and suspicion? I feel no such confidence myself."

Mrs. Abberville then narrated the particulars of the case, which to any candid mind would have proved entirely satisfactory. At the conclusion, Mr. Elton remarked that he was glad that matters were no worse; that he thought Mrs. Abberville very kind and benevolent in her efforts, but that he differed in opinion as to the propriety of attempting to sustain a woman who had given so much occasion for scandal.

"We cannot be too scrupulous," said Mr. Elton, "in sustaining the barriers that protect female purity and propriety, and it is very well for every woman to be made to feel that she must be like Cæsar's wife, not only pure, but unsuspected."

"I do not object to this strict measure for my sex," said Mrs. Abberville, "I only wish I could see that it sprung from a regard to justice and the safety of domestic institutions. But, Mr. Elton, do you suppose that if Dr. Illerton had been Mrs. Langside's physician, instead of Dr. Folsom, that these tales would ever have gained credence?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Elton, "and Langside had no business to have employed such a man for his family physician."

"Then Mrs. Langside is suffering the consequences of Dr. Folsom's past misdeeds and her husband's indifference to what in a woman would banish her from all that makes life valuable."

"There does seem to be a measure of injustice in such cases, but you know enough of the general tendencies of things to be aware that it is necessary to the interests of society that powerful barriers should guard the domestic purity of your sex, more than of the other."

"Indeed, I see no such thing, Mr. Elton," said Mrs. Abberville. "When a woman is cast down from hope, and

honour, and happiness, and when her husband, her parents, and all her family suffer by her fall, is not the one who wrought her ruin the most guilty of the two? Are there any evils that flow from a breach of the laws of God that protect the family state to be traced to one party more than to the other? Now tell me candidly, Mr. Elton, why should not Dr. Folsom be banished from society, as much and as irrecoverably as the unhappy beings who are partakers in his guilt?"

"He ought to be banished from society, Mrs. Abberville, and I always said so," replied Mr. Elton.

"And yet, did I not meet him here, in this parlour, a visiter to your wife, a guest at your table, not six months ago?"

"True, Mrs. Abberville, you did happen to call, the first and the only time he ever was invited to my house. I was obliged to invite him then, as it was a dining-party given to his brother, and I could not have left him out without a quarrel with the whole of that proud and influential family. I chose the least of two evils, you know. It is wrong, all wrong, I allow it, but you know we cannot alter the customs of society."

"No, we cannot, if men of purity, independence, and candour, will allow an innocent woman to suffer for the guilty, and uphold and patronise the criminal, because his family is rich and influential."

"Well, well, Mrs. Abberville, I see I am getting into a scrape. I just came in for my bank papers, and I cannot stay to argue the case. Good morning."

As Mrs. Abberville rose to depart, Mrs. Elton kindly regretted her husband's unwillingness, and said if she could persuade him to consent, she would immediately comply with her request.

Mrs. Abberville next entered the stately dwelling of the most wealthy man in the place. His wife was an amiable woman, yet very tenacious of aristocratic distinctions, and ambitious of being regarded as leader in the fashionable world. Yet she had paid dearly for her distinction. Her husband, the heir to an immense estate, had gone the whole length of dissipation and vice in youth, and his married life had again and again been disgraced by similar aberrations.

Mrs. Abberville found him sitting in the parlour as she entered, and well knowing how little charity such men ever accord in such a case as this, she gave up the idea of introducing the subject in his presence, when he himself began it.

"And so, Mrs. Abberville, I understand you are patronising our frail little friend, Mrs. Langside; can you satisfy the scruples of the over-righteous as easily as you can your own charitable heart?"

"It is a subject on which I feel too deep an interest to be able to joke," said Mrs. Abberville.

"Then you really consider her a persecuted martyr—the gay, sweet little ogler! Well, charity can cover a multitude of sins—that is one comfort. I only wish all sinners had so kind a friend."

"Mr. Merton," said Mrs. Abberville, "I do not consider Mrs. Langside as guilty of what she is charged. She is suffering, as many another woman has done, because there is not moral feeling enough in the community to banish such men as Dr. Folsom from all respectable society. Will you tell me, Mr. Merton, why a man who is author of precisely the same evils, should not receive the same penalty as a woman? Why should not Dr. Folsom, and every other man who has sinned as he has, be cast out as infamous, and live in disgrace all his days?"

This was a home-thrust that Merton was not able to meet. He turned on his heel, rung the bell to hasten Mrs. Merton, and as he was departing remarked, that he should leave her to settle such questions of justice with his wife. "But one thing is certain," said he, "and that is, I shall never consent to have the reputation of my wife employed as a shield for the follies of such a woman as Mrs. Langside."

"And so," thought Mrs. Abberville, as he passed out of the room, "it is such a man as this who constitutes himself the judge of female propriety, and decides that an innocent woman shall lose caste because she has not kept out of the range of such associates as himself."

Not expecting any favourable results from applying to the wife, after this rencounter with the husband, she shortly departed without mentioning the object of her visit.

In a few weeks Mrs. Langside was restored to health, but so deep was her sense of shame and disgrace, that no inducements could tempt her to appear again in society, and very soon she prevailed on her husband to remove to a distant place, where her name and history were unknown.

A few months after, her mother, Mrs. Stanley, paid her a visit, and a short extract from a letter from her to Mrs. Abberville will close this sketch.

"I found my poor Anna sad and dispirited; but my visit seems to renew her spirits and energy, and on the whole I do not lament an evil from which I trust so much good may result. She has laid out her plans for domestic and social enjoyment on rational, and I trust on Christian principles; and I anticipate that soon her warm feelings and active energies will be so happily engrossed in the execution, as to render her far happier than she ever found herself in her gayest hours. She has tried the world very thoroughly, and I only fear that her disgust may be excessive. This I

shall endeavour to prevent. I cannot close without alluding to a subject on which, as you may suppose, I feel most sensibly. There never was a more pure-minded being than my daughter ever has been. Her very innocence and ignorance of the wickedness of the world, was one cause of her thoughtless indiscretions. I do not regret the strictness of society in regard to female propriety; but it is because society tolerates among its favourites the vicious and impure that she has become so great a sufferer. And thus *any* woman may be brought to suffer, either in herself or in her children, unless our sex take that stand which alone can exact justice and protection.

“I am not an advocate for public movement or discussions on this subject. The thing can be accomplished only by an indirect and silent course. In the first place *mothers* must learn to be as careful to cultivate purity of mind in their sons as in their daughters. How often do we hear young men speak of reading books, or visiting scenes, which they would by no means allow their sisters to do; just as if those most exposed to danger and temptation less needed the protection of a pure mind. Would not common sense teach that those most exposed should be most warily guarded? In addition to this, every virtuous woman should take a decided stand that both sexes shall be treated alike under similar implications. Is it objected that this would involve the indelicacy of constituting young ladies judges on such questions? I reply that all that is aimed at can be accomplished in the domestic circle. Every man should be made to feel that his mother, his wife, his sisters, his daughters, would consider themselves as much insulted and degraded by associating with a vicious man, whatever be his rank or claims, as by being associated with a vicious woman. They should claim it as a right, and ask it as a favour, that those of their friends who *do* have an opportu-

nity to judge of character, should protect them from the contamination of vice, which should be regarded as degrading in one sex as in the other. You, and I, and every woman who has any influence in society, should employ it to rectify the lax state of moral feeling on this subject, for it is woman alone who can thus redress her own injuries.

“May God bless you for all you have done for me and mine, is the prayer of your grateful friend,

“ANNA STANLEY.”

Cincinnati.

THE GHOST-BOOK.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

What yonder rings—what yonder sings?—
It is the owlet gray.

SCOTT.

ONE Saturday afternoon, on a cool pleasant day, such as sometimes chances to occur even in an American August, a country boy named Caleb Rowan came to the fence that separated his father's farm from that of Barzillai Brooks, whose two sons were sitting under the magnolias that shaded a running stream, and were hard at work with knives and sticks, making traps for the musk-rats that burrowed in the bank.

"Come here, Harman," said Caleb; "come here, Stacey. I've something to show you, such as you never saw before in all your born days."

"As you are but one, and we are two," replied Harman, "I guess it will be quite as easy for you to get over the fence and come to us. But what have you got—a double plum, or some gingerbread of a new pattern?"

"Neither one nor t'other," answered Caleb, jumping over the fence, "but something pretty near as good, I can



G.H. Montegys pinx!

J.I. Pease sculp!

THE GHOST BOOK.

Published by J. Pease.

tell you. Think of my having a *written* book in my pocket! Maybe you don't know that books must always be writ before they're printed."

"Yes we do,"—exclaimed both the brothers—"we've known that all our lives."

"Possible!"—ejaculated Caleb, looking somewhat surprised,—“now that must be nateral smartness! For my part, when I was a little fellow, I remember supposing that the printers made all the books as they went along; that is, they thought of a word and printed it down, and then they thought of another word and printed that down, and so on till they got a whole book-full. To be sure, there's no doubt that of all men, printers must be the sensiblest; seeing how much learning they put out."

"I don't know,"—said Stacey—"the last time I attended market with father, we put up at the Black Bear, and there was a printing-office right back of the tavern. I looked across at the windows, and saw the men at work; and they seemed to print it off so fast that I can't see how any of the sense could stick by them."

"But about this written book of Caleb's;"—said Harman,—“let me see it in my own hands."

Caleb Rowan then slowly drew from his pocket a manuscript volume in a reddish pasteboard cover. Some of its pages were torn out, and those that remained were much disfigured with blots and interlineations.—“Where did you get this book?"—inquired Harman, turning over the leaves.

"I was rummaging about in the kitchen loft, as I often do,"—replied Caleb,—“among the old boxes, and things that are of no manner of use, only mother thinks it a shame to throw them away."

"I know the place,"—said Stacey,—“I've been there with you in the dark low corner—among the tea-pots with-

out spouts, and the coffee-pots without handles, and the split cullenders, and the ragged sieves."

"Well, no matter,"—pursued Caleb,—“I took a notion to scramble among the old papers that were heaped up in the broken churn that Peggy Poundage thumped the bottom out of, one cold day when the butter would not come. So I plunged my hand in among them, as far down as it would go, thinking I might fish up an old almanac that would have some good reading in it, (such as new ways of making huckleberry puddin' or punkin pie,) and there I found this book; and though it's wrote so bad that I could only make out a few words here and there, I had wit enough to see that it's mostly about ghosts, and sperits, and apparations."

"Well, now, to me,"—said Harman,—“the writing is not bad at all—it's a'most as plain as print. So let's go to the old stable, where we can be to ourselves, and I'll read it out loud to you. And there's David Gleason, just getting over the fence.—He has come to spend his Saturday afternoon with us—so we'll take him along and let him hear the ghost-book.—David's the scariest boy I know; so it will just suit him. I've seen his face turn as white as his hair, when we've been talking of such things."

David Gleason now joined the three other boys, and gladly assented to the proposed pleasure; so towards the old stable they proceeded, and Caleb Rowan said on the way—"To be sure I never was a good hand at reading books I a'n't used to; 'specially them that's in writing—but I want very bad to hear what's in this'n, and father and mother and cousin Polly mus'n't know nothing about it, or they will take it away and say it will make me as much afraid to go to bed as David Gleason is."

At this innuendo poor David "looked more in sorrow than in anger."

"I guess I know who writ this book ;"—said Harman,—
"I'm a judge of writing, and it looks just like the hand of
Master Orrin Loomis, that kept school here the year the
painter came."

"What painter?"—asked David,—
"I didn't know there was any in these parts now-a-days ;—I never saw a wild
beast that was bigger than a fox."

"Pho!"—said Harman,—
"don't you know there are two sorts of painters, four-legged and two-legged ?—Them that
are wild things with four legs, spell their names *panther*.
Can't you remember the limner-man that came out here
from town, and went all through the country taking like-
nesses at two dollars a head, and found ? He could touch
off one and a half a week ; and grandmother said he must
be coining money, considering he was only a painter ; and
that a stout hand in the harvest-field gets no more. But
father thought he worked pretty hard for his pay, 'specially
when he painted the women, who always put on so many
fandangles to go in the picture with ; though to be sure he
charged more when he took them with any thing in their
hand ;—six-pence for a peach, and nine-pence for a rose."

"There were some that thought the painter persuaded
Orrin Loomis away,"—said Caleb,—
"for they seemed to suit mighty well, and got to be great friends ; and they went
off together the very day that the master was paid his last
quarter-money. Ours was the last house he stayed at. You
ha'n't forgot Master Loomis—have you, David ?"

"To be sure I ha'n't ;"—replied David, summoning a little
confidence,—
"every body always talks to me as if I was simple ;—I a'n't quite such a fool as to disremember any of
my schoolmasters—though Orrin Loomis did not take a very
long turn at our house. I'm sure I've heard mother and the
neighbour-women talk enough about him—he was not a bit
like other people."

“Orrin’s the very man that writ this book,” said Caleb Rowan.—“Haven’t I known him write poetry verses ; and didn’t he sit at the table one evening a-doing something he called a cross-stitch for cousin Polly, and when it was done it spelt her name all down one side in big letters. David’s made a good observation for once—Master Loomis was not a bit like other people.”

“No more was the painter-man,”—said Harman—“but still I liked them both—and when they were talking together I used to think I could sit and listen to them all night, and never get sleepy.”

“As to Master Loomis,”—pursued David—emboldened by the praise awarded to his observation—“I’ve heard the neighbour-women say that wherever he boarded it seemed as if they could not help giving him the best bed-room, and using him like a gentleman, and not expecting him to wash at the pump. I heard mother telling Susan Wonderly, that, after our best room, that nobody ever sleeps in, was fixed for Master Loomis, she warned him that strange noises had been heard there at night in the dark closet by the head of the bed, and that she couldn’t answer for it, that something frightful wouldn’t come out of the closet-door. And he laughed and said—he liked the room the better for being haunted, and that he would promise when the ghost came, to take it peaceably, and make no noise to disturb the family. But mother made him give his word that if he *did* see any thing, he was never to mention it to any body breathing. And so after that, there was no getting out of him whether he had seen any thing or not, for he always said he had given his word not to tell. But there were them that thought he *did* see something, and more than once, too.”

“Well,”—replied Harman—“my father seems to think there a’n’t no such persons as ghosts, and he won’t allow

nobody to talk about them ; though, to be sure, they are what every body likes to hear of. For my part, I think I could stand a spirit as well as any thing else, (even if I *was* to see one,) for it's not easy to frighten *me* any way—nor never was."

"Now, Harman,"—said Stacey—"don't brag too much.—You know when we were little fellows and Dutch Teeny lived with us, and you and I used to slip out to her of evenings, and sit on the steps at the back door, and hear her tell about things that had been seen in Germany—nobody could creep closer or hold faster to her than you did ; and often when it was quite dark and I went to hide my head under her apron, I found yours there already, and you quite as cold and trembling as I was."

"I don't believe,"—rejoined David—"that Dutch Teeny could tell you any worse than I and my sisters was told by Black Katy, when she talked to us of the things that kept about her old mistress's plantation in Virginy. Well, Master Loomis never mentioned witches and ghosts to us ; but I've heard mother and the neighbour-women say that there was certainly something strange about *him*, for he often seemed as if he was seeking for sperits to appear."

"When he boarded at our house he used to go off after supper, and rove about in the dark woods where the dead Indians walk ; and in moonlight nights he would often stroll to grave-yards all alone by himself, and he has been known even to sit on graves. I dare say that book is full of his own written-down experience of the sperits he has met with."

The four comrades had now reached the ruinous and deserted stable, which was long since superseded by a better one, adjoining to the new barn. The floor of the old stable had been several times cleaned up by the boys, and they had furnished it with slabs by way of seats. It was now the

favourite rendezvous of Harman and Stacey Brooks and their neighbouring companions, for confabulations and other amusements.

Harman having seated himself on one of the slabs, his comrades, with earnest faces, placed themselves near him to listen to the ghost-book, while the shadowy light of the afternoon sun streamed in at a large aperture in the dismantled roof.

"If Master Loomis has put a moral at the fore part,"—said Stacey,—“just pass it over, and get on at once with the story.”

"You needn't tell me that ;"—replied Harman,—“but the beginning of this book seems to be tore out, for the first leaf has the figure of five on its corner—and if much of the story is missing, it will be pretty hard to make sense of the rest.”

"Any how we can but try ;"—observed Caleb Rowan—“half a loaf's better than no bread.”

Harman Brooks cleared his throat three times, (his audience sympathetically repeating the ceremony,) and having cleared his vision also by rubbing his hand over his forehead and eyes, he made a commencement of the manuscript, in a slow and sonorous voice, more remarkable for its power than its modulation.

* * * * *

"It was now the third night of my residence in my new abode. On the two first I had slept soundly till morning, notwithstanding the mysterious closet with the nailed-up door, and the hints of my hostess that I might possibly be disturbed by unaccountable visitants. The third night came, and though I had sat talking in the porch with the family till an unusually late hour for the habits of a farm-house, I felt no inclination to sleep on retiring to my room. After taking off my jacket, I seated myself at the open window,

where a soft breeze blew refreshingly upon my forehead, and I looked out upon the moonlight, and meditated on my childhood's home in the green mountains of Vermont, and upon the wayward destiny which had compelled me to begin the world in the humble capacity of a country schoolmaster. The scene from my window reminded me of one I had long been familiar with from the back of my father's house. There was the narrow valley through which a stream ran murmuring over a bed of stones, its mimic cascades glittering in the moonbeams, 'that tipped with silver all the fruit-tree tops' of the old orchard on the hill-side ; and beyond rose the dark forest that is always one feature in the scenery of our country. Lost in contemplation of the past and the present, drowsiness insensibly stole upon me ; my perceptions became indistinct, and reclining my head on the broad ledge of the casement, I unconsciously sunk into a slumber.

"I know not how long I slept, but I awoke suddenly ; and it seemed to me that something was leaning over my shoulder with its face close to mine. I started and turned my head. There was nothing near me. 'It must have been the commencement of a dream,'—thought I. Feeling that a chill had crept upon me, which I was willing to impute to sleeping in the open window, I concluded to go immediately to bed ; but on casting my eyes towards the closet, I found that the door was partly open ; rather more so than what is understood by the term ajar. This much surprised me, and caused me to suppose that it could not have been really nailed up, or that the nails not being driven securely, it had burst open by accident. The moon was now high in heaven, and poured her beams directly in at the window, so that I could see every object distinctly. Determined to examine the contents of the closet, (which was large, deep, and run far under a staircase,) I approached it, and attempted to open the door wider. To my

amazement I could not move it, either to shut or to open, farther than I found it. There seemed to be something holding it on the inside—yet as curiosity overpowered every other feeling, I looked in as far as I could, and saw only a dark void; I put in my hand and felt all about, but nothing met my touch.

“Still, I was more perplexed than terrified—and, but for the fear of alarming the family, I would have gone down stairs to obtain a light, and endeavour to discover who or what was in the closet. Wearied with conjecture, I lay down on the bed, but it was only to think over all I had ever heard of the return of apparitions from the world of spirits. I found it impossible to go to sleep. I could not withdraw my eyes from the closet-door, expecting every moment to see something issue from it; and I watched till the setting of the moon left the room in obscurity. But in a clear American night the darkness is never so intense as to make it impossible, with the assistance of an open window, to have some idea of the position of whatever objects may be in the apartment. While thus I lay awake and musing, something passed before me, and seemed to go into the dark closet. ‘Is it possible,’—thought I—‘that this being, whatever it may be, has been in the room with me, and about me all night, without my seeing it?’

“The dark hour which precedes the first indications of daybreak seemed to linger on immeasurably. I looked towards the window, and I thought the morning would never come. At last I perceived that the stars were fading in the dim gray atmosphere of early dawn. I turned my eyes again towards the closet, and there was light enough for me to see that the door was shut. I rose to examine it, and found it nailed fast.”

“It is our house!—it is our closet!—And I will never go to bed again!”—exclaimed David Gleason,—his utter-

ance hoarse and broken with terror, and his face looking paler every moment.

"David, don't interrupt me,"—said Harman Brooks in a somewhat tremulous voice—"there is considerable to read yet, and I want to get through before dark."—He then proceeded as follows, first remarking that just in this place a leaf was missing.

"While the family were finishing their breakfast, I took an opportunity (having hurried through mine) to get a claw-hammer and take it into my room to draw out the nails from the door of the closet, which I then entered. Even in broad daylight it was gloomy, and the low deep recess running under the stairs was quite dark. Having brought with me a lighted candle, I examined the place to its utmost corner, but found nothing; all its tangible contents, even to the shelves and pegs, having evidently been removed before the door was nailed up. But the floor and a part of the wall were certainly splashed with something that looked like blood.

"I blew out the candle, replaced the nails, and went about the business of the day as usual; though, I must confess, my thoughts dwelt much on the preceding night, and on the night that was to come. I resolved on burning a light, and sitting up till morning. For this purpose I placed myself at my table with a book, though in too much perturbation to comprehend much of its contents. Still I read and pondered and gazed around during two long hours, and then, on consulting my watch for the twentieth time, I found it was exactly twelve. At that moment my lamp went out, and I hastened to bed by the light of the moon, where sleep soon overcame me, and I slumbered undisturbed till sunrise. To be brief, a week passed on, the door of the dark closet remained fast, and I had no further molestation from my shadowy visitor.

“By cautiously leading to the subject when no others of the family were near, I learned from the worthy farmer who was my present host—”

“He means father;” interrupted David Gleason.

“Hush, David,”—said Harman Brooks,—“to be sure he does—it’s your house, and no other, that he found ha’nted—that’s as clear as preachin’—but where was I? Oh! here’s the place—

“I learned from the worthy farmer who was my present host, that there was a tradition of a murder having been committed somewhere in the neighbourhood about fifty or sixty years before he came to live in it; but that as all the people who resided there at that time, were either dead or gone off to the new settlements, or had been little children at the eventful period, the story, never a very clear one, was now so involved in obscurity, from the contradictions and discrepancies which had gathered about it, that nobody could exactly tell in which house the murder had taken place, who the sufferer was, or where the body had been interred. No one was willing to acknowledge openly that their house was haunted, and yet it was whispered that at times in several of the neighbouring dwellings, and indeed in the country round, sounds were heard and sights were seen. At all events there seemed to be a general impression that there had been a murder, and that there was a ghost. With regard to the dark closet, my host informed me that he had found it nailed up when he first came into possession of the house; and that it had been judged best to allow it to remain so; particularly as it could be dispensed with for use, there being another closet beside the fireplace and facing the window, smaller it is true, but light and cheerful-looking. As no member of the family liked to sleep in this room, it was appropriated to strangers, none of whom had ever made any complaint about it.

“I now felt a presentiment that it was my destiny to unravel the history of this mysterious murder; and my mind became filled with images of death, and with conjectures on the possibility of disembodied spirits continuing to linger about the precincts of the living world. Often, after night, I found a strange pleasure in rambling alone through the dark woods; and once the steps of some unknown being appeared to follow fast at my back, and when at last I turned my head to see what it was, I found it no longer behind me, but close at my side. Its figure was shrouded in something of indistinct form; and of what seemed its face I could distinguish no feature but eyes, such as I dared not look on for an instant. I hurried through the wood-path, the thing still walking beside me. When I gained an opening in the forest, it was no longer there.

“Sometimes the state of strange excitement in which I found myself led me to visit ‘the lone churchyard.’ Was it imagination that one night, when the moon was shining down on the graves and on the few old trees that shaded them, I saw a ghostly figure in the white habiliments of the dead, leaning its elbows on one of the tall tombstones; its pallid face resting on its hands, and looking like marble in the moonlight, and its hollow eyes gazing steadfastly upon me? My first impulse was to run away in horror, but after a few steps I paused and rallied my courage to turn back and approach the apparition. I did so, and as I advanced it seemed to go down into the grave. When I came to the place, there was nothing.

“A fortnight passed, and encountering no farther disturbance from the closet in my room, I had ceased to anticipate it, and retired always to my bed as if certain of sleeping unmolested till morning. At last, one night after a slumber of several hours, I awoke suddenly with a feeling that there was something in the room. The moon had gone

down, and there was no light but that of the stars. Habitually I turned my head towards the haunted closet, and I beheld, with strange distinctness, a face impressed with the awful lineaments of death, looking frightfully out upon me from the half-open door; the rest of the figure being gradually lost in obscurity, except a pale thin hand which was raised as if to beckon me into the gloom. I sat up in my bed, and fixed my eyes upon it. Its gaze was steadfast, thrilling, and unearthly. I felt my blood run cold, and my hair erect itself on my head. Now, indeed, was I terrified. I essayed to speak, but the words died on my lips. I closed my eyes to shut out the appalling vision, and sunk back on my pillow, where I lay and trembled for perhaps an hour. At length I could not refrain from opening my eyes again, for I seemed to feel that it had come out of the closet and was very near me. There it was, sitting on my bed—close to me—the ghostly inhabitant of the grave—the being of another world—its dead eyes looking earnestly into mine. I could endure no more—I covered my head, and lay shaking with terror I know not how long, and vainly trying to reason myself into a more courageous frame of mind. When I again ventured to raise my head, the spectre was not there; and on looking round I gladly saw from the window the morning star, outshining all the jewels of the eastern firmament, and heralding the welcome approach of day.

“The day, when it came, brought with it an additional cause of joy, for it was to be the last in the term of my present residence; in which, however, I had resolved that nothing should induce me to pass another night. Still, as according to arrangement, I was to remove that evening to take my turn of boarding at the next farm, I persevered in refraining to give my worthy host and his kind family the slightest hint of the apparition that had haunted my apart-

ment. After school I removed to my next quarters, a gay, cheerful new house, which, as yet, had never been visited by death or suffering."

"That must be our house,"—said Stacey Brooks.—"David Gleason, don't you remember that Master Loomis came straight from your house to ours?"

David Gleason, gradually overcome with horror at the idea of the haunted closet being within the walls of his own dwelling, was now incapable of remembering any thing else; and he merely stared at Stacey Brooks, and made no reply.

"I remember very well,"—said Caleb Rowan,—"that from your house, Stacey, he came to ours; and that was his last; for as soon as his time was out, he went away with the painter-man, leaving a whole hearth-full of old papers in the chimney-place of his room;—and that bit of a book must have been among the rest of the rubbish—but go on, Harman—though I'm a'most afeard to hear the rest."

"There are some more leaves out here,"—said Harman—"however, I'll go on with what there is.—

"On the premises of my new host were the remains of an old structure which had been used as a stable in the time of the old house, some vestiges of which were yet apparent in its immediate vicinity. All the new buildings had been erected on the other side of the farm; and though it stood near the road-side, and the trees had grown up about it, the ancient stable had a remote and lonely aspect. [The boys looked at each other.] One Saturday afternoon I had retired to this place to enjoy uninterruptedly a new book, and twilight came upon me before I was aware. Desirous of finishing it, I held up the volume so as to catch the last gleam of light as it came faint and gray through a chasm in the roof. [The boys all looked towards the chasm.] My whole attention was absorbed in the concluding pages

of my book; and when I could read no more, I sat with it open in my hand, and pondered on its contents till the gloom of night gathered fast around me. Suddenly I was startled by a strange and unearthly sound that seemed to proceed from a dark corner behind me. I listened—and I heard it again—but it seemed nearer than before. And now I must pause till I gain nerve to relate what followed—for the cold damp is settling on my brow—the pen is trembling in my hand as I write—the horrors of my story are coming on.”—

Affrighted at his own reading, the voice of Harman Brooks now became inaudible. The face of poor David Gleason, which had been turning every moment paler, looked blue round the mouth and eyes; and the two other boys gazed at each other with dilated orbs and parted lips. “We had better go home,”—said Stacey—looking fearfully round—“this is the very place—the very stable.”

Just then three knocks were heard at the door, and answered by a start and a cry of terror from all the boys. The latch was heavily lifted, and the cry became a scream as they all sprang backward and huddled together, falling on each other.—“Boys!—boys!—what are you afraid of?”—exclaimed the voice of their former schoolmaster, Orrin Loomis.

“It is his sperit!”—cried Caleb Rowan—“it is his sperit—he is dead—and he has come for his book!”

Mr. Loomis had some difficulty in convincing his quondam pupils that it was himself in flesh and blood; and great was their joy at seeing him again as a living man. Our limits will only allow us space to inform our readers that on leaving the neighbourhood to seek for a better fortune in one of the large cities, he had been so successful as to obtain a large and profitable school. He continued to prosper, and he had recently been appointed to a professor-

ship in one of the western colleges. He was now on his way thither, and had gone a little out of his road for the purpose of spending a day or two among his old friends in this part of the country. On passing the ancient stable, he was struck with the voice of Harman Brooks reading something which he soon recognised as the rough copy of a tale, in writing which he had amused some of his leisure hours, intending it for one of the periodicals of the day; but accidentally losing the fair copy afterwards, it had never been given to the public. So tying his horse to a tree, he had come upon the boys as before related. And greatly indeed were they relieved and delighted when he convinced them that the whole narrative of what they called the ghost-book was an entire fiction; nothing concerning the supposed apparitions having ever existed except in his own invention.

All the four boys accompanied Mr. Loomis to the house of Barzillai Brooks, the father of Harman and Stacey, where he was received by the family with great cordiality. He passed the evening there, and took occasion to discourse so sensibly on the absurdity of believing in the return of departed spirits, that every boy felt as if he could never again entertain the slightest apprehension of seeing a ghost. To make all sure with David Gleason, Mr. Loomis kindly volunteered to go home with him, and to sleep quietly that night in his old chamber with the memorable closet. And this feat he accomplished to the satisfaction of the whole household; first drawing out the nails in their presence, then entering its deep recess, and staying there alone more than ten minutes; and lastly setting the door wide open for the night.

He took care, however, before he pursued his journey, to have the ghost-book restored to him.

THE LECTURER.

A SKETCH.

OF the many chequered periods through which we have to pass in the course of life's pilgrimage, there is none which, for its strange events, and for the variety of its pains and pleasures, can be compared, even for a moment, with school and college life. From the very nature of the immature society which is there to be met with, existing as it does by a perpetual change of its members, and composed as it is of beings to whom human nature, not only in others, but even in themselves, is comparatively unknown, it is no more than a necessary consequence, that the collision of such unfledged spirits must be always curious and sometimes highly amusing. He who could pass through the usual term of school existence, without having deeply engraved upon his memory a series of living pictures, never in this life to be obscured or forgotten, has a head and heart little to be envied. The student loves to linger in fancy about the home of his youthful years. The memory of old friends and of early attachments, originating perhaps in accident and riveted by absence, is associated with every inch of ground shaded by the "Academic groves." And as he calls up now some droll character whom he once loved to contemplate, bursting forth into eccentricity as the

insect from its shell, or brings to mind some half-forgotten adventure, that starts up at his bidding with all the vivid clearness of reality, he is disposed to sigh in the sweet music of Burns,

“ Still o’er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

But we must pass on to our story.

The scene opens with a student’s room in one of our northern colleges, on a clear cold night somewhere in the neighbourhood of merry Christmas. The wind whistles through every crevice, and howls in vain for admission. Charles S—— has drawn his curtains for the evening, and in the most profound stillness, is seated by a table thickly strewn with books and pamphlets of every description. His eye rests upon the ample pages of a book, which is, perchance, Locke on the Understanding, and his features are lighted up by the struggling rays of a sickly-looking lamp, in conjunction with the mellow beams from a small stove in one corner of the apartment. A case of books stands proudly erect between two windows ; half a dozen chairs are scattered here and there, without much regard to order or arrangement, and the whole scene bears a strong impress of those two features which are most important items in the sum total of a student’s predilections, viz :—a primary regard to comfort rather than show, and a great aversion to over-nicety.

Our young friend had scarcely adjusted himself in the position in which we have just beheld him, when he was aroused by the merry sound of voices from without, a loud rap at his door, and a simultaneous burst into the room by

a couple of his most intimate companions. One of them threw down a glaring handbill, in which it was formally announced that a lecture on phrenology would be delivered that evening in the village—illustrations to be given by means of the magic lantern, and the whole to be spiced and seasoned by some comic exhibitions, not strictly scientific; all which was modestly subscribed with the quaint nomenclature of Mr. Peleg Sampson. Here was the promise of a rare treat, too good to be omitted; and accordingly, after a short deliberation, it was resolved that they should forthwith proceed to the place of exhibition. Cloaks, and the other equipments of a winter's evening, were laid under contribution, and the little party were soon upon their way. The moon shone with a liquid radiance, like a bright eye filled with a tear, and the crisp snow crackled beneath their feet. A dozen sleighs flitted rapidly by them, and the merry tinkle of the bells buoyed up and electrified their spirits. Existence was itself a pleasure—a luxury. With that joyous exemption from care, that happy ignorance of mortal calamities, that uncurbed soaring of high hopes and lofty aims which are peculiar to the secluded student, they made a transient sally from the halls of learning, to extract a page of humour from the book of the surrounding world. And they were not doomed to disappointment. The lecture-room was sufficiently spacious; a bright fire burned cheerfully in the grate, and a number of expectant faces were ranged in tiers around three sides of the apartment. The remaining one was occupied by a table, upon which lay a pile of charts, and such a collection of skulls, both entire and sawn asunder, as showed that the grave-yards had been rifled to some purpose. In front of the aforesaid was a white curtain, having its upper side stretched upon a cord, and the lower part thrown over, to

keep it out of the way, and afford to the audience an uninterrupted view of the person who kindly purposed to entertain them.

Would you have then a *tableau vivant* of this interesting personage?—it may be given as easily as one of the comic figures from his own magic lantern. Picture to yourself, my worthy reader, a figure whose age might be verging upon forty; he is ill-shaped, rather low in stature, dressed in a suit of dingy black, and ornamented with a cranium, of which his favourite science would reveal no good. His physiognomy is indicative rather of easy good-nature than of any quality that requires to be made of sterner stuff. His skull having all the characteristics of that golden, earth-born fruit which is the admiration of travellers who journey down east, you could derive from that resemblance a more ready clue to his birth-place, than by the first indications expressed by his countenance. Upon a closer inspection, however, you might detect under that smooth exterior, by the sly and furtive glances peering from beneath that scanty thatch of short-clipped hair, enough to satisfy any reasonable mind that you have before you some shrewd adventurer from the land of sober habits. In all probability he presided at home over some rustic temple of science, and carried his dinner to school in a basket with most laudable humility. Perchance he was an horologist, and vended clocks. He may have been foreman of a wooden spice or ham factory. He may have been a gentleman of the prevailing denomination at Lynn, and had dealings with the *soles* and *understandings* of men in a sense far other than the metaphysical. In fact, we might conjecture for ever, without arriving at any certain knowledge of his previous vocation. One thing is clear; he is no phrenologist of long standing, and it may be, that this is his first appearance on any stage. He sits apparently uneasy. Now a

resolution to rise and address the company is on the very eve of formation; but, alas! his courage flags, and he has recourse to a huge tumbler of water. A dead silence ensues—a new access of people is at the door—the excuse comes in the nick of time—he goes and collects their entrance money with a most heart-felt satisfaction, and then returns, sits a few moments as if lost in abstraction, recurs again to the tumbler, emits a signal cough to notify his intention of soon commencing—loses courage and repeats for the seventh time the same round of operations. But time and tide wait for no man—no, not even for Mr. Peleg Sampson. By a desperate effort he rises from his chair—makes a low bow to the audience—clears his throat—wipes the cold drops from his forehead—turns up the cuffs of his coat—and is forthwith up in arms against a whole sea of metaphysics. Systems are summoned, and appear only to quail and fall before him. Descartes, and Locke, and Reid, and Dugald Stewart, with all their followers, are despatched in a manner at once so summary and grand, that you feel as if a greater than they were before you. He then rears upon their ruins the noble structure of phrenology, which, according to his account, is the very philosopher's stone, the grand, long-sought desideratum, not indeed for transmuting the baser metals into gold, but, what is far better, for transforming leaden intellects into prodigies of sense. The course to be pursued is wonderfully simple. It is only necessary to find out depressions in the human skull, and then by a vigorous working of the faculty that lies dormant below, to protrude the cranial valley to an equal elevation with the surrounding hills. Blind, short-sighted creatures that our ancestors have been! O that all parents were but deeply imbued with a right knowledge of this queen of sciences! Had poor Rousseau's ideality been compressed in early youth, his mind would have preserved

its balance, instead of being crushed by the fierce impulse of imagination bereft of its fly-wheel. Had Cæsar's mother been careful, in the training of her son, to keep down by a gentle pressure, night and morning, that vile bump of destructiveness, he would never in after years have crossed the Rubicon, nor fallen a prey to his cravings for dominion;—and finally, there is good reason to hope, that had the fine, peaked head of Scott, towering aloft in veneration for old-world fancies, been properly reduced to the standard fashion, we should have been rid of those obsolete productions once known as the *Waverley* novels. But we must not quarrel with the science in the abstract; we have only to do at present with our friend Peleg. He, no doubt, wronged the noble cause he had undertaken to defend. That visible darkness and beautiful obscurity that veiled his expressions when he spoke of the reciprocal influence of the brain on the shape of its casement, and then again of the effect produced by the form of the skull on the functions of the brain, was certainly owing to gross ignorance of his subject—for the requisitions of a phrenologist are of the highest order, and no one should presume to dabble in science, who is not fully equipped with the combined knowledge of the metaphysician and physiologist.

Mr. Sampson proceeded with his lecture; but from some distrust, perhaps, of his gracefulness as a public speaker, or from some other reason, be that what it may, he very prudently had the lights partially extinguished and the curtain lowered, in order that he might hold forth from behind it. Having some curiosity to ascertain the exact truth of the matter, we ventured to steal a peep at the gentleman—but we shall not expose him by relating the result. Let it suffice to say, that it was highly amusing to behold the strange antics, which, in the simplicity of his heart, he mistook for gestures—and further, that if he owned the head of Shak-

speare, he had not, like Patrick Henry, the manner of Garrick combined withal.

The introductory portion of the entertainment was soon concluded, and preparations were begun for the exhibition of the magic lantern. After a short interval, the white screen glowed with a head, marked off in plots, and numbered, like an auctioneer's lithograph of valuable town-lots. "It may appear to some impossible," gravely observed Mr. Sampson, "that one small brain should contain so great a number of distinct organs—but," said he, "it should also be remembered what an infinite number of animalculæ are contained in a single drop of water; and if this be not sufficient to refute the objection, who will dare to assert that any thing is impossible to the Deity?"

This astounding intelligence was launched forth so triumphantly and with such an air of convincing wisdom, that I would humbly recommend the argument to all distressed lecturers, as one sharp enough to cut, if it will not unravel, the Gordian knot of all phrenological perplexities. Next comes a series of illustrations. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the head of Kant, a German philosopher—causality large, as it should be—he is so deep a writer that no one can understand a word of him.

"Voltaire—veneration well developed; but this must be understood as veneration of himself.

"William Tell—we have no cast of his head, but he must certainly have had 'a large firmness;' so I have prepared a drawing which represents him in the act of aiming at the apple; and look, ladies and gentlemen, at that vast protuberance, representing firmness—decision—steadiness of purpose. It is large—very large—amounting, in fact, almost to a horn. In this singular coincidence is displayed the strongest proof I ever met with, of the truth of phrenology!"

Thus ended that part of the evening's entertainment which was appropriated strictly to scientific subjects. The lamps were re-lighted, and there ensued a short intermission, during which, those who were so disposed, might pay their respects to the galaxy of fair ladies who were clustered together on one side of the apartment. In a village, each individual is acquainted with all the others, and therefore these few moments were very acceptable, especially when one had so many bright eyes and sweet smiles in readiness to greet him. Orders were again issued for the extinction of the lamps, and it was formally announced that some comic exhibitions would be given for the benefit of the children. The little rogues, as might have been expected, were now all eyes and ears, being greatly refreshed by the nap for which they were indebted to the previous portion of the lecture.

"Will some tall gentleman," drawled Peleg, "be so good as to have the kindness to pull down that white curtain?"—For he was a short man, as we have said, and as he made this request, he stood by a table, with a chair mounted upon it to hold his precious lantern—a dingy sort of smoke-house, with a tube aimed at the spot where the curtain should have been. A volunteer came forward to execute what our lecturer had so politely requested. He stepped upon a stool, and was reaching forward to seize one corner of the curtain, when he lost his balance, and came down sprawling on the floor. Seeing the man in this ludicrous predicament, the children very naturally supposed this to be a part of the comic series that had just been promised them, and set up with one accord such a peal of laughter, as almost deafened our astonished hero, who in rushing forward to the rescue, brought down with a crash some of the other fixtures arranged upon his table. There was for a time a complete hubbub, but at length quiet was peaceably

restored. Our friend's calmness it seemed impossible to ruffle; he remained mild and placid as a summer's morning, and displayed to the gazing youngsters a most inimitable collection of moving caricatures, viz: a shoemaker, who in his efforts at drawing the cord, pulled with such energy as to metamorphose his own head; a race between some grotesque characters, in whom the nose was the predominating feature; a witch riding upon a cat, and hurling the forked lightning from her uplifted hand; and finally, a virago beating her husband with a stool, until he was completely deprived of the bump of benevolence. All of which, explained and illustrated as they were, by an individual so much in keeping, afforded a rich treat to many besides the juveniles.

It only remained to wind up the comedy by a "feeling off" of heads—the subjects for examination either to come forward voluntarily, or a certain number to be chosen by the company. There was a momentary silence at first—then a subdued whispering—afterwards the names of several in the room were audibly repeated; and it would have been curious to one fond of discerning spirits, to trace out the hidden character of those so mentioned, by the different actions with which the nominations were respectively succeeded. A few, possessing a larger share of secretiveness than honesty, might be seen slinking away to the dark corners, to bury themselves more deeply in the huge collars of the cloaks that muffled up their persons. We observed one coxcomb, however, who to a great lack of understanding added an inordinate propensity for writing verses, thrusting himself forward with a smirking, impudent air, in the certain expectation of being chosen for examination. It was to no purpose, however; and as he has not since been heard of, it may fairly be presumed that he has either laid violent hands upon himself, or gone to Texas. Pre-

sently a female stepped forward, with a brazen look that scoffed at blushes. It certainly required no ghost to tell us that she was slightly deficient in that retiring modesty which is the brightest jewel in the crown of woman. But the master of ceremonies gave it out as a wonderful discovery—"that impudence was very prominent in that lady's head; that she did not care much what people thought of her, and would be strongly disposed to lord it over her help-mate." If not the exact words, this is at least a faithful summary of the character bestowed upon the fair lady. She seemed not the least abashed, but withdrew from the chair with a look of defiance at the audience, and a lurking wink of approbation for Mr. Sampson's shrewdness. A number of persons now came forward, in such quick succession, that it would be impossible to relate the story of them all. With the exception of a few attributes very lavishly bestowed on persons who did not possess one atom of the same, the conclusions were generally correct. Some of the coincidences were indeed passing strange. As for instance, in the case of a house painter, it was declared that his profession involved a cultivation of the fine arts; and of a stout gentleman, that his individuality was large. But best of all was the sentence pronounced upon the tailor. It was very brief, but most rigidly true. After a long and deliberate scrutiny, in which the relative size of all the protuberances and the general appearance of the whole head have been anxiously considered, Peleg raises his twinkling eyes, and with all the complacency of an oracle, declares—"Ladies and gentlemen, the person before me is a perfect stranger; I know nothing of his profession or character—and having given my opinion, it remains for you to say, whether or not my decision is correct. The organs, generally, are extremely insignificant; but the bump upon

which my finger now rests, is enormous. This gentleman has constructiveness—the faculty of making—large !”

If there had been but one mind in the whole assemblage, the applause that followed could not have been given with more unanimity or with greater glee. It was agreed on all sides, that either phrenology must be true, or else that Mr. Sampson at some time, unknown to the audience, had himself figured in one of those ample coats, for the construction of which the aforesaid tailor was so deservedly renowned.

Since the time of that inimitable lecture, our most diligent inquiries have not thrown any light upon the subsequent career of Peleg. We shall never, I fear, “look upon his like again ;” and as the stock of human knowledge is increased by the addition of each new original to the varieties already known, we beg not to be thought presumptuous for offering this hasty sketch ; though, it may be, that we have intruded unwittingly upon the field of the natural historian.

J. C. P.

Flushing, L. I.

THE MONATROPA OR GHOST-FLOWER.

BY MISS C. E. BEECHER.

THE Monatropa is a singular little plant, that grows in damp and shaded places. It has a slender, white stalk, clasped with white leaves and one white flower, whose single petal hangs drooping.

The incident that occasioned these lines may give them some interest. Leonisa W. was one whose story was a romance in real life. Admired, caressed, and beloved, she seemed like the sunshine of the scene in which she moved. But she sunk to the grave a victim of faithless love. Homeless, sick, an orphan, and destitute, a few months before her death, as the sun was just setting, she alighted with a friend at the entrance of a wood. In a deep little dell she espied this solitary flower.

"Poor thing!" said she, "it looks as if it had *lost all!*" She plucked it, and giving it to her friend, "Write some poetry about it for me," said she. The following came, in obedience to the request.

Pale, mournful flower! that hidest in shade,
Mid chilly damps and murky glade,

With moss and mould,
Why dost thou hang thy ghastly head,
So pale and cold?

No brightness on thy petal gleams,
Gone the fresh hue of living greens,
And balmy breath;
Thy pale and livid covering seems
The garb of death.

Do ills that wring the human breast
The blooming buds of spring infest,
And fade their bloom?
And bend they, too, with griefs oppress'd,
To the cold tomb?

Is thy pale bosom chill'd with wo?
Has treachery hush'd the genial flow
Of life's young morn?
Have all who woke thy bosom's glow
Left thee forlorn?

Perchance the wailing night-bird's song,
That mortal woes and griefs prolong,
At midnight hour,
Wakes *thy* full tide of feeling strong,
With thrilling power.

Perchance thy paly, earth-bow'd head
Is bending now above the dead,
With dewy eye,
Soft moaning o'er thy treasures fled,
In evening's sigh.

And this thy plaint to reason's ear,
"In every scene grief will appear,
 And death's cold hour;
As springs, mid beauties of the year,
 One pale, cold flower."

Cincinnati.

THE STORM IN THE FOREST.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

THE storm in the forest is rending and sweeping ;
While tree after tree bows its stately green head :
The flow'rets beneath them are bending and weeping ;
And leaves, torn and trembling, all round them are spread.

The bird that had roam'd till she thinks her benighted,
Dismay'd hastens back to her home in the wood ;
And flags not a wing till her bosom affrighted
Has laid its warm down o'er her own little brood.

And they, since that fond one so quickly has found them,
To shelter their heads from the rain and the blast,
Shall fearless repose while the bolts burst around them,
And lie, calm and safe, till the darkness is past.

Hast thou, too, not felt when the tempest was drearest,
And rending thy covert, or shaking thy rest,
Thine own blessed angel, that moment the nearest—
Thy screen in his pinion—thy shield in his breast ?

When clouds frown'd the darkest, and perils beset thee,
Till each prop of earth seem'd to bend or to break ;
Did e'er thy good angel turn off and forget thee ?—
The mother her little ones then may forsake !

Ah, no ! thou shalt feel thy protector the surer ;
The sun in returning, more cheering and warm ;
And all things around thee seem fresher and purer,
And touch'd with new glory, because of the storm.

Newburyport.

THE NYCTANTHES.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

THIS exotic has been fancifully styled the sorrowful tree ; because during the day, when other flowers are expanded to the sun, it languishes and seems dying on its stalk. But at night it erects its leaves, opens the most beautiful blossoms, and loads the air with fragrance. In the morning its beauty and perfume have all vanished.

BERGUIN.

Light has faded from the bowers
Where the star-like petals gem,
During daylight's golden hours,
Flora's purple diadem ;
And nodding are the flowers,
Each upon its bended stem.

When their full-blown pride was flushing
In the beamy smilings, won
By their beauty and their blushing,
From the gay, enamour'd sun,
On the air thy heart was gushing,
Sad and melancholy one.

Now, when silken bells are sleeping,
Shut and folded from the sight,

Wet with dewdrops that are weeping
From the eyelids of the night,
Thou thy vigils lone art keeping
With the lamps of starry light.

But as hope from death doth borrow
Light when passing from the world,
So thy cheek, pale child of sorrow,
To the breezes has uncurl'd
Brighten'd charms, that by to-morrow
Will be wither'd, spent, and furl'd.

Like the branches of a willow
That are bending o'er the dead,
Shadows hover round thy pillow,
Where the starry radiance, shed
Like the frost-foam of the billow,
Gleams upon thy dying head.

From the glare of fortune's dower,
From the pageantry of pride,
From the blaze of worldly power,
Fame, and glory, I would hide ;
And like thee, pure, modest flower,
Down life's gentle current glide.

When life's setting sun is shining,
And the shadows of the tomb
On my heart are fast declining,
May the spirit's flowers bloom,
Earth and life, like thee, resigning
With a smile and sweet perfume.

Baltimore.

SCOTT AND SHAKSPEARE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

THE following stanzas were suggested by the glimpse of Shakspeare introduced into the novel of Kenilworth, where a few gracious words are addressed to him by Leicester at the palace gate, and received by the immortal dramatist in respectful silence.

When Scotland's master genius raised
The veil of long-departed time,
And bade us wonder while we gazed
On regal pomp and feudal crime ;

Touch'd with the rays of living light
That darted from his magic pen,
Heroes and kings stood out to sight
As if they breathed, and moved again.

When, 'midst the noblest of the land,
The vision'd form of Shakspeare came,
Even he—the enchanter—stay'd his hand,
Nor dared to sport with Shakspeare's name.

